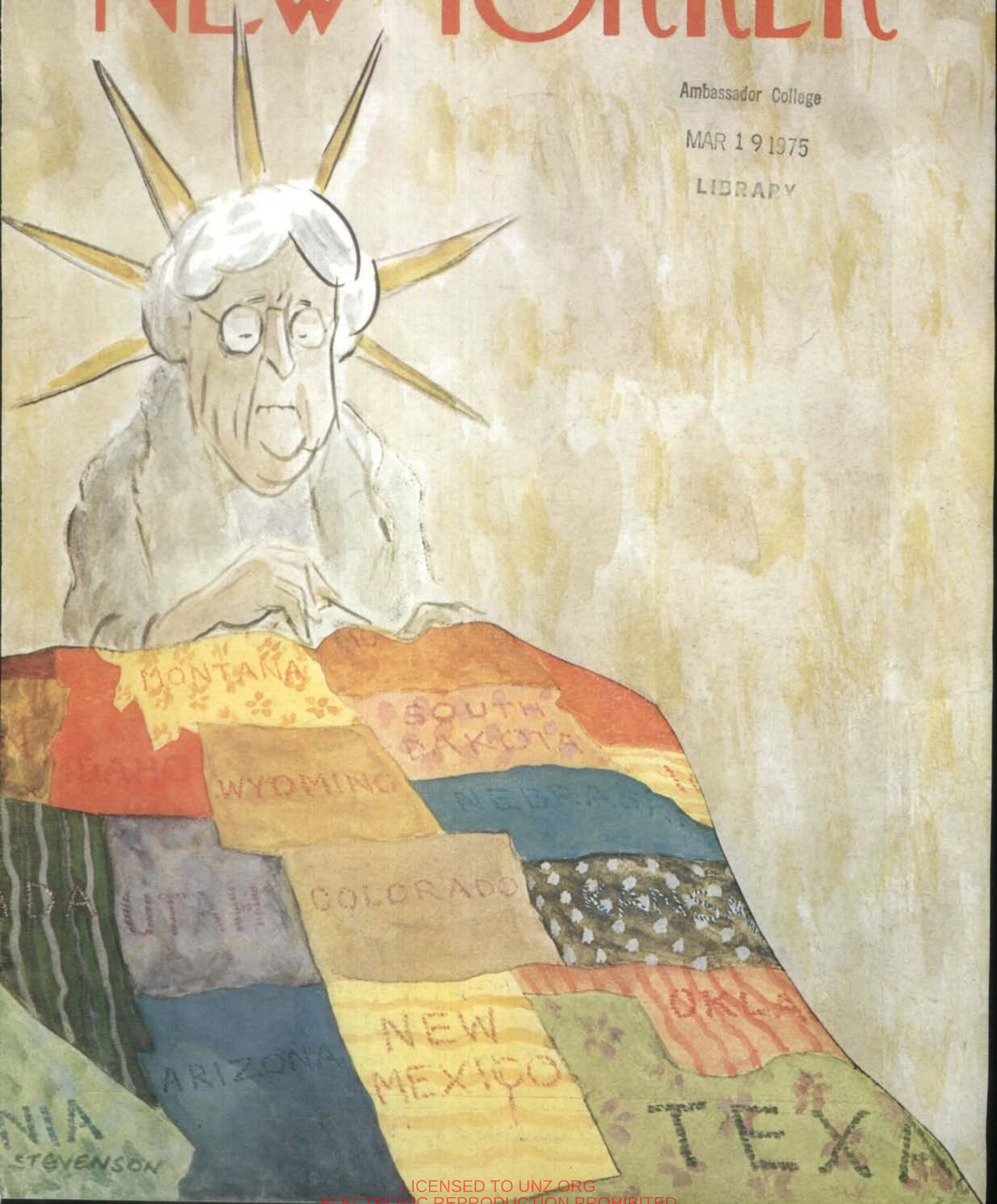
July 1, 1972 Price 50 cents

THE NEW YORKER

PROFESSIONAL LIBRARY
IMPERIAL HIGH SCHOOL

Ambassador College
MAR 19 1975
LIBRARY



MONTANA
SOUTH DAKOTA
IDAHO
WYOMING
NEBRASKA
DA
UTAH
COLORADO
OKLA
NEW MEXICO
ARIZONA
NIA
TEXA
STEVENSON

LBEY
TURI
LONDON DRY GIN
90 PROOF
W. & A. GILBEY LIMITED
GILBEY'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN
Break out the Gilbey's Gin, boys,
and keep your tonics dry!

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 90 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., DISTR. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., N. Y. C.

Estée Lauder says the summer of '72
should be Copper and Bronze.

Estée Lauder's new Copper and Bronze Makeup Collection gets you off to a warm, sunny start with Soft Film Compact Bronzer.

Soft Film Compact Bronzer: the first bronzer in a compact to slick on with your fingertips. Clear color to deepen and polish a tan, to sun-shine a pale, city complexion. Four delicate to deep sunshades.

Soft Film Compact Rouge: a translucent cream to slip on over the bronzer.

Re-Nutriv Rich Rich Lipstick: in six warm copper-and-bronzy shades.

Estée Lauder

© 1972 Estée Lauder, Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T SUPPOSED TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH—A great shout by Melvin Van Peebles, mingling social protest with the usual difficulties of people falling in and out of love. A musical with an all-black, all-wonderful cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 3.)

AND THEY PUT HANDCUFFS ON THE FLOWERS—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

ANNA K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has now crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE CORNER—A trio of effective one-acters by black dramatists, and very well performed by a black company. The title play is by Ed Bullins, the two others by comparative newcomers, Clay Goss and Oyamo. Each of them is set on the street of some urban slum, but there is great contrast of mood and style. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the captivating Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DON'T PLAY US CHEAP!—A surprisingly conventional comedy, with occasional songs, by the unconventional Melvin Van Peebles. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 3.)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM—Few musical comedies can stand being revived; this one turns out to be even better than the original. With Phil Silvers and Larry Blyden and lots of pretty girls. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.)

GREASE—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

HARK!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 5, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 2.)

THE HUNTER—This play is as annoying as it is puzzling. The performances of Michael Hadge and Robert Glaudini as a pair of soldiers, Douglass Watson as an old hunter, and Kathleen Cramer as a girl off the prairies are creditable, though. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

IN MY MANY NAMES AND DAYS—Final performances of this play in two parts by Charles Fuller. Part I: Friday, June 30, at 8:30, and Sunday, July 2, at 3. . . . ¶ Part II: Saturday, July 1, at 8:30. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1414. Free.)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR—A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JOAN—St. Joan is a militant revolutionary who spends most of Act I in the East Village and most of Act II in the Women's House of Detention. The show, which falls somewhere between an opera and a musical, was written—words and score—by the gifted Reverend Al Carmines. Lee Guilliatt is impressive in the title role. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 2.)

THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE—Art Carney and Barbara Barrie are now in Neil Simon's latest comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21

"MAIDEN'S LEAP" . . . . *Benedict Kiely* 26

"THE GREAT GULF" (POEM) . . . . *Richard Shelton* 30

"SPEECH OF A GUIDE" . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 35

ANNALS OF WAR (VIETNAM—I) . . . . *Frances FitzGerald* 36

THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 53

THE SPORTING SCENE (BASEBALL) . . . . . . *Roger Angell* 54

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 63

MUSICAL EVENTS (ROCK, ETC.) . . . . *Ellen Willis* 66

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 69

BOOKS . . . . *Robert Coles* 70

BRIEFLY NOTED 74

COVER: *James Stevenson*

DRAWINGS: *Alan Dunn, George Price, Stan Hunt, Robert Weber, Henry Martin, James Stevenson, Warren Miller, George Booth, Donald Reilly, Charles Barsotti, Joseph Mirachi, Edward Koren, Frank Modell, Vahan Shirvanian, Richard McCallister, William Steig, Boris Drucker, William Hamilton*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVIII, No. 19, July 1, 1972. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1972 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: *U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.*

A LOT OF LITTLE CARS HAVE TWO DOORS.

THIS ONE HAS TWO ROOFS.

Vega is a little more car than a lot of little cars.

The roof, for instance, is constructed of not one but two separate steel panels, one under the other, to add strength and quiet to the car.

And although, like we said, a lot of little cars have two doors — very few of them have steel guard beams built into them, like the Vega doors do.

Vega gives you more engine than most little cars: A 140-cubic-inch overhead cam four that can handle turnpike speeds quite comfortably without a lot of straining.

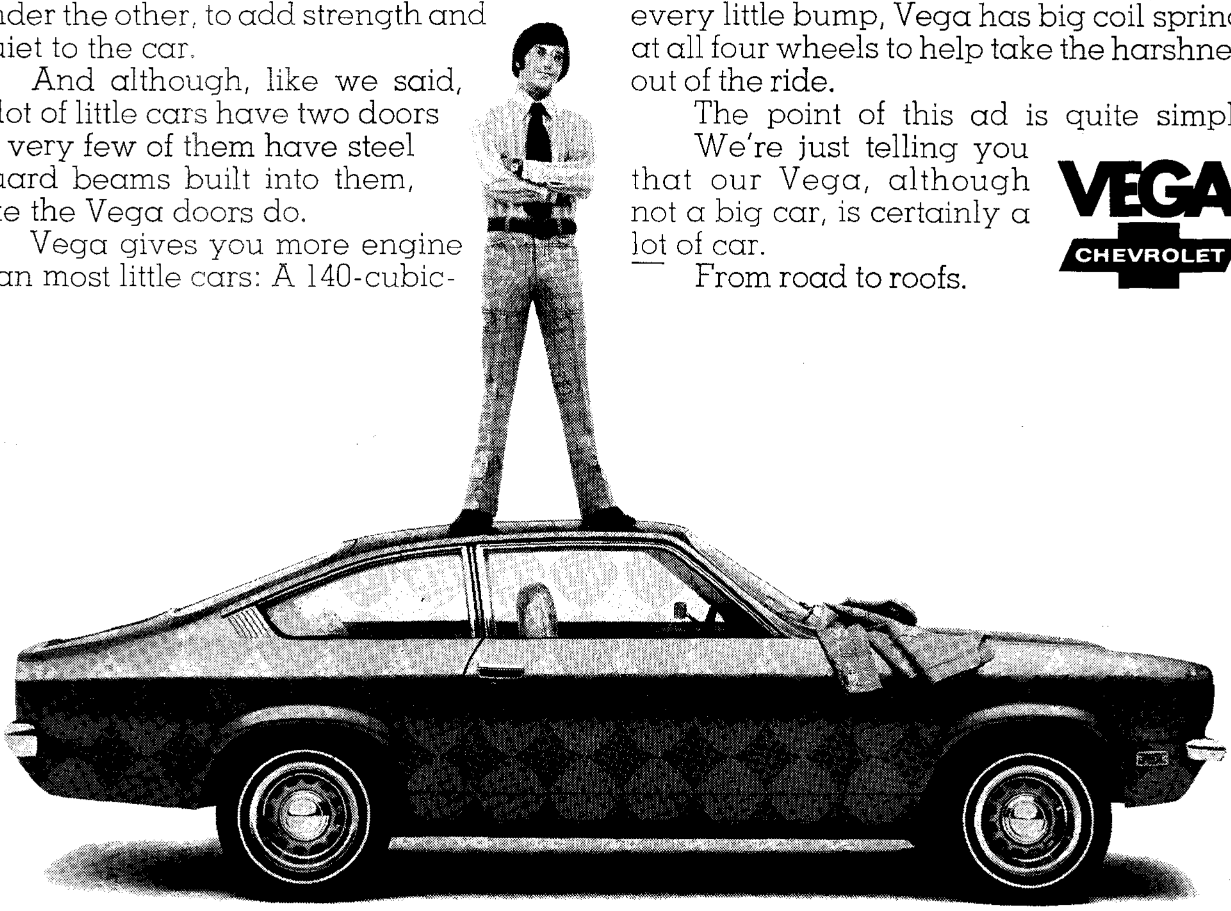
And where some little cars let you feel every little bump, Vega has big coil springs at all four wheels to help take the harshness out of the ride.

The point of this ad is quite simple. We're just telling you that our Vega, although not a big car, is certainly a lot of car.

From road to roofs.

VEGA

CHEVROLET



GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Highway safety begins at home. Buckle up before you leave.

Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. With Tom Lacy, David Rounds, and Remak Ramsay. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there are two superior performances by Helena Carroll and William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 2.)

Sugar—Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse is worth watching, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

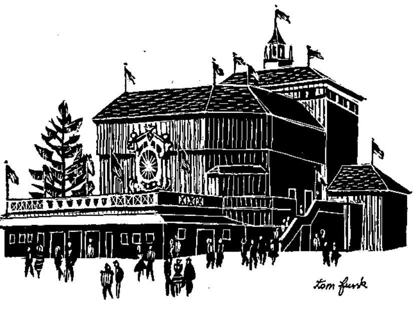
That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—Four loosely linked playlets about married life. Sada Thompson plays four women, to surprisingly witty effect, and is surrounded by an exceptionally good cast. The author is George Furth. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 3.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Walk Together Children—Vinie Burrows, an appealing and accomplished actress, in a revival of her one-woman show made up of prose, poetry, and song by black authors. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—*Sic transit gloria mundi*, or, How Can We Explain It to the Children: After a combined total of 6,839 performances, Jacques Brel is taking to his bed and counting his money, the Fiddler is playing "Goodnight, Ladies," Hair is falling out. Obsequies for all three this weekend. Herewith the schedule for the final ceremonies—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL** (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020): Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 7; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 2. **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF** (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992): Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 2. **HAIR** (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340): Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 1. . . . **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Gloria Swanson, Dirk Benedict and Pamela Bellwood are now in this little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. May close Sunday, July 2.) . . . **FOLLIES:** An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 1.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,062 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Tuesday, July 4.) . . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Paul Rogers and Brian Murray. Starting Monday, July 3, Patrick Macnee will replace Mr. Rogers. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, June 28, at 8: "Agon" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 29, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Friday, June 30, at 8: "Harlequinade" and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 2: "Swan Lake" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 8: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 1: "Swan Lake," "Fantasies," "Pas de Deux," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 7: "Four Temperaments," "Dim Lustre," and "Raymonda Variations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a six-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Aug 13—Tuesday evening, July 4: "The River," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 5: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 6: "Theme and Variations," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 7: "Theme and Variations," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "The Moor's Pavane," and "The River." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 8: "Swan Lake." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Eric Anderson will sing through Monday, July 3. Bill Withers, an original who writes, sings, and plays (on acoustic guitar) his own strong material, arrives Wednesday, July 5. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Thursday through Sunday, June 29-July 2, pianist Ray Bryant will lead a duo. Tuesday and Wednesday, July 4-5, Renée Arden will be playing and singing. Pianist Cedar Walton brings in a trio on Thursday, July 6. Music from nine-thirty to three. A jam session is held each Monday from eight to twelve.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Through Saturday, July 1, bassist Bill Takas, pianist Murray Weinstock, and guitarist Ted Irwin will perform. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player substitute for the regulars. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A polished, comfortable restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Cedar Walton, piano, and Sam Jones, bass, will play through Saturday, July 1, from ten until closing. Sundays through Tuesdays, from eight to two, other musicians perform.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Marian McPartland, for whose seemingly innate technique the piano might have been invented, is doing jazz a service six nights a week from eight until one. Her bassist is Rick Petrone. On Sundays, Dick Hyman, an intelligently facile pianist, takes over. Dinner in casual surroundings.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Brick walls, wooden benches, coffee, tea, and cider. Larry Coryell, a versatile guitarist, will be heading a trio through Monday, July 3. Singer Mark Jonson will be on the same bill. Gary Bartz, a bop-based saxophonist, will come in with his N.T.U. Troop on Wednesday, July 5, together with the Carlos Garnett Universal Black Force. Music nightly, but Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A well-appointed little pub in which Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with bassist Al Hall Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays, Al Dailey takes to the piano. Music from about nine-thirty. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. On guitar: Through Saturday, July 1, Jim Raney, with bassist Mike Moore; Tuesday through Friday, July 4-7, Kenny Burrell with a bassist (on Friday, the Bucky Pizzarelli duo will do the first set and the Burrell duo the second); Saturday, July 8, Bucky Pizzarelli with a bassist. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the sheltering warehouses. Through Sunday, July 2, the J.P.J. Quartet will be on the stand. On Monday, July 3, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band will do a session. On Tuesday, July 4, Mike Longo, a striking young pianist, will bring in a trio, and the following musicians will join him on these dates: Tuesday, July 4, Zoot Sims; Wednesday, July 5, Clark Terry; Thursday, July 6, Ruby Braff; Friday, July 7, James Moody. Light Italian dishes are served.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. The Jack Bonus band will be here through Sunday, July 2. Exuma, a big group that plays a kind of Caribbean rock, will turn up on Wednesday, July 5. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, there is a showcase for new talent, after which patrons may dance to recordings until two. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Dining downstairs.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the Blue Room Cabaret, a pop-futuristic room on the second floor of this theatre complex, bassist and arranger Charles Mingus is presenting various-sized groups, all the way up to his twenty-two-piece orchestra. Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight. Fridays and Saturdays at ten, midnight, and two. Cocktails and snacks.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—More than just a pub, this new spot offers Britannic décor and some entertaining music. Mondays, clarinettist Woody Allen (the same) leads six of his friends in some rousing Dixieland. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Lynn Richards evokes just about any epoch her listeners want evoked. Music from nine. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Leon Thomas, the man with the voice like an electronic yodel, will be singing through Sunday, July 2. A septet known as 777 backs him. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Billy Taylor, a first-rate pianist and all-around jazzman, is in charge of his trio here, beginning at about ten. From nine—and between sets—Bill Rubenstein produces some neat pianistics of his own. Mondays, all these people are absent, and new talent is auditioned. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Through Sunday, July 2, drummer Elvin Jones leads a quintet. The big, accomplished, and dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band starts a one-week gig on Monday, July 3. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Michael Fleming play Mondays through Wednesdays. Nina Sheldon and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some lively Dixieland every Sunday from seven to eleven. On Sunday, July 2, cornettist Wild Bill Davison will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers a banjo band and some trumped-up nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood: glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only couscous is served. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side, but the live entertainment often has a Caesar's Palace quality. Three times a night, Carol Denmark and the Grand Prix do pop material. Between sets, people move to records. Dancing begins at five. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Almost everything is on another level here, but that seems to be the point of the whole thing. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. A fairly full menu. Dancing to tapes from 11 A.M. until 3 A.M.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good new times, which may explain why hot pants can be seen shaking beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The summertime fare here is a potpourri of young singers and comedians, who supply continuous entertainment from nine-thirty to closing. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—One-big-happy-family is the attitude of the everlasting Chavales de España (all for one, one for all, and free-for-all, too, when it comes to singing and prancing). Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, July 2-4. . . . ¶ In the **flamenco room,** there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, July 2-4.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Phil Wayne spends Sundays and Mondays in the **café** with a trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **green tulip,** singer-guitarist Robert Miano disports himself from dinner through supper, but only for dinner on Sundays. Every night but Monday, there is discothèque dancing from ten to one. . . . ¶ In the **palm court** at night (except Saturday through Tuesday, July 1-4), a pair of old family retainers (Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti) commune on fiddle and piano; Sandu Marcu, a violin man of long standing, is still on hand from four-thirty until seven-thirty.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In this almost topless tower of Ilium, the management has provided Mongo Santamaria's resounding band to make music during dinner and supper. Dance music, by other hands, begins at eight. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—On Thursday, July 6, the St. Regis-Sheraton summer palace reopens to house the Count Basie band. In addition to their dinner and supper shows, the Basies will play for dancing, spelled by Arthur Terini's quartet, from seven-thirty to one. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

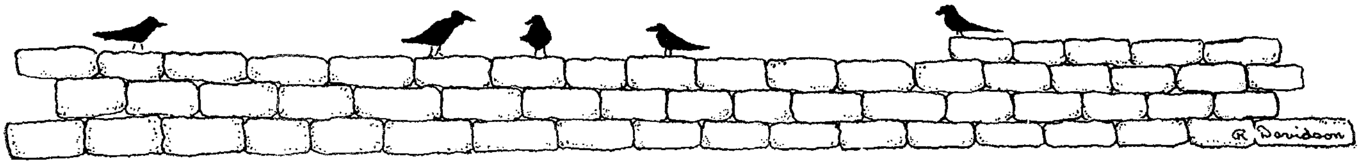
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

duncan's, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two each night but Sunday. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. A gaslight flickers. . . . **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **chez vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closes after Saturday, July 1, for a brief holiday. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. Dancing. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings, or talks-sings, during dinner and supper, in a manner distinctly not women's lib. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Anyone—be he waiter, busboy, or barkeep—who can carry a tray is required to carry a tune in this not especially disguised or especially sedate school of the opera. Saturday, July 1, is the last night before summer vacation.

SMALL AND SERENE

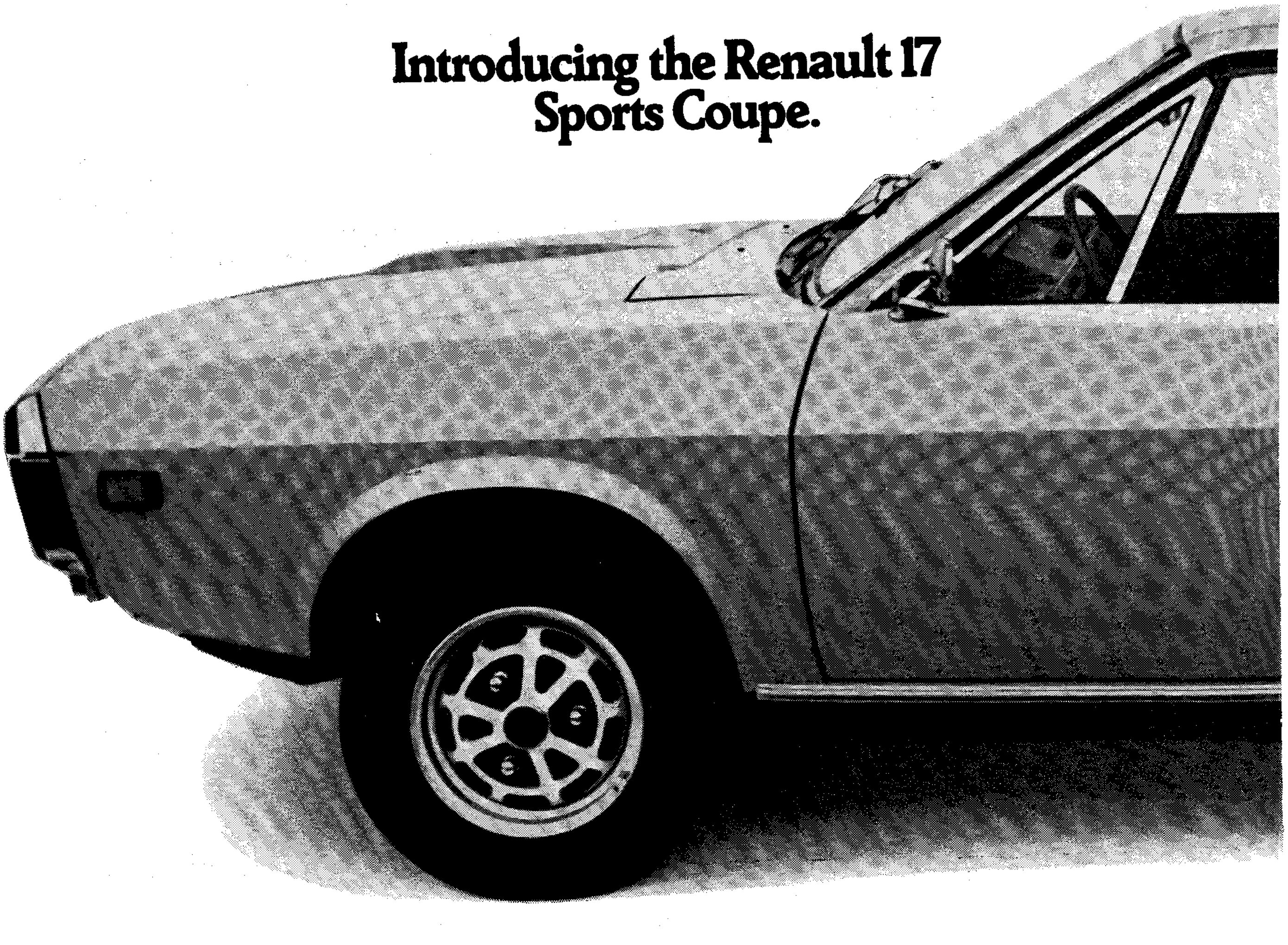
(Dining, but no dancing.)

iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, a genuine exponent of *la dolce vita*) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **roma di notte,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor,



Add the reflexes of electronic fuel injection to the agility of front-wheel drive and you've got one hell of a machine.

Introducing the Renault 17 Sports Coupe.



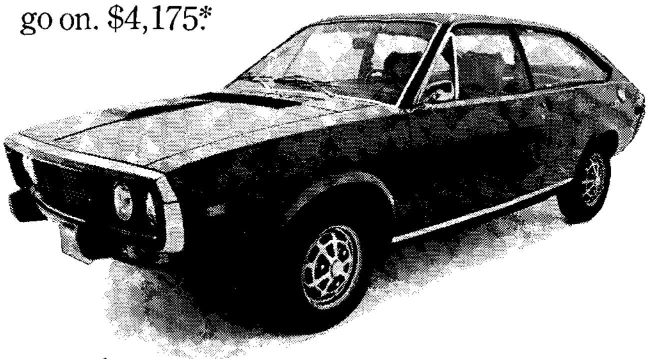
Either refinement alone would make for a markedly better sports coupe. Together they knock the competition on its…ears.

The Bosch fuel injection system takes continuous readings on variables like engine temperature, intake manifold pressure and r.p.m.'s, and feeds the data into an electronic "brain" composed of 220 components, including transistors and diodes.

The net result is a fantastically responsive gas pedal. Immediate. Unbalky. As advanced as the car it propels.

If fuel injection is a better way to make an engine go, front-wheel drive is a better way to make a car go. Front-wheel drive allows our Sports Coupe to gobble up curves, ignore crosswinds, and sneer at ice and snow.

To round out the sheer joy of handling this machine, it also comes packed with these standard features: 4-on-the-floor synchromesh gear box, rack-and-pinion steering, steel-belted radial tires, OHV hemi-head engine that does 0-60 in 11.9 seconds, power-assisted disc brakes all around, tachometer, electric windows, rear window defogger, molded bucket seats, carpeting, and tinted glass. We could go on. $4,175*

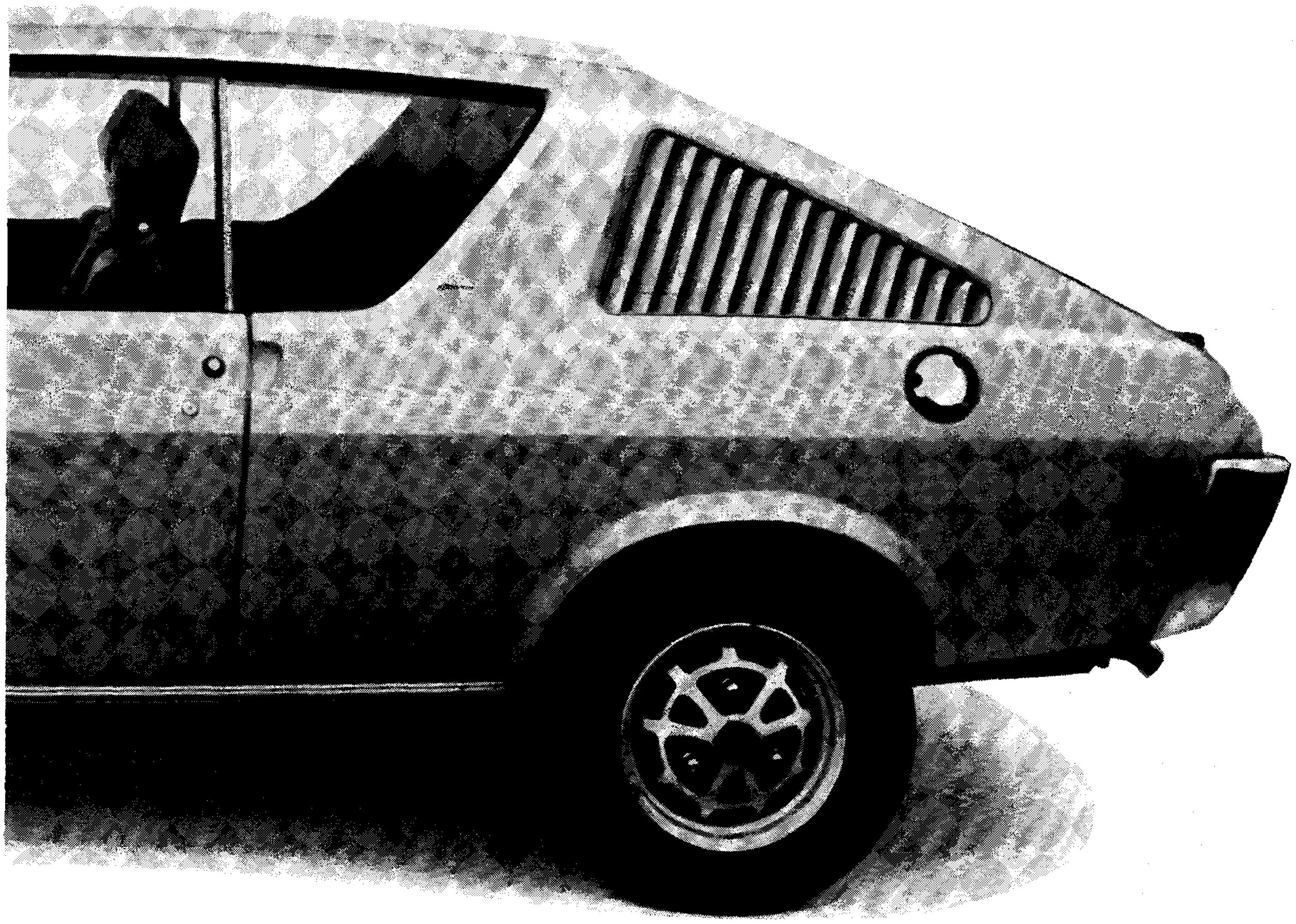


The new Renault 15 Coupe.

At $3,325* the Coupe is a most tempting alternative. While it doesn't have all the sophistications of the Sports Coupe, it does have the same front-wheel drive, steering and gear box. Which means it'll drive circles around every sport coupe around. Except one.

RENAULT

World's largest producer of front-wheel drive cars.



---

*Suggested price P.O.E. Slightly higher on the West Coast. Freight, taxes, options and preparation additional. Renault, Inc., 100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632.

medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The *travelling violin plied by* George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. Beginning *Tuesday, July 4, Norbert Faconi will replace* Mr. Cardini for three weeks. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Clem Artist. Her hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Invasions of privacy are not unheard of, for a troupe of serenaders can pop up beside one's butter plate on short notice, or none at all, and until fairly late at night. Well, when in Rome . . . Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from five to one Tuesdays through Fridays, and from six to two on Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays, Earl Rose plays piano from five to one. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. *From cocktails until after-the-theatre* supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably *on the ground floor*, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from five-thirty to two, except Sunday and Monday. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): Mondays through Fridays, a brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. No music Friday, June 30, and Monday and Tuesday, July 3-4. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): A recollection of the old supper clubs where the piano man set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioner in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill is Murray Grand, who plays Wednesdays through Sundays, from eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closes after Friday, June 30, for a short vacation.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Tuesday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

JEAN ARP (1887-1966)—Thirty sculptures, four paintings, and drawings and graphics dating from 1927 to the year of his death, in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum; through Friday, June 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD (1893-1967)—About eighty drawings and doodles; through Friday, June 30. (Raydon, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

DAVID BURLIUK (1882-1967)—Forty paintings by this well-known Russian Expressionist; through July 15. (Athena, 1066 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Open Saturdays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

MARC CHAGALL—A complete suite of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Old Testament; through Friday, June 30. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Twenty watercolors and twenty-two drawings; through July 14. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Monday, July 3.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through Aug. 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Monday, July 3.)

WILLIAM TROST RICHARDS (1833-1905)—Thirty paintings of East Coast landscapes, plus pencil sketches done in Europe; through July 28. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

NICHOLAS SCHÖFFER—Sculptures by the internationally known Constructivist who works in light and motion; included are early works, plus a model for his Tour Lumière, now under construction on the outskirts of Paris, which will be taller than the Eiffel Tower. Through Friday, June 30. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

JOSEPH WOLINS / SEYMOUR FRANKS—Cubist-derived figurative subjects. / Abstract Expressionist canvases. (West Side Gallery, 250 W. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Through July 29.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Fine and applied art produced in early-twentieth-century Vienna by, among others, Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka; through Saturday, July 1. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures from Latin America, selected from New York collections; through July 29. (Daily, except Monday, July 3, noon to 6.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Lithographs, serigraphs, and posters on the subject of the Olympics by Vasarely, Hartung, Kokoschka, Albers, Antes, d'Arcangelo, Wesselmann, Hockney, and others; through Friday, June 30. . . . **SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS**, 128 E. 63rd St.: Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by about sixty artists opposed to the war; through Friday, July 7. (Closed Monday, July 3.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. *57th St.: American geometric abstractions of* the thirties by Albers, Bolotowsky, Biederman, Balcomb Greene, Ferren, Glarner, Diller, George L.K. Morris, and the like; through July 14. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . ¶ *Many galleries are closed* during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list *of galleries that are at least open*: **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays. . . . **FAR GALLERY**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.; closed Monday, July 3. . . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.; Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4. . . . **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closed Monday, July 3. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.; closed Monday, July 3. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway at 13th St.; open Saturday afternoons, closed Monday, July 3. . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.; closed Monday, July 3. . . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway; closed Monday, July 3.

NOTE—At the Castelli, Emmerich, Sonnabend, and Weber galleries, all at 420 West Broadway, artists scheduled to exhibit at the Documenta and/or Spoleto annuals will present films, videotapes, dance and musical performances, and themselves; through Friday, July 7. (Closed Monday, July 3.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—*A hundred sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz*, covering all periods of his career; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Twenty-three free-standing sculptures, ten reliefs, and twenty-seven watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts by Jean *Arp (1887-1966), the leading Dadaist*; through Sept. 12. A complementary show (ending Friday) is at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. . . . ¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Seventy-six miniature paintings from a sixteenth-century manuscript, plus decorative objects; through Tuesday, July 4. (Tuesdays, except July 4, from 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," an exhibit reporting on current design developments in Italy and setting forth a cornucopia of examples: furniture, lamps and vases, typewriters and telephones, compact cooking devices, sleeping and storage units, and a poker table. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, *11 to 6*, and Thursday *evenings* until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Entrance fee reduced to an optional contribution on Wednesdays.) . . . **NOTE**: The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays *through Sundays, 6 to 11.*

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Modern masterworks by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, except July 4, from 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century *paintings and drawings* owned by collectors in the New York metropolitan area; the fifty-four artists represented include Copley, Cole, Church, Inness, Ryder, Peto, Haberle, Eakins, and Sargent. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ *A hundred and thirty-eight photographs, thirty-*eight in color, representing the work of David Douglas Duncan during the past twenty years, taken in war situations, the streets of Paris, the countryside of Ireland, Berber villages in Morocco, and so on; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Four interrelated pieces, each approximately twelve feet in length, in the form of an automobile and deriving from Yogi philosophy, by Don Potts, a California sculptor; through July 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, *noon* to 6.)

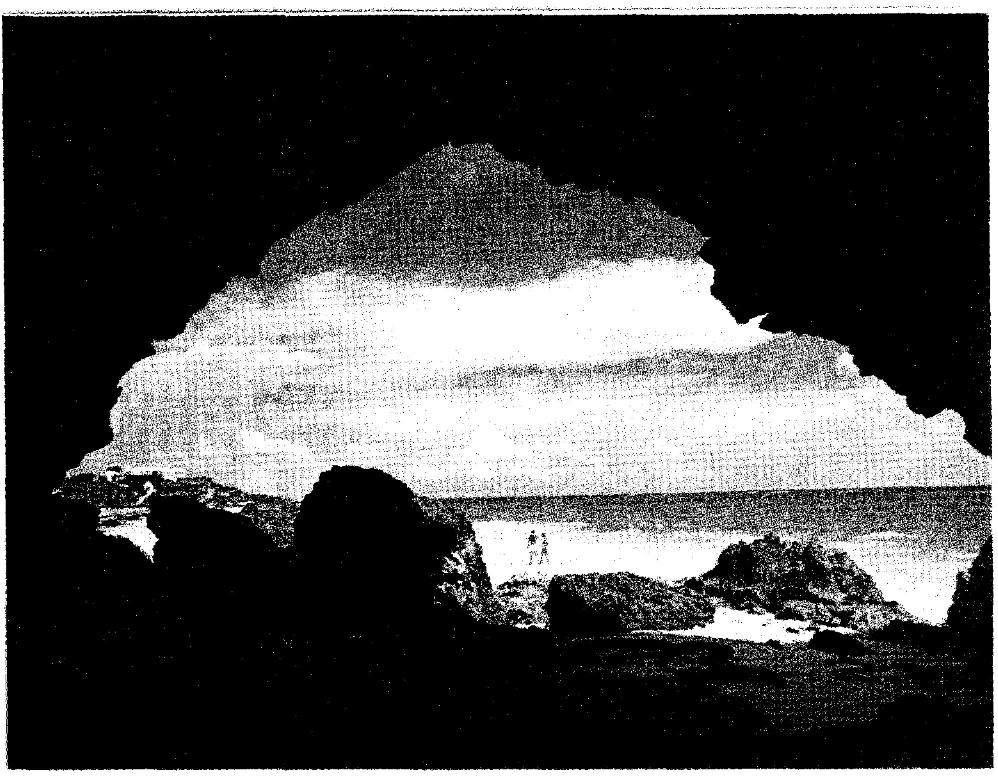
BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and wall-hangings by eight contemporary North American Indian artists; through July 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

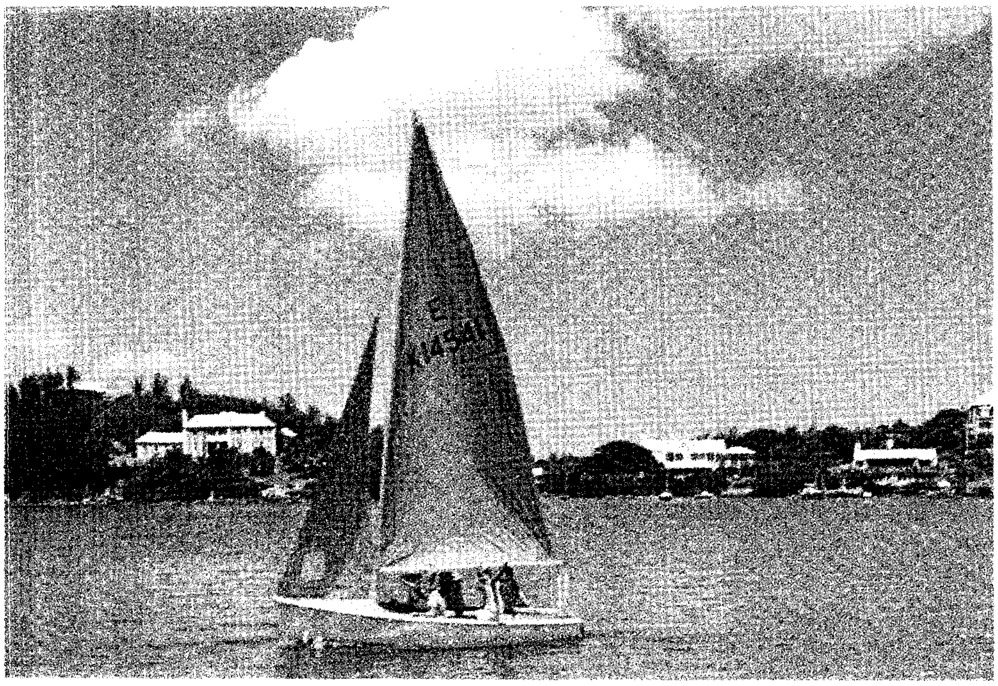
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W., at 79th St.—"Colorful Scallops, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea," a showing of the shells of three hundred species,

Our postcards aren't make-believe.

They're the real Bermuda.

Our smiles are the real thing, too.





Nature was very generous to our island. It gave Bermuda sheltered coves and long, sweeping beaches. It gave us a climate where trees and flowers never really stop blooming.

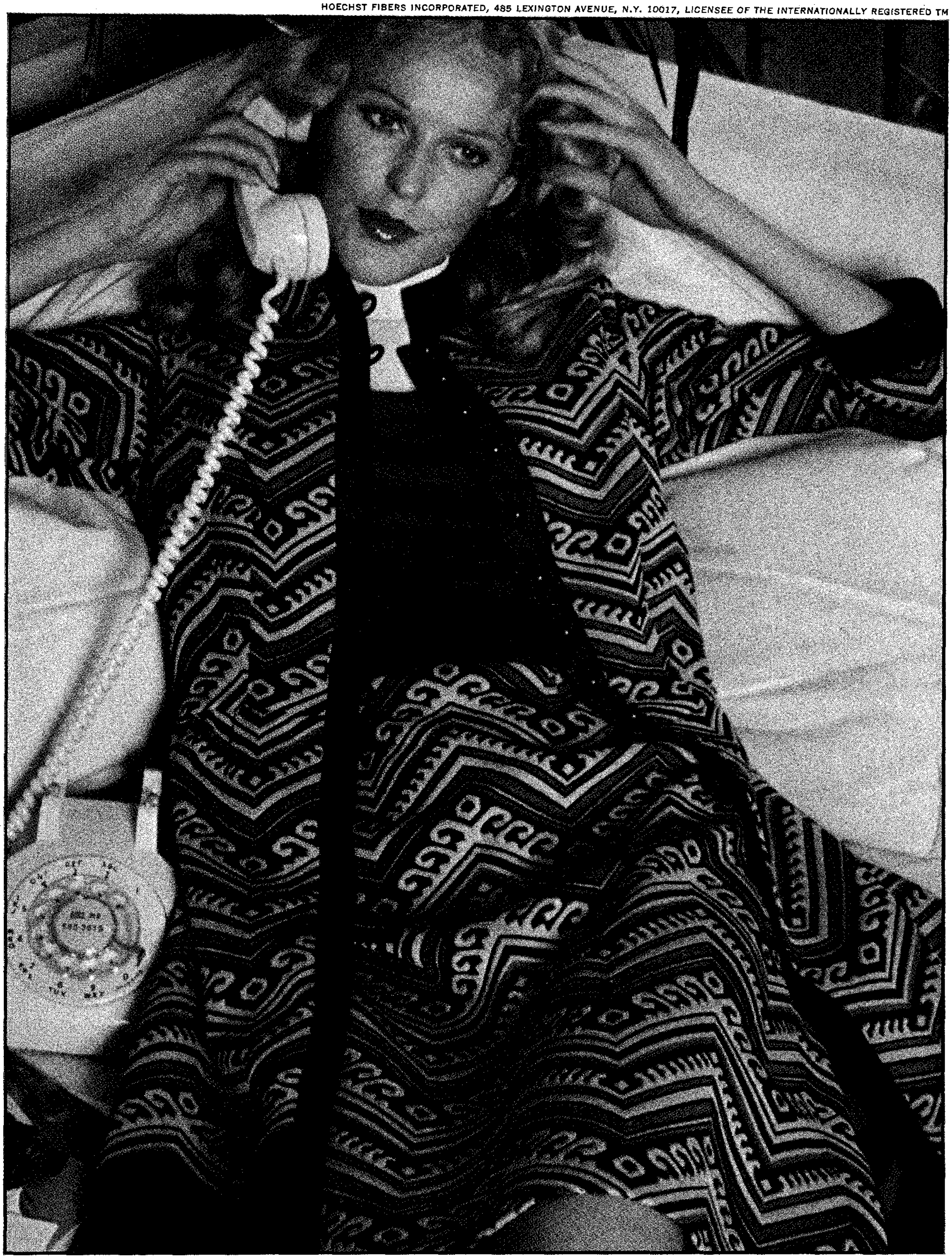
Bermuda does not have to pretend it is beautiful. In fact, there is very little pretense of any kind here. Our people are proud of their island and are happy to share it with you. The smiles you see are not manufactured. Anything we do manufacture here creates no pollution, and our air shows it.

The Bermuda you see on this page is only a few hours away by plane from where you are. Your travel agent can send you on your way. Or simply write Bermuda: 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020—6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60602.

Bermuda

Wish you were here.

HOECHST FIBERS INCORPORATED, 485 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N.Y. 10017, LICENSEE OF THE INTERNATIONALLY REGISTERED TM



Berry Berenson

Live The Trevira Era.

The rich, rare look of Domani Knits designed by Claire Mara.
The ultimate jacquard in 100% Trevira® polyester from the Kira Collection by Inwood. Bricktop with ivory and black . . . in a dramatically bordered coat over a layered-look dress . . . at Lord & Taylor, New York; Broadway Store, Los Angeles; Jacobson's, Jackson, Michigan; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Maas Brothers, Tampa; Marshall Field, Chicago.
About $115. Slightly higher on the West Coast.

TREVIRA®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

from the Jesse Hamilton Webb collection; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Over a hundred Stravinsky scores, photographs, and memorabilia from the collection of the composer's widow, Vera Stravinsky; through July 15. (Weekdays, except Tuesday, July 4, from 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Mellon collection of a hundred and fifty English drawings and watercolors, most from 1750 to 1850; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, except Tuesday, July 4, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—New York handweaving and needlework from the eighteenth century to the present; through Friday, July 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Forty objects from the Upper Volta region of Africa; most are masks, with some headdresses, carved figures, and stools. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A private collection of nineteenth-century salon paintings and symbolist art; among the artists are Gérôme, Doré, Isabey, and Prud'hon. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A private collection of paintings by twentieth-century Americans, including Cadmus, French, Tchelitchew, Nadelman, and Noguchi; starting Friday, June 30. . . . ¶ About two hundred paintings, plus ceramics, bronze and brass metalwork, and other objects, all done in Persia from the eighth century to the nineteenth; through Tuesday, July 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

MUSIC

Leonard Bernstein's "Mass"—A theatre piece with texts from the Latin liturgy of the Roman Catholic Mass, plus other texts in English by Mr. Bernstein and Stephen Schwartz. Maurice Peress conducts a symphony orchestra, and Gordon Davidson directs a company of a hundred and seventy-five, including Alan Titus (or David Cryer) as Celebrant, the Norman Scribner Choir, the Berkshire Boy Choir, and the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. Opens with a benefit performance (for tickets, call 582-7509) on Wednesday, *June 28, and will run through Saturday,* July 22. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées the first week on Thursday and Saturday at 2; subsequently on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Newport Jazz Festival-New York—The Rhode Island gathering of the clans has moved to New York this year—all over New York. Nine days of it. For information about tickets, to anything, anywhere, call 362-8994. Herewith an abridged schedule—Saturday, July 1, at 5 and 9: "Schlitz Salute to Jazz I," with Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughan, Art Blakey, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, and others. (Philharmonic Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 5 and 9: "Schlitz Salute to Jazz II," with Stan Getz, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and others. (Carnegie Hall.). . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 7:45: "Miss Truth," a drama written and performed by Glory Van Scott, with jazz accompaniment. (Carnegie Recital Hall.). . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 1: J.P.J. Quartet, Cecil Taylor, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, and Mary Lou Williams. (Carnegie Hall.). . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 5 and 9: The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis orchestra, Bobby Rosengarden, and Billy Taylor. (Philharmonic Hall.). . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 5 and 9: "Swing Lives," with Count Basie; the Benny Carter Big Band, with Harry Edison, Benny Morton, Dickie Wells, Buddy Tate, Jo Jones, and Teddy Wilson; and others. (Carnegie Hall.). . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 7:45: "Miss Truth." (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at midnight: A dance with music by Count Basie and Sy Oliver. (Main Ballroom, Hotel Commodore, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St.). . . ¶ Monday, July 3, at 1: Charles Haden and the Liberation Band, Bennie Green, Lee Konitz, and others. (Carnegie Hall.). . . ¶ Monday, July 3, at 5 and 9: Woody Herman and his orchestra and alumni, and Stan Kenton. (Philharmonic Hall.). . . ¶ Monday, July 3, at 5 and 9: Chase, Bill Evans, and Elvin Jones. (Carnegie Hall.). . . ¶ Monday, July 3, at 7:45: "Miss Truth." (Carnegie Recital Hall.). . . ¶ Monday, July 3, at midnight: A jam session with Kenny Burrell, Vic Dickenson, Harry Edison, Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie, Dexter Gordon, Stan Getz, Bobby Hackett, Gene Krupa, Gerry Mulligan, Bobby Rosengarden, Zoot Sims, Mary Lou Williams, and others. (Radio City Music Hall.). . . ¶ Tuesday, July 4, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30: A Hudson River boatride on a ferryboat with the Kid Thomas Preservation Hall Jazz Band and Papa French and the Original Tuxedo Jazz Band. (Reservations required.). . . ¶ Tuesday, July 4, at 5 and 9: Ornette Coleman and Charles Mingus and his orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall.). . . ¶ Tuesday, July 4, at 5 and 9: Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins, and McCoy Tyner. (Carnegie Hall.). . . ¶ Tuesday, July 4, at 7:45: "Miss Truth." (Carnegie Recital Hall.). . . ¶ Wednesday, July 5, at 1: Gato Barbieri, Eubie Blake, Kenny Burrell, and Herbie Hancock. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 5, at 5 and 9: Lionel Hampton, Cat Anderson, Roy Eldridge, Illinois Jacquet, Gene Krupa, Joe Newman, Charlie Byrd, *and others. (Philharmonic* Hall.). . . ¶ Wednesday, July 5, at 5 and 9: Barney Bigard, Wild Bill Davison, Buzzy Drootin, J.C. Higginbotham, Max Kaminsky, Benny Morton, Willie the Lion Smith, Lee Wiley, Bobby Hackett, the World's Greatest Jazz Band, and others. (Carnegie Hall.). . . ¶ Wednesday, July 5, at 7:45: "Miss Truth." (Carnegie Recital Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 362-8994.

Jackson Five—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, June 30, at 8.

Summer Jazz—Freddie Hubbard, Stanley Turrentine, Ron Carter, Jack Dejohnette, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, June 30, at 8.)

Engelbert Humperdinck—Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, July 7, at 7 and 10:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 20—Friday, June 30, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in a program of Bach motets. . . . ¶ Friday, June 30, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Bach program, with Armando Ghitalla, trumpet; Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Joseph Silverstein, violin; Robert Levin, harpsichord; Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 8:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Claude Frank, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Miss Curtin; Mr. McCoy; Robert Hale, *baritone; Mr. Levin;* and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, July 7, at 7: Mr. Frank and Lilian Kallir in a recital of Mozart piano music. . . . ¶ Friday, July 7, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Mozart program, with Mrs. Dwyer; Ann Hobson, harp; Sherman Walt, bassoon; and Mr. Silverstein. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8, at 8:30: Bruno Maderna conducting a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 9, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a varied program, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, July 1, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a Kodály-Donizetti program, with Faye Robinson, soprano; Sofia Steffan, mezzo-soprano; Carlos Montané, tenor; David Clatworthy, baritone; and Philip Booth, bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 5:30, and Friday, July 7, at 9: Julius Rudel conducting performances of Benjamin Britten's parable "The Prodigal Son," with Andrea Velis and John Lankston, tenors, and William Metcalf and Mr. Clatworthy, baritones. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a performance of Monteverdi's opera "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Carole Bogard, soprano; Frances Bible and Betty Allen, mezzo-sopranos; Dominic Cossa, baritone; and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 9, at 5:30: Christopher Parkening in a recital of guitar music. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, July 16. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, June 28, at 8:30: Billy Joel, Billy Preston, and Dr. Hook. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 29, at 8:30: Humble Pie. . . . ¶ Friday, June 30, at 8:30: Don McLean and Rosalie Sorrells. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 8:30: Doc Severinsen. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 8:30: Melba Moore. . . . ¶ The New York City Ballet will open a four-week season with performances of "The Nutcracker" Wednesday through Friday, July 5-7, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 8, at 2:30 and 8:30. Through Saturday, July 29. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 10. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

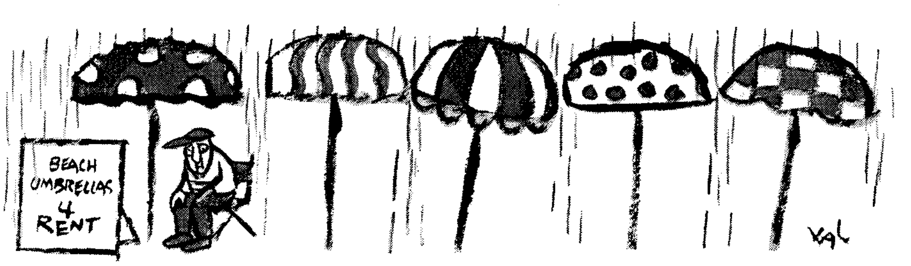
Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 1: The Dayton Ballet Company and the Morse Donaldson Dance Company. . . . ¶ Monday, July 3: Violette Verdy and Edward Villella, with members of the New Jersey Ballet Company, in a benefit performance. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 4-8: Matteo and the Indo-American Dance Company and the Claude Kipnis Mime Theatre. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Monday, July 3, at 8:40. *Matinées Thursdays* and Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Opening performances of the twenty-fifth season—Friday and Saturday, June 30-July 1, at 8, and Sunday, July 2, at 2: The repertory company in a program consisting of "El Penitente," "Flickers," and "New Dance." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8, at 8, and Sunday, July 9, at 2: The José Limón Dance Company. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At **POCONO INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY,** Mt. Pocono, Pa.: Sunday, July 2, at 1. . . . **LIME ROCK PARK,** Lime Rock, Conn.: Tuesday, July 4, at 10.

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, June 28, at 7:30, and Thursday, June 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, June 30, at 7:30; Saturday, July 1, at 2; and Sunday, July 2, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. San Diego, Tuesday, July 4, at 1:05 (doubleheader), and Wednesday, July 5, at



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, July 7, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 8, at 2:15.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, June 29-July 2.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Dressage Show. For the benefit of the United States Equestrian Team. (Darien. Sunday, July 2.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 1; the Juvenile, Monday, July 3; the Lexington Handicap, Tuesday, July 4; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 8. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 19. The Monmouth Oaks, Tuesday, July 4, and the Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 22. . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 3-7, at 1:30. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays, except Tuesday July 4, at 8:15, and on Tuesday, July 4, at 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Wednesday, June 28, at 8: Howard Moss reading from his own works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 5, at 8: Richard Howard reading from his own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets at the door of the auditorium on the nights of the readings.)

Lila Acheson Wallace World of Birds—A luxurious new urban housing development for birds, consisting of twenty-five natural-looking habitats (everything from rain forest to desert wastes), populated by five hundred and fifty avian beauties representing two hundred species, who go about their daily business happily unconscious, for the most part, of being caged or of being peeped at by their unfeathered friends. (Bronx Zoo. Daily, 10 to 5.)

Auctions—Final auctions of the season—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Wednesday, June 28, at 2: English, American, and Continental silver; from various collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, June 30, at 2: French, English, and Continental furniture and decorations, and Oriental rugs; from many owners.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 28 at 2: "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy" (1970), in Chinese. . . . ¶ June 28 at 5:30: "Stella Dallas" (1937), directed by King Vidor, with Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles. . . . ¶ June 29 at 5:30 and 8: "Shachiapang" (1970), in Chinese; no English titles. . . . ¶ June 30 at 2: "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy" (1970). . . . ¶ June 30 at 5:30 and July 1 at noon: A program of seven short films. . . . ¶ July 1 at 3: "La Dixième Symphonie" (1917), directed by Abel Gance. . . . ¶ July 1 at 5:30: "People on Sunday" (1929), a German silent film, directed by Robert Siodak; French and Dutch titles only. . . . ¶ July 3 at 12:30 and 3: "The Gunfighter" (1950), directed by Henry King, with Gregory Peck. . . . ¶ July 2 at 5:30 and July 3 at 2: "People on Sunday" (1929). . . . ¶ July 3 at 5:30: "La Dixième Symphonie" (1917). . . . ¶ July 4 at 2: "Stella Dallas" (1925), directed by Henry King, with Ronald Colman and Belle Bennett. . . . ¶ July 4 at 5:30: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (1932), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ July 5 at 2: "La Signora Senza Camelie" (1953), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni; no English titles. . . . ¶ July 5 at 5:30: "Stella Dallas" (1925). . . . ¶ July 6 at 5:30: "A Woman's Testament" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura, Kon Ichikawa, and Kimisaburo Yoshimura. . . . ¶ July 6 at 8: "The Key" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—June 28: "The Eddie Duchin Story" (1956), directed by George Sidney, with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak. . . . ¶ June 29-30: "The Glenn Miller Story" (1954), directed by Anthony Mann, with James Stewart and June Allyson. . . . ¶ July 1-2: "Tribute to Louis Armstrong, Part I" (1970). . . . ¶ July 5-6: "Tribute to Louis Armstrong, Part II" (1970). (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Melies, Nelson, Smith, Ozu, Renoir, Rossellini, Snow, Riefenstahl, Vigo, Vertov, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except July 5-6) at 10. No Mondays.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

The Glorious Fourth—When, in the course of human events, the hundred and ninety-sixth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence comes along, a decent respect for the occasion requires dancing in the street (both square and rock, not to mention folk), pageantry, fife-and-drum tootling, marching bands, water spraying from the fireboats, and so on, and that's what we'll have on Tuesday, from one to nine-thirty, beginning at the South Street Seaport, radiating to nearby historic sites, and culminating in a hoedown at the Memorial Plaza in Battery Park. For details, call 472-1003.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of HAMLET, with Stacy Keach, Colleen Dewhurst, and James Earl Jones. The first in a series of three plays to be presented by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Sunday, July 16. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE KING AND I, with Constance Towers and John Cullum, is this summer's production. Opens Wednesday, June 28. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

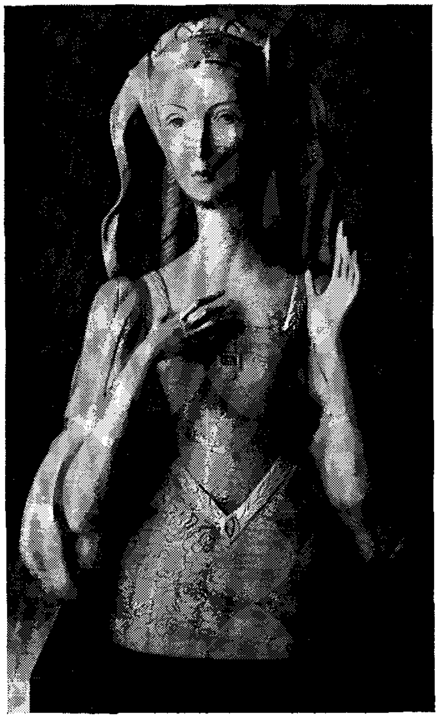
Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—CROCHERON PARK, Bayside: Wednesday, June 28, at 8:30 (rain date, June 29), "Tosca," with Elinor Ross, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Anselmo Colzani, and Robert Schmorr; conducted by Kurt Adler. . . . ¶ Friday, June 30, at 8:30 (rain date, July 2), "Don Giovanni," with Joanna Meier, Lucine Amara, Colette Boky, Justino Díaz, Ezio Flagello, and Gary Glaze; Ignace Strasfogel. . . . CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island: Saturday, July 1, at 8:30 (rain date, July 2), "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Anselmo Colzani, and Robert Schmorr; Kurt Adler. . . . PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: Tuesday, July 4, at 8:30 (rain date, July 6), "Tosca," with Evelyn Lear, Richard Tucker, Morley Meredith, and Andrea Velis; Kurt Adler. . . . CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW: Wednesday, July 5, at 8:30 (rain date, July 6), "Don Giovanni," with Elinor Ross, Lucine Amara, Colette Boky, Justino Díaz, Ezio Flagello, and Enrico DiGiuseppe; Ignace Strasfogel. . . . BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL, Bronx: Friday, July 7, at 8:30 (rain date, July 9), "Don Giovanni," with Elinor Ross, Evelyn Lear, Colette Boky, Justino Díaz, Ezio Flagello, and Enrico DiGiuseppe; Ignace Strasfogel. . . . VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx: Saturday, July 8, at 8:30 (rain date, July 9) "Tosca," with Lucine Amara, John Alexander, Morley Meredith, and Andrea Velis; Kurt Adler.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 13.)

Central Park Mall—Jonathan Sternberg con-

"Oh let the evil of the wicked come to an end . . ." *Psalm 7:9*

David, limit 400 . . . $450.



Expressed for today . . . the beauty and nobility of yesteryear.

Jessamy, limit 400 . . . $450.

Ispanky beauty to behold for a time immortal. Each numbered original is exquisitely hand-decorated and like all Ispanky fine art is destined to increase in value. Prices are available on other closed editions.

Chambers'

Fine China and Art

89 South Main Street, 215-862-2379

New Hope, Bucks County, Pa. 18938

ducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Benny Goodman, clarinet. (Tuesday, July 4, at 8.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Friday, June 30, at 7: Nina Simone and the New York Rock Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, July 7, at 7: Billy Preston, Leo Kottke, and Strawbs. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8, at 7: Mandrill and Curtis Mayfield. (Through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Carl Schurz Park—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the first two in a series of three concerts. (Thursday, June 29, and Thursday, July 6, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Riverside Park—Frédérique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the third in a series of four concerts, this one with Stephen Kates, cello. (103rd St. Monday, July 3, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

Gaelic Park—Humble Pie, Groundhogs, and Edgar Winter. (Broadway and 240th St. Thursday, July 6, at 7. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—Gold Cup, Ginger, King's Ransom, White Knight—not the lineup of a horse race, but only a few of the hundred and forty-three varieties in the new rose garden, complete with two fountains, and curving gravel walks. (Daily, 10 to 5.)

Flea Market—The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

Deep Breathing—Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At **shea stadium**: Vs. Los Angeles, July 9 (day). San Francisco, July 10-11 (night) and July 12 (d). Montreal, July 29 (n), July 30 (d), and July 31 (n). Philadelphia, Aug. 1 (twi-night doubleheader), Aug. 2 (n) and Aug. 3 (d). Chicago, Aug. 4 (n) and Aug. 5-6 (d). Atlanta, Aug. 15 (n). . . . **yankee stadium**: Vs. Oakland, July 14 (twi-night doubleheader) and July 15-16 (day). Minnesota, July 18 (night) and July 19 (d). California, July 20 (n), July 21 (twi-night doubleheader), and July 22-23 (d). Boston, July 27 (n), July 28 (twi-night doubleheader), and July 29 (d). Detroit, Aug. 8-9 (d) and Aug. 10 (n). Milwaukee, Aug. 11 (n) and Aug. 12-13 (d).

Golf—Ike Championship. (Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J. July 10-11.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye, July 18-20.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Deepdale Golf Club, Manhasset, July 27-30.). . . ¶ Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison, Aug. 10-13.)

Horse Shows—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Aug. 5.). . . ¶ Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland, Aug. 8-13.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. July 9.)

Racing—At Saratoga: July 31-Aug. 26.

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: July 22-23 and Aug. 12-13.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Meadow Club, Southampton, Aug. 14-20.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: July 24-Oct. 14.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont, July 15-16 and 21-22.)

Music—**philharmonic hall** (TR 4-2424): Mostly Mozart and Bach Festival, July 24-Aug. 19. . . . **out of doors and out of town**: New York Philharmonic in Central Park, July 25, Aug. 1, and Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, Aug. 2-26.

Dance Programs—Ukrainian Dance Company, at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 25-Aug. 6.

Other Dates—A 79.5 per cent eclipse of the sun will occur here on July 10. . . . ¶ The Democratic National Convention will start on July 10 in Miami Beach.

pocket INSTAMATIC 60 camera
Kodak

KODAK pocket CAROUSEL 100

Travel light.

Do it right with a new Kodak pocket Instamatic 60 camera. The one that won't weigh you down, yet gives you all the features you could ask for.

Like the built-in automatic exposure control for taking pictures indoors and out. Plus a superb f/2.7 Ektar lens. Even a coupled rangefinder for extra-precise focusing. And it uses self-powered magicubes for flash.

The Pocket 60 takes the new little drop-in film cartridge. You get big, sharp 3½ x 4½-inch color prints. Or color slides.

To show these new small slides, there are new Kodak pocket Carousel projectors. (You can also get adapters to show them on any 2 x 2 projector.) These new Pocket projectors, in stylish black with wood-grain panels, are only a little over 8 inches square. And yet they take a full 120-slide tray.

See the Pocket 60 at your photo dealer's. It's less than $128.

Kodak makes your pictures count.

New Kodak pocket
Instamatic® 60 camera.

Kodak

Price subject to change without notice.

ARE YOU IN THE MARKET FOR A HARDTOP?

Nearly half of the new cars sold in America last year were hardtops.

The public, it seems, is in love with hardtops.

At Volvo, we're not.

As far as we're concerned, the best way to build a safe car is to build a strong car.

So Volvos have six steel pillars holding up the roof. Each one is strong enough to support the weight of the entire car.

These pillars are part of a box construction that surrounds and protects the passenger compartment.

A Volvo's body is fused together by 10,000 spot welds.

And when you build this kind of strength into a car's body, it holds up.

Are you in the market for a hardtop? Or is what you really want a hard top?

VOLVO

SEE THE DEALER NEAREST YOU AND TEST DRIVE A VOLVO WITH ELECTRONIC FUEL INJECTION. OVERSEAS DELIVERY AVAILABLE. © 1972 VOLVO, INC.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

“The Garden of the Finzi-Continis.”

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through July 1: “Sweethearts” and “The Great Victor Herbert.”

July 2-4: “The Great Ziegfeld.”

From July 5: “The Heat’s On” and “You Were Never Lovelier.”

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)

Through June 29: “Some of My Best Friends Are . . . ,” “The Boys in the Band,” and “Pretty Maids All in a Row.”

June 30-July 5: “Is There Sex After Death?,” “Take the Money and Run,” and “Drive, He Said.”

From July 6: “Joe,” “The Battle of Algiers,” and “Making It.”

Orpheum, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)

Through June 29: “The Great Escape” and “The Thomas Crown Affair.”

June 30-July 1: “Burn!” and “Marat/Sade.”

July 2-3: “White Heat” and “The Public Enemy.”

July 4-6: “Ulysses” and “Lord of the Flies.”

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

“The Garden of the Finzi-Continis.”

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)

June 28: “Monkey Business” and “The Cocoanuts.”

From June 29: “Conquest of the Planet of the Apes.”

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

“Frenzy.”

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

“Cabaret.”

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

June 28: “Slaughterhouse-Five.”

From June 29: “The Candidate.”

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)

“Hammersmith Is Out.”

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)

“The Happiness Cage.”

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

“Fillmore.”

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

“Savages.”

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

“The Other.”

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

“Ben.”

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

“Shaft’s Big Score!”

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)

“A Clockwork Orange.”

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)

“Play It Again, Sam.”

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

“The Burglars.”

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

“Nicholas and Alexandra.”

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

“Portnoy’s Complaint.”

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

“A Day in the Death of Joe Egg.”

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)

“The Godfather.”

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)

From June 28, at 6: “Come Back Charleston Blue.” (Opening night by invitation only.)

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)

“The Green Wall.”

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)

From June 29: “Conquest of the Planet of the Apes.”

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

“Hammersmith Is Out.”

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

“Cabaret.”

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

“Prime Cut.”

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)

“The Godfather.”

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through June 29: “The Revengers.”

From June 30: “Duck, You Sucker.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)

“Ben.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)

“Shaft’s Big Score!”

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

Through July 4: “Easy Rider” and “Yellow Submarine.”

From July 5: “The Concert for Bangladesh” and “Monterey Pop.”

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through July 4: “Dr. No,” “From Russia with Love,” and “Goldfinger.”

From July 5: “The French Connection” and “Little Murders.”

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

“Tokyo Story.”

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

“Nicholas and Alexandra.”

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Through June 29: “Never Give a Sucker an Even Break” and “You Can’t Cheat an Honest Man.”

June 30-July 4: “The Bank Dick” and “My Little Chickadee.”

From July 5: “The Murder of Fred Hampton” and “Lenny Bruce Without Tears.”

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)

Through July 4: “The Legend of Nigger Charley” and “Let’s Scare Jessica to Death.”

From July 5: “Frogs” and “Godzilla vs. the Smog Monster.”

Rivoli, B’way at 49th. (247-1633)

“Fiddler on the Roof.”

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

“Nicholas and Alexandra.”

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)

Through July 5: “The War Between Men and Women.”

From July 6: “Butterflies Are Free.”

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

“Cabaret.”

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)

June 28: “The Big Sleep” and “To Have and Have Not.”

From June 29: “Slaughterhouse-Five.”

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

“The Garden of the Finzi-Continis.”

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

“A Night in Casablanca” and “Copacabana.”

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)

“The Great Dictator.”

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

“The Sorrow and the Pity.”

Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through July 4: “Fritz the Cat” and “Putney Swope.”

From July 5: “The Groundstar Conspiracy.”

Cinema Studio, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)

“Cabaret.”

Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)

“Uncle Vanya.”

Embassy 72nd St., B’way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)

“The Garden of the Finzi-Continis” and “Perfect Friday.”

New Yorker, B’way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

“Princess Yang Kwei Fei.”

Symphony, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

“Frenzy.”

Thalia, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

June 28: “Zero for Conduct” and “L’Atalante.”

June 20: “The Manchurian Candidate” and “Sweet Smell of Success.”

June 30: “The Lady from Shanghai” and “Touch of Evil.”

July 1: “The Bride Wore Black” and “La Prisonnière.”

July 2: “Mary, Queen of Scots” and “They Might Be Giants.”

July 3: “From Here to Eternity” and “The Harder They Fall.”

July 4: “The African Queen” and “The Thief of Bagdad.”

July 5: “The Baker’s Wife” and “The Well-Digger’s Daughter.”

July 6: “Judgment at Nuremberg.”

Riviera, B’way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)

“Cabaret.”

Olympia, B’way at 107th. (865-8128)

“The Garden of the Finzi-Continis” and “The Conformist.”

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn, as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It’s a great comedy-romance. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of the director, John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt. (Thalia; July 4.)

L’Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo’s sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Thalia; June 28.)

The Baker’s Wife (1938)—Orson Welles once cited this comedy as proof that a superb story and a superb actor could result in “a perfect movie” even if the direction and the editing were not “cinematic.” Marcel Pagnol adapted Jean Giono’s story about cuckoldry, which provided the great Raimu with a classic role. The result is that rarity—a perfect movie. In French. (Thalia; July 5.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields in one of his rudest. Terrific. (Elgin; June 30-July 4.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (St. Marks Cinema; starting July 6.)

Ben—Another rat film, sequel to “Willard.” A little boy gets terrifically attached to Ben, an unlovable rat. We are supposed to be moved by that and scared of the rats, but we’re neither. Awful acting, awful trick photography. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler’s private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn’t exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Festival; June 28.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in “The Women,” but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 29.)

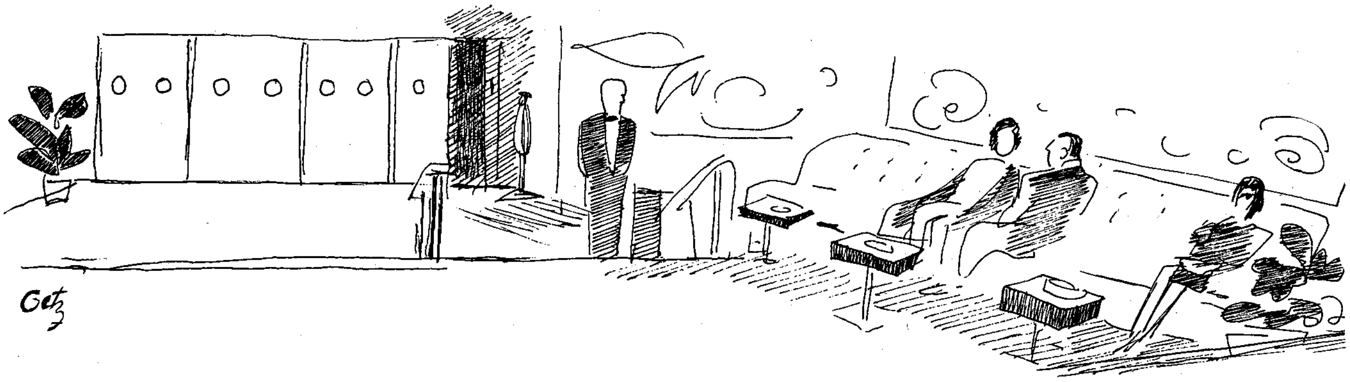
The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut’s film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Thalia; July 1.)

Lenny Bruce Without Tears—Fascinating and indeed unweepy assembly of factual material about Lenny, done by Fred Baker. Undistinguished filmmaking but very touching stuff to see. (Elgin; starting July 5.)

The Burglars—Henri Verneuil’s thriller, with Omar Sharif and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Expert, commercial, trite stuff. (Columbia I.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo’s passionate,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (Orpheum; June 30-July 1.)

Butterflies Are Free—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Music Hall; starting July 6.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (34th St. East, U. A. East, Ziegfeld, Cinema Studio, and Riviera.)

The Candidate—We need political films, by gum—it's been a long time since "Dr. Strangelove"—but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years; in a subtler way there is something even worse in the fact that we are disappointed, in the context of this coarse film, that nothing fatal happens to him. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Don't go. The stomach heaves. (Sutton; starting June 29.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a somewhat cumbersome transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Kips Bay; June 28.)

Come Back Charleston Blue—Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St. Jacques again playing the Harlem police detectives Gravedigger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, in this sequel to "Cotton Comes to Harlem." Directed by Mark Warren. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting June 28, at 6.)

The Concert for Bangladesh—Filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden last August. (Waverly; starting July 5.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravian novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefanie Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Olympia.)

Conquest of the Planet of the Apes—The latest in the "Ape" series, with Roddy McDowall, Don Murray, and Natalie Trundy, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Kips Bay and Juliet 2; starting June 29.)

Copacabana (1947)—Groucho Marx in a dotty musical comedy with Carmen Miranda that concerns a girl applying for two jobs at a night club at the same time. Not the best Groucho, but his furtive slouch at the knees is always irresistible, like his rudeness. (Little Carnegie.)

A Day in the Death of Joe Egg—A death-daring farce from Peter Nichols' London stage play of the same name, about the parents of a spastic child of ten called Jo ("My grandmother used to say she was sitting about like Joe Egg when she had nothing to do," says the father—Alan Bates—who swings into a role full of brave vaudeville routines and backchat). Janet Suzman plays the mother, with great substance and beauty, but some things about the piece are essentially nonrealistic and theatrical, and they don't transpose to the naturalism of the screen. Directed by Peter Medak. (68th St. Playhouse.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6		

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 4.)

Drive, He Said (1971)—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. (St. Marks Cinema; June 30-July 5.)

Duck, You Sucker—With Rod Steiger and James Coburn, directed by Sergio Leone. (86th St. East; starting June 30.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Waverly; through July 4.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, *too*. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Wednesday and Thursday, June 28-29, at 1:30 and 8; Friday, June 30, at 8:30; Saturday through Tuesday, July 1-4, at 1, 5, and 8:45; and Wednesday and Thursday, July 5-6, at 1:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Fillmore—A record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco. Directed by Richard T. Heffron. (Plaza.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (8th St. Playhouse; starting July 5.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt, and Vivien Merchant as detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition while she is putting him off with the unspeakable results of a course in Continental gourmet-style cooking). A film full of Hitchcock's special sabre-toothed humor and his interest in stabs of domestic psychology. (Murray Hill and Symphony.)

Fritz the Cat—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity: everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Paramount; through July 4.)

Frogs—With Ray Milland and Sam Elliott, directed by George McCowan. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting July 5.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—Among the rare memorable American movies of the fifties. Fred Zinnemann directed this first-rate adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr. (Thalia; July 3.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 4.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the *Finzi-Continis* by the *imperious*, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Art, Gramercy, Playboy, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Loews Tower East and Loews Ciné.)

Godzilla vs. the Smog Monster—A Japanese movie, dubbed in English. The monster on the loose again. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting July 5.)

Goldfinger (1964)—The third James Bond thriller, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 4.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, director of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. (Garbitsch is Hynkel's Minister of Propaganda, full of Brechtian ideas about how to make other people feel small in the dictator's tiny, panicky presence.) The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Lincoln Art.)

The Great Escape (1963)—John Sturges directed this, one of the eternally riveting escape-from-prison-camp stories (American and British airmen getting out of German camp in the Second World War). Good, boisterous performances by Steve McQueen and James Garner, who must have been cutting their baby teeth when the real events were happening, which gives the whole business a curious and rather touching wrong-end-of-the-telescope effect. Fairly entertaining, no pain. (Orpheum; through June 29.)

The Great Victor Herbert (1939)—Fancy biography, with Mary Martin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 1.)

The Great Ziegfeld (1936)—The movie is a long way from great. William Powell plays Ziegfeld, Myrna Loy is Mrs. Ziegfeld, and Luise Rainer is Anna Held. Fanny Brice is herself, but she isn't on screen enough to vitalize this lavish, tedious, and ludicrously false musical biography Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2-4.)

The Green Wall—This would probably be the first Peruvian film you ever saw, and it would even more probably be the last. In Spanish. (Juliet 1.)

The Groundstar Conspiracy—With George Peppard and Michael Sarrazin, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Juliet 2; June 28. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting July 5.)

Hammersmith Is Out—A thoroughly mistaken allegory about the lunacy of modern success and sudden wealth, enacted by Richard Burton as an escaped inmate of a mental home. Elizabeth Taylor is a floozy waitress who jumps up into riches along with the fugitive, and Peter Ustinov is a pretty mad foreign doctor with an accent you couldn't cut with a carving knife. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

The Happiness Cage—With Christopher Walken and Joss Ackland, directed by Bernard Girard. (Fine Arts.)

The Harder They Fall (1956)—Directed by Mark Robson. Humphrey Bogart is an unemployed sportswriter who belies his nature by joining a racketeer (played by Rod Steiger) in promoting a witless seven-foot Argentinian who can't fight at all. It's hard to tell whether the character Bogey plays is more disgusted by the puppet's ineptitude at boxing, or by the Rod Steiger character's morals, or by his own participation in it all: no one on screen ever expressed such a scorching lack of affection for himself as Bogey did. The movie is to be seen, though the script (by Philip Yordan, from a Budd Schulberg novel) is pretty on-the-nose stuff, and the direction is foursquare. (Thalia; July 3.)

The Heat's On (1943)—A musical with Mae West and Victor Moore, directed by George Ratoff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 5.)

Is There Sex After Death?—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (St. Marks Cinema; June 30-July 5.)

Joe (1970)—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (St. Marks Cinema; starting July 6.)

Judgment at Nuremberg (1961)—Stanley Kramer's elaborately loaded courtroom drama, full of hocus-pocus and clarion calls to justice, with an impressively expensive all-star cast (Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Marlene Dietrich, Montgomery Clift, and so on). (Thalia; July 6.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane), a criminal lawyer, is himself a criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). The movie has a trilling surface, like all Welles' films; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery. It is also rather serious about plutocracy, and witty, and enjoyable. (Thalia; June 30.)

The Legend of Nigger Charley—The whites are the stereotypes in this black-oriented escapist piece. Three slaves run for freedom and overcome unsubtly described sorts of racial discrimination. The picture is pretty ordinary, but it has its moments of broad-grin comedy. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through July 4.)

Let's Scare Jessica to Death—Poor thriller, helped by the performance of Zohra Lampert. Directed by John Hancock. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through July 4.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (8th St. Playhouse; starting July 5.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Orpheum; July 4-6.)

Making It (1971)—John Erman's film about a lad making heavy weather of being an Odysseus on a seventeen-year-old's sexual quest. The film comes from a novel called "What Can You Do?;" what you can do is not go. (St. Marks Cinema; starting July 6.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A witty, far-out thriller about political extremists, with some chilling moments. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, and John McGiver. (Thalia; June 29.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Orpheum; June 30-July 1.)

Mary, Queen of Scots—Periods of history "fraught with intrigue"—as they used to say—don't film well. Mary's "tragic destiny" has always been a movie flop; it was already a joke back in 1925, when Hal Roach made the comedy "Mary, Queen of Tots." There's no motivating idea visible in this version, produced by Hal Wallis, and the leaden script, by John Hale, lacks romantic spirit and dramatic sense. Vanessa Redgrave brings a tremulous, romantic-goddess quality to Mary; Glenda Jackson, likable but as contemporary as Bette Davis, gives Elizabeth a sort of camp humor. Her red wigs seem almost prankishly terrible, as if designed to subvert the imposing production. The director, Charles Jarrott, struggles to give it all a little lift, but without a script Hercules couldn't raise this story off the ground. (Thalia; July 2.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense, which features such songs as "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." (Kips Bay; June 28.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (Waverly; starting July 5.)

The Murder of Fred Hampton—A documentary centered on a point directly following the shooting of the Black Panther leader in a Chicago police raid, and moving backward and forward in time from that moment. (Elgin; starting July 5.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West respectively muttering and wambling in a most unusual Western. (Elgin; June 30-July 4.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his, er, best as a kindly uncle. (Elgin; through June 29.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the

solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Columbia II, Greenwich, and Guild.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—Dud moments in this Marx Brothers film, but it has a wonderful, famous beginning played with a wall. (Little Carnegie.)

The Other—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. This physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture. Tryon's original novel was a good deal more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Coronet.)

Perfect Friday (1970)—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Cinema II.)

Portnoy's Complaint—Philip Roth's novel was a spiral of exaggeration and a work of clownish splendor: Ernest Lehman's film (he wrote and directed it) is an oddly dirty-minded and soulful-looking disaster. In the novel, the one-joke device seemed as generous as anything recent in the literature of buffoons; in the film, it seems terribly stingy. Dick Benjamin looks wan as Alexander Portnoy, asked to lift up the whole *lumpen* film on his shoulders as if he were Atlas himself. Karen Black, as his girl, looks gorgeous. Uncomic stuff. (Beekman.)

Pretty Maids All in a Row (1971)—Roger Vadim, working with Rock Hudson as a football coach and Angie Dickinson as a teacher in a school improbably crammed with beauties and sexpots. Bad, silly film. Vadim is flippant about everything, including himself. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 29.)

Prime Cut—Directed by Michael Ritchie, with Lee Marvin pitted against Gene Hackman. Plenty of cattle and an awful lot of blood. Raw-spirited, nasty work. (Loews Orpheum.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—Directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. In Japanese. (New Yorker.)

La Prisonnière (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot, of "The Wages of Fear," wrote and directed this story about sadomasochism, set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. A very brilliant, erotic film that takes the risk that some might laugh at it; it stares you out. In French. (Thalia; July 1.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her "kisser." A good picture, even if the theme music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Orpheum; July 2-3.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Paramount; through July 4.)

The Revengers—Directed by Daniel Mann. A muddle-headed Western, with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Susan Hayward as a frontier nurse. Unremarkable and humorless. (86th St. East; through June 29.)

Savages—A glittering film by James Ivory, written by Michael O'Donoghue and George Swift Trow and beautifully photographed by Walter Lassally. A mysteriously enticing croquet ball lures a band of mud-caked savages out of the jungle and ahead several millennia in time to inhabit a sedate empty country house. A shallow, high-bred civility between them presides through dinner and gradually disintegrates. The film is wittily sarcastic about progress, full of withering social comedy and a peculiar erratic stateliness of style. The substitution of archetypes for characters makes the total rather empty, but this is a stylish and ambitious attempt. (Baronet.)

Shaft's Big Score!—A sequel to "Shaft," directed by Gordon Parks. Richard Roundtree plays a black detective. We've heard that thoughtful blacks who've seen this picture call it a white hype. It has a peculiar chic and falsity to it, though it will probably do fine, having the most cohesive movie audience since the Depression. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Sutton; June 28. . . . ¶ Festival; starting June 29.)

Some of My Best Friends Are . . .—Homosexuals. The boys in the band in a bar. With Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter. Directed by Mervyn Nelson. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 29.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Paris.)

Sweethearts (1938)—One of the best of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy together, with the spectacle of them fighting playfully offstage in the middle of being operetta stars. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 1.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—Clifford Odets' idiomatic dialogue and Alexander Mackendrick's crisp direction make something very special out of this melodrama about big-city corruption. With Burt Lancaster as a columnist and Tony Curtis (amazingly good) as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent, and Barbara Nichols and Sam Levene. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (Thalia; June 29.)

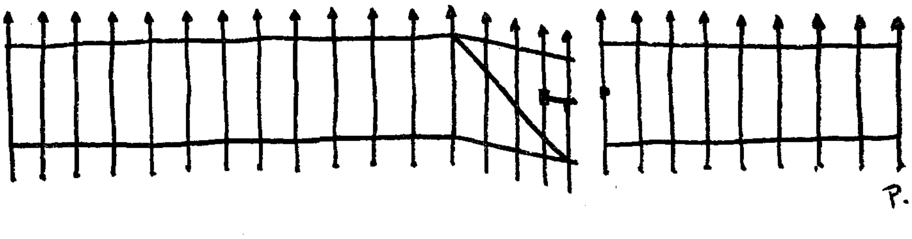
Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (St. Marks Cinema; June 30-July 5.)

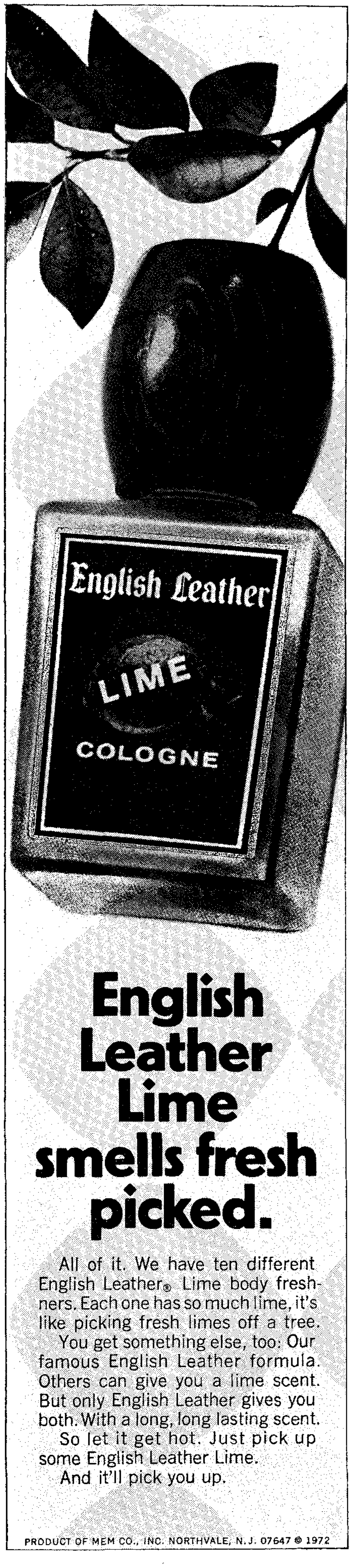
They Might Be Giants (1971)—With George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward, directed by Anthony Harvey. (Juliet 2; June 28. . . . ¶ Thalia; July 2.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—The sort of magical adventure the movies can do so well but do so rarely. With Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and, as the Djinni, the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram. (Thalia; July 4.)

The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwits a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinematography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (Orpheum; through June 29.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence





English Leather Lime smells fresh picked.

All of it. We have ten different English Leather® Lime body fresheners. Each one has so much lime, it's like picking fresh limes off a tree.

You get something else, too: Our famous English Leather formula. Others can give you a lime scent. But only English Leather gives you both. With a long, long lasting scent.

So let it get hot. Just pick up some English Leather Lime.

And it'll pick you up.

PRODUCT OF MEM CO., INC. NORTHVALE, N.J. 07647 © 1972

and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Festival; June 28.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown-up children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Thalia; June 30.)

Ulysses (1967)—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Orpheum; July 4-6.)

Uncle Vanya—A marvellous new Russian film of the Chekhov play, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. The Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was the recent Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises he has broken to himself. The film is often interspersed with long shots through series of rooms, in a way that makes it look like Vermeer. The characters' spurts of stoic umbrage directed against their own failings are entirely Chekhovian; the excitement about unrealized possibilities for the future centuries ahead is also all Chekhov, not Soviet propagandist. A beautiful film, exactly detailed and tender to frailty. In Russian. (Regency.)

The War Between Men and Women—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Music Hall; through July 5.)

The Well-Digger's Daughter (1940)—The most famous French comedy about illegitimacy and one of the most undeservedly popular of all French exports—the kind of picture that maddening people like to cite as proof of how wise the French are. With Raimu as the well-digger, Fernandel as his assistant, and Josette Day (of "Beauty and the Beast") as the erring daughter. In French. (Thalia; July 5.)

White Heat (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is reputed to be a masterpiece that was not sufficiently appreciated in its time; actually, its naïveté and obviousness were too glaring in 1949. Though it's fun to see tough-guy James Cagney sitting on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), the picture is so primitive it seems much older than it is. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark. (Orpheum; July 2-3.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Waverly; through July 4.)

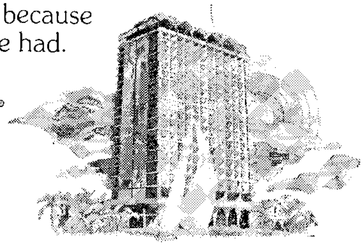
You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. The boozing burbler at his best. (Elgin; through June 29.)

You Were Never Lovelier (1942)—A musical with Rita Hayworth and Fred Astaire, directed by William A. Seiter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 5.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Thalia; June 28.)

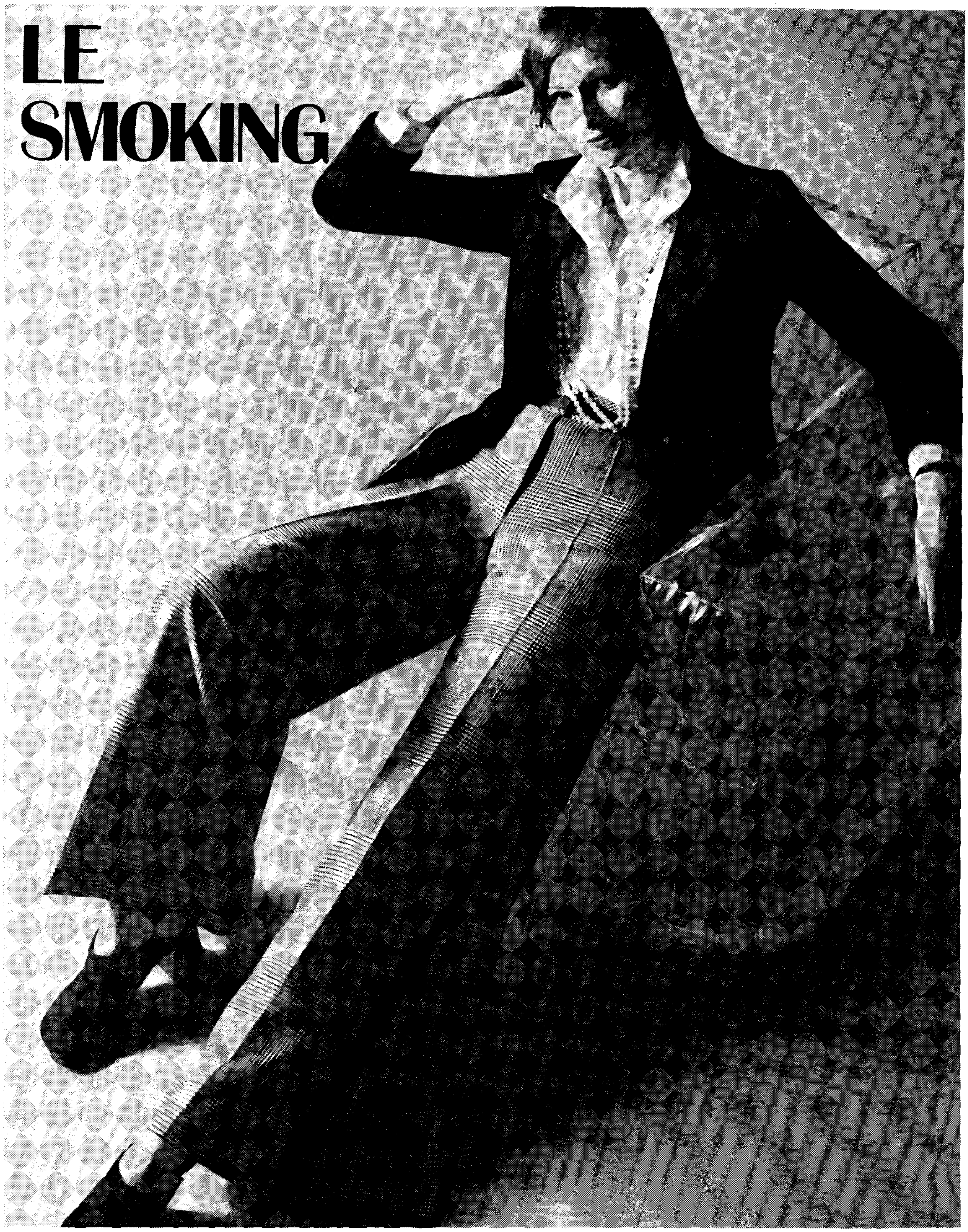
The sun never sets because we won't let it.

Where? At the Paraiso/Marriott Hotel on Acapulco Bay. Where 7 bands play smooth, pop, and mariacha for you everyday . . . where 3 fun, festive beach parties happen every week . . . where a sunset happy hour takes place on the rooftop every night . . . where the biggest beach and most exciting restaurants on Acapulco Bay are. The Paraiso/Marriott . . . where the rums flow, the sand's soft, the water's blue green, and where the bands play on. The Paraiso/Marriott . . . where the sun never sets, because there's too much fun to be had.



Paraíso/Marriott®
P.O. Box 70 Av.,
Acapulco, Gro., Mexico

For reservations, call free from anywhere (800) 228-9290 or your travel agent.



The suit is in, when you go out, to dinner, theater, the cabaret. Fitted cotton velveteen blazer, black or red. 60.00. Glen plaid pants, with tuxedo side band-stripe, black and white. 38.00. White on white silk shirt. 28.00. Sportswear, third floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

B Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the last few months, we've noticed, the Nixon Administration has been showing a new concern about the level of excellence—the sheer class—exhibited in government operations. It came up in a recent interview with Presidential Assistant John Ehrlichman in which he was asked why the President had been holding so few news conferences. It wasn't that the President resented the press or that he wanted to keep things from the public. It was the intolerably low intellectual level of the discussion. "He [the President] doesn't get very good questions at a press conference, frankly," Ehrlichman said. "He goes in there for a half hour and gets a lot of flabby and fairly dumb questions and it doesn't really elucidate very much. I've seen him many times come off one of those things and go back in and say, 'Isn't it extraordinary how poor the quality of the questions are?' " The whole thing was simply degrading for a man on the President's level. The new feeling that all the Administration's activities should be kept on the highest possible plane also came up a couple of months back when Attorney General Kleindienst, who was then a candidate for the office he now holds, was defending the propriety of his involvement in the I.T.T. case. At one point, he remarked, disdainfully, on the "penny-ante" offense he was being charged with. His annoyance at being accused of a vulgar, *small* crime was echoed the other day by the President's press secretary, Ronald L. Ziegler, who described the recent attempt by five men, allegedly including a Republican National Committee security agent, to bug the Democratic National Committee headquarters as "a third-rate burglary attempt." If someone is going to accuse them of crimes, these officials seemed to be saying, they should at least accuse them of big, classy, first-rate crimes.

Canvass

ON the Saturday before the primary last week, we found ourself out in Smithtown, Long Island, at the McGovern headquarters for Suffolk County. We had arranged to go out with a canvasser for McGovern that afternoon, and Jim Senyszyn, a brisk-mannered graduate student in mathematics who described himself as an "information coördinator," was sitting at a cluttered desk in an office just above a hero-sandwich shop, giving us a quick briefing on some of the basic political statistics for Suffolk County. In 1960, Suffolk voted for Nixon over Kennedy; in 1964, it gave Johnson a wide margin over Goldwater; and in 1968 it gave Nixon the largest plurality over Humphrey of any county in the country. It has 121,156 registered Democrats and 210,568 registered Republicans. "On the whole, you could call it a conservative county," Mr. Senyszyn said. Because high-school exams were coming up soon, there were fewer McGovern volunteers in New York than there had been in some other primary states, he told us; nevertheless, more than two thousand people had worked on the campaign at one time or another in Suffolk alone. He said that the purpose of the canvassing was more identification than persuasion. Every voter canvassed was given a rating of from one to four. Ones were for McGovern, twos were leaning toward him, threes were undecided, and fours were against him. On Election Day, each of the ones and some of the twos would be called three times and urged to vote.

Our next stop was the McGovern office in the town of Huntington. As we drove into the town center, we could see that Huntington is one of the many American towns that are being turned inside out by cars and highways. The highways leading into town, with their shopping centers and their drive-in restaurants, drive-in movies, and drive-in car lots, are becoming elongated towns, while the town, now jammed with the cars that people all need, is becoming a highway. At the McGovern office, where a dozen or so volunteers were busy at a bank of phones, we met Christine Stevens—also a graduate student in mathematics, it turned out—who had offered to take us along while she canvassed. As we drove out to her area, Christine, a short, cheerful, intent volunteer, who was wearing bright-green trousers, a green-and-blue jersey, and glasses, told us that she had first done canvassing for Eugene McCarthy in the '68 Democratic primary, then had canvassed for Allard Lowenstein in his '68 congressional race, then had canvassed for McGovern in this year's Massachusetts primary, and since June 1st had been working for McGovern in Huntington, where her parents live. She said that the voters seemed much more friendly toward canvassers this year than they had in '68, when things often got "fairly brutal." She said she had been getting about one-quarter ones, one-

Richard Edes Harrison

quarter fours, and one-half twos and threes.

We turned off a main road, and pulled up a minute later on a quiet, shaded street in the middle of a little honeycomb of quiet, shaded streets and small houses which was bordered on two sides by larger roads. It was late afternoon, and a hot sun was burning through a thick haze. In the trafficless street, a tall, slender, graceful, barefoot girl of about thirteen was playing a lazy game of softball with three shaggy, fat, lumbering little boys, who were all wearing Yankee caps.

Christine knocked on the door of a lemon-yellow house. A middle-aged woman in slippers came to the door, and Christine introduced herself as a volunteer for McGovern.

"We're not interested. No," the woman said, and went back inside.

As we walked down the street, a young man holding a small boy by the hand asked, "Who are you working for?"

"McGovern," Christine said.

"I went to his school—South Dakota Wesleyan," the young man said. "Give me one of those bumper stickers. I bet you wish everyone was like me, right?"

At the next house, Christine again introduced herself, and a crewcut man said, "I can't help you."

"Are there any issues that bother you particularly?" Christine asked.

"You ask me about issues, but I just don't like him—not anything about him. I don't like his politics at all," the crewcut man said.

We moved on to another street and knocked on another door. A woman appeared, and said, "I don't have any opinions." Then she called into the house, "They're here for McGovern."

A man's voice came back, "I'm not going to vote for him, and I don't have any opinions, either." But he did have opinions, for when we turned to leave he called out, "He endorsed that bum Lindsay, so I'm not voting for him."

"Actually, he didn't endorse Lindsay," Christine called back, whereupon a stocky man in a white T-shirt appeared at the door. He was holding his hands folded over an ample stomach and was smiling broadly. "I'm for Nixon," he said. "I voted for him last time."

Christine asked him what he thought about the war.

"Don't get me wrong. I'm against the war," he said. "But Nixon's brought home a half a million men, right? They said when he did the mining and bombing that Russia would come in. But they didn't, did they? The trips to Peking and Moscow are making Hanoi think twice." He seemed to be enjoying a chance to argue his position. "Anyway, they aren't going to let McGovern get the nomination," he added.

"Why not?" Christine said. "The people voted for him."

"That's only the *people*. They won't let him get it."

"Who won't?"

"*They* won't. At the Convention," he said, with apparent satisfaction.

Next door, we found an old man sitting alone in a simple kitchen chair in front of the garage, doing nothing. He had a heavy-featured, wrinkled face, and he answered Christine in a quiet voice, without moving his head. His first words were "I worked for the town, but I was retired two weeks ago. Some people like retirement and some people *don't*." He went on, with a trace of an Italian accent, to say, "I've lived here twenty-eight years. It was all woods around here when I came. McGovern? I listened to his speeches, and I like him. That Nixon had four years to get out of Vietnam. I don't like the *rumors*—all the rumors from this place and that. They should just stop it. Thousands of boys have died. I have grandchildren sixteen, seventeen years old. I don't want them going over there. And Mr. Nixon don't do nothing for the old people. Don't worry. I'll vote for McGovern."

At the next house, a sleepy young man with long hair told us, "Yeah, I can dig McGovern. Why don't you see my parents, out back?"

The parents were sitting in silence in chaise longues on a tiny, prettily landscaped patio. Christine gave her usual introduction.

The husband, a bald, nervous-seeming man, answered, with an air of considerable formality, "I have listened carefully to Senator McGovern's views, and I believe that he— I find that— He has been doing very well, and I can go along with him—*up to a point*." He was smiling almost deferentially, and seemed torn between anxiety to please the strangers who had suddenly appeared on his patio and fear of revealing his views. "He has good opinions," he went on. "But, of course, I have *my* opinions, too." He quickly added, "Of course, you also have *your* opinions. And I respect that. You have a right to your opinions. However, at this time I can't comment. I am not ready to make a definitive statement."

His wife, a calm-seeming woman, asked to see some of Christine's campaign literature.

The husband thanked us for coming by, and, as we were leaving, called after us, "Don't worry! You didn't impose on us in any way!"

Down the street, a short, dour-looking man who was holding a baby in his arms told us, "I wouldn't vote for McGovern for dogcatcher. I'm a conservative, and I'm not for anybody."

Then Christine had a run of three McGovern supporters in a row. A woman who was taking care of her granddaughter while her daughter joined her husband in Florida for his Navy leave said that she had voted for Nixon in '68 but now favored Senator McGovern. "Anyone but Nixon," she said. Another woman said that she didn't like McGovern's position, or lack of a position, on abortion—she wanted abortion made illegal again in New York—but would vote for him, "because he's right on all the other most important issues." A third woman said that she couldn't talk, because she was suffering from a migraine headache, but that she was planning to vote for McGovern.

At the last house Christine canvassed—an unusually small one—a tall, gangling man with a thin neck and a large, bony head and a bulky woman in curlers with a peering, worried but friendly look came to the door together. "We were for Wallace, but something happened to him," the man said. "What's this McGovern want? What's he going to do for old people and about taxes?"

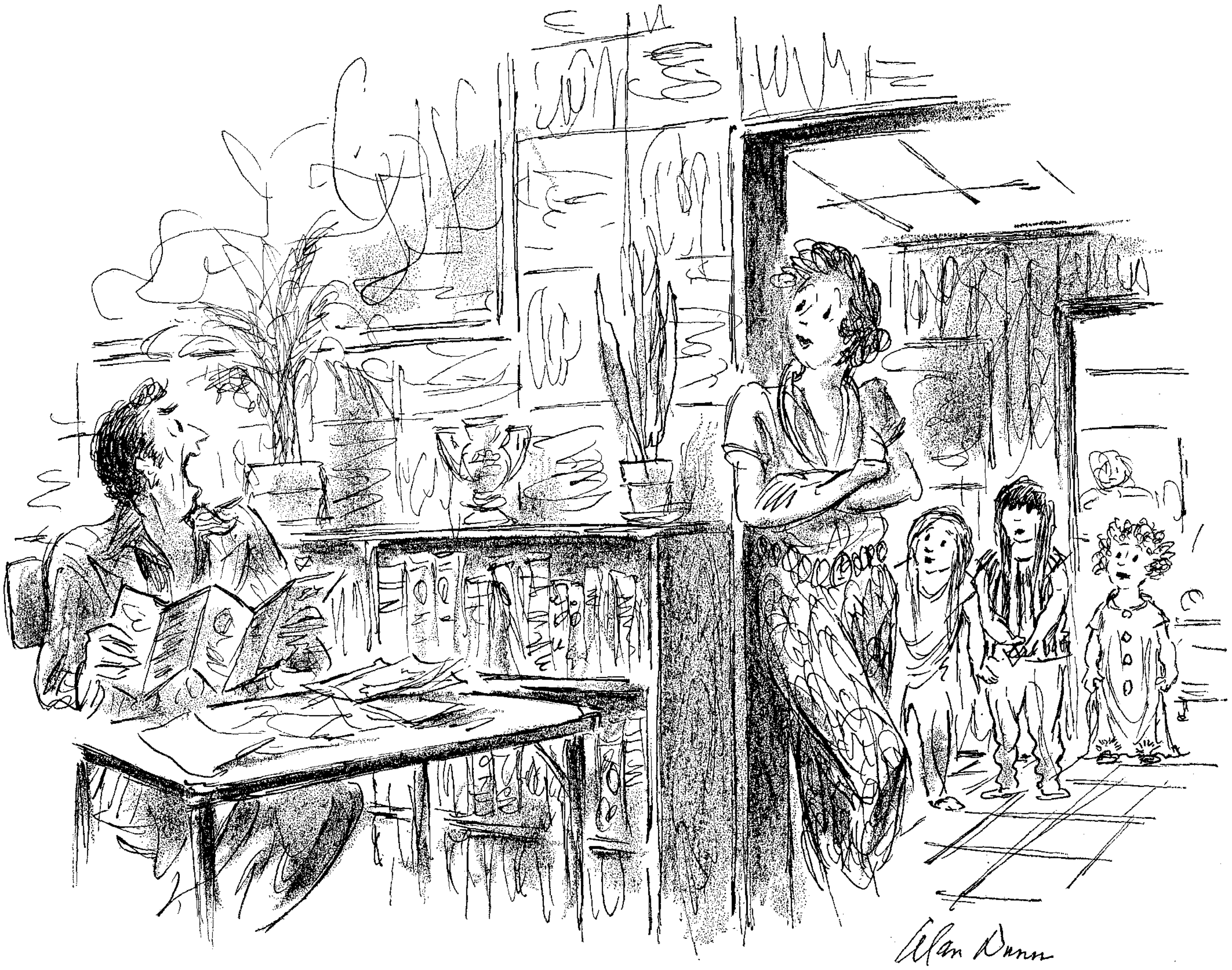
Christine said that he would make sure that rich people paid their fair share of taxes, and that he would increase support for the elderly. She added that he would end the war.

"That's right!" the man said. "We'll vote for him. But he won't stop the war. He can't."

"Well, he'll *try*," the woman said.

Scallop Shells

THE favorite hobby of the late Jesse Hamilton Webb, a man who spent his business life manufacturing wooden and cleated fibre boxes—he was president of the Rochester Box & Lumber Company and of the Piedmont



"All right, then. It's Hsing-Hsing and Ling-Ling. There's half our vacation shot!"

• •

Container Corporation, of Lynchburg, Virginia—was conchology, and the shells he most enjoyed collecting were those of scallops, a family of bivalve mollusks that, far from being boxed in by their containers, move around in spurts and darts. They are jet-propelled by a sudden ejection of water that occurs when they snap their shells, and the jet causes them to move hinge foremost; they can twist, turn, and somersault. Three hundred and fifty species are known, ranging in size from a quarter of an inch in diameter to nearly eight inches, and the shells of three hundred of these are on exhibition, in the form of twenty-five hundred specimens, in the main-entrance rotunda of the Museum of Natural History—the gift of Mr. Webb's son William H. Webb, who presented them to the Museum after his father's death, in 1968. The senior Webb had begun by picking up shells on beaches in Florida and around the Caribbean; had graduated to the less abraded coverings of living mollusks, obtained from local fishermen; and, upon retiring from the box business in his early sixties, had become a full-time conchologist, personally dredging the ocean bottom and hiring collectors in Japan, Australia, and the Philippines to round out his holdings.

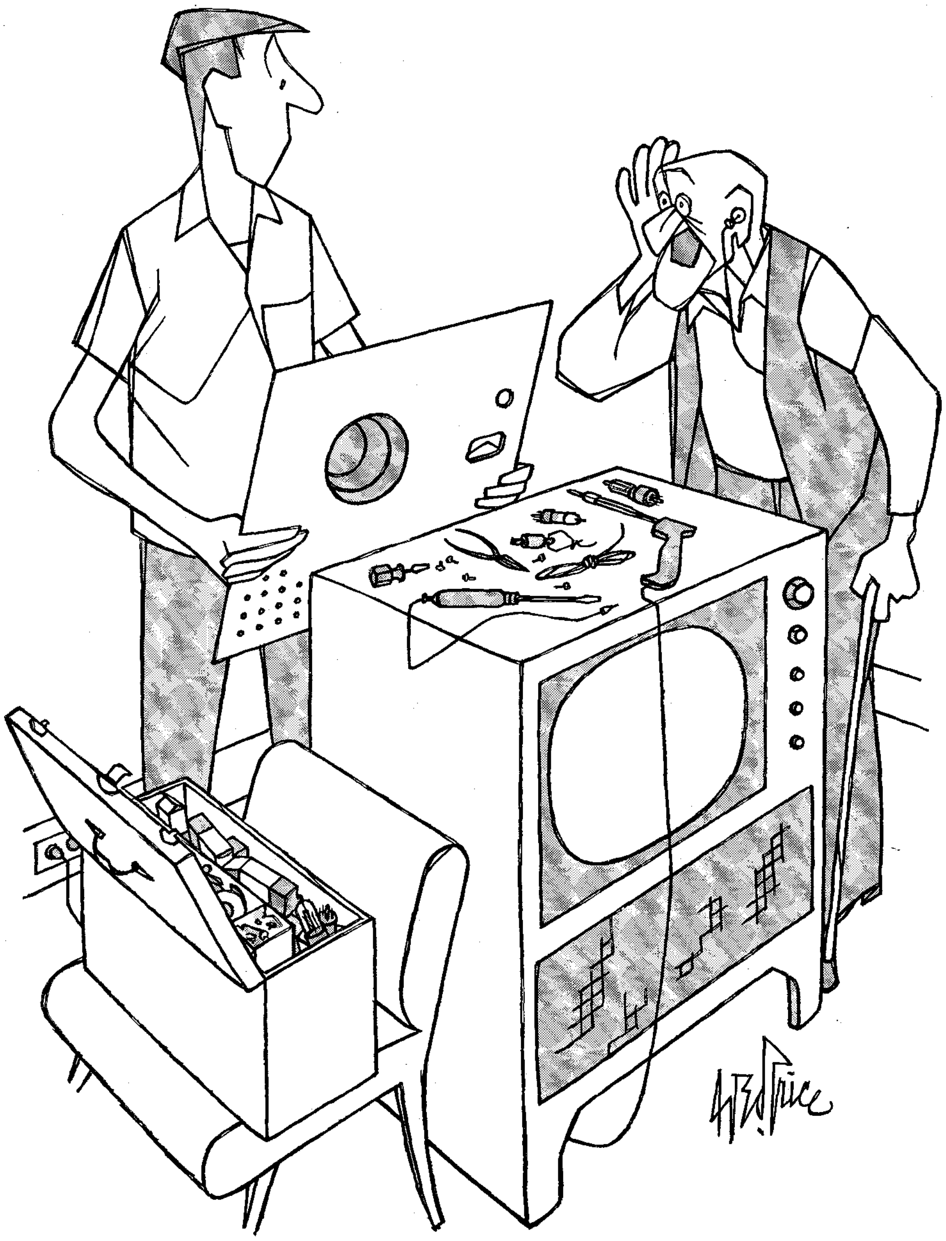
These holdings are remarkably beautiful. The double shells, whose sections are not always uniform in color, include shades of brown, orange, red, yellow, gray, purple, and near-white. Most are ribbed; some are also knobbed; some have small spines. When the scallops are alive, the borders of their mantles may have as many as a hundred glittering blue eyes. These eyes, according to Dr. William K. Emerson, the Museum's living-invertebrates chief, who joined us in our inspection, may or may not be able to perceive images clearly, but they are sensitive to light. A shadow causes the scallop to close its valves at once, and this is providential, for the shadow may well be that of a starfish, its principal enemy (apart from people like Mr. Webb). "The Webb collection is one of the finest in the world," Dr. Emerson told us. "It includes half a dozen species that we didn't have before. Most scallops live in shallow water in the temperate and tropical zones, but one of these"—he pointed to a large brown specimen—"comes from a depth of nearly fifteen thousand feet. Primitive man used the adductor muscle of the scallop for food, as we do today, and its shell inspired artists long before Christ." He cited early Peruvian vases, Greek earthenware jugs, Pompeian mosaics, Roman sarcophagi, and, more recently, Botticelli's "The Birth of Venus," in which the goddess has risen from the ocean on a Renaissance scallop shell a good deal larger than anything in the Museum.

Protein is a gastronomic plus in the scallop, and, as we learned from a fancy book that Dr. E. let us peek at—"The Scallop: Studies of a Shell and Its Influences on Humankind," published in London in 1957 by the Shell Transport & Trading Company—"there is some evidence that the ripening of [the scallop's] sexual products comes at the time of full moon" and "therefore, the gourmet should select . . . the time of the full moon if he is to eat them at their best—that is, when they are richest in protein.”

How did the Shell company, which deals in oil, get its name and its symbol, a scallop shell? Well, its founder’s father was a trader in curios decorated with seashells, and the son was sentimental.

Festival

ON June 17th, Igor Stravinsky would have been ninety years old. His birthday was celebrated at Lincoln Center last week with an exhibit of Stravinsky memorabilia at the Library of the Performing Arts and a week-long festival of thirty ballets, choreographed to his music, at the New York State Theatre. The exhibit, consisting of a hundred-odd scores, letters, photographs, posters, and personal possessions lent by Stravinsky’s widow, will be on view through July 15th. The dance festival, which was organized by Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine, two of Stravinsky’s devoted collaborators, produced a number of new works that will become part of the New York City Ballet’s permanent repertoire; of the thirty ballets presented during the week, twenty-one were premières, and nine of those were choreographed by that indefatigable genius George Balanchine. Mr. Balanchine launched the festival on Sunday evening with a benevolent speech from the stage in soft, Russian-accented English. “It’s very simple,” he told the audience. “Today, Stravinsky *is* ninety years old. He *is* with us here. Actually, he took a leave of absence and called me up on the telephone and said, ‘George, it’s all yours. You can do whatever you want.’ So we begin with the arrangement of ‘Happy Birthday’ he did when Pierre Monteux became eighty, and Mme. André Malraux will play the scherzo movement of a piano sonata that Stravinsky wrote for me in 1902, two years before I was born. I have made a little dance to it.”



“You’ll have to speak up. Your estimate blew my hearing aid.”

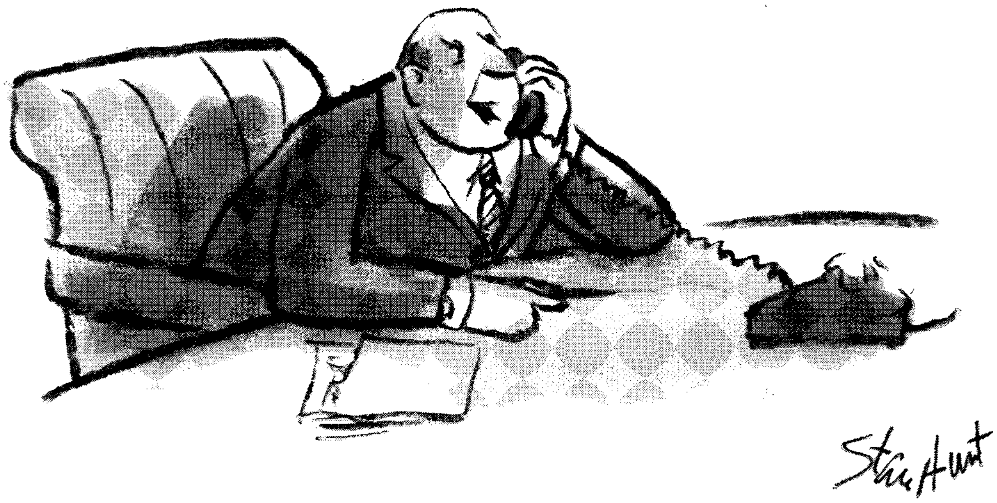
We returned to Lincoln Center the following morning for a tour of the exhibit with Mrs. Vera Stravinsky, a vivacious blue-eyed blonde who looks much younger than her calendar age, which is seventy-nine. We found Mrs. Stravinsky standing next to a square glass showcase that contained photographs of the composer’s parents, a gold watch that had been presented to his father by Czar Alexander III, four fat books bound in red leather, a tiny blue notebook, and several documents from Stravinsky’s school days. “My husband’s father was a famous basso at the Maryinsky Theatre,” Mrs. Stravinsky said. “He knew Dostoevski and Moussorgsky, and he had the biggest private library in St. Petersburg. After the revolution, the library was nationalized, and Stravinsky’s mother acted as the librarian until she came to Europe, in the twenties. The red books belonged to his father. They are collections of Russian folk songs that Stravinsky brought to Paris and used in ‘Les Noces’ and ‘Renard.’ The little blue notebook has ‘Saucers’ written on it in Russian. We drink tea from saucers in Russia, and when we drink we often sing. To amuse his friends, my husband wrote some music for such occasions.” We inspected Stravinsky’s university report card (“He wasn’t interested in law, but he got good marks in languages and, of all things, in statistics”) and paused before an early photograph of the composer with his hair parted in the middle. “This was taken in 1913, two weeks after the ‘Sacre’ première turned into a riot,” Mrs. Stravinsky said. “I think he was in a Paris clinic recovering from typhus.” Moving to another case, she pointed out two photographs from the twenties: a trio (Stravinsky, Jean Cocteau, and herself) in a Hotchkiss touring car, and a group shot of Stravinsky, Serge Diaghilev, and Serge Lifar that she had snapped in London. “Serge Diaghilev introduced me to Stravinsky in 1920, a few weeks after I arrived in Paris with my first husband, the painter Sudeikine,” she said. “Diaghilev invited me to dine at an Italian restaurant with Nouvel, Bakst, and Stravinsky. I told him I knew everybody but Stravinsky. ‘He’s terribly moody today,’ said Diaghilev as we were walking downstairs. ‘Be nice to him.’ It was a gay evening, and I was *very* nice to Stravinsky. We had a love affair in the twenties, long before we were married. Everybody knew about it. His family lived in Switzerland, Biarritz, and Nice, and he often came to Paris, where I had separated from my husband and was working as a costume designer. We travelled together when he went on concert tours, but my situation was complicated, because I had a Georgian passport long after Georgia had ceased to exist as a country. Eventually, I got a divorce, Stravinsky's wife died, and we were married, in 1940."

We looked at several famous scores written in the composer's delicate calligraphy and asked Mrs. Stravinsky what would happen to her husband's estate.

"I want everything to go to a foundation where there will be research and perhaps a Stravinsky-Diaghilev museum," she said. "We have found a beautiful palazzo in Venice—where my husband is buried—and now we must raise enough money to finance the project. I have also had an offer from the Russians."

On the opposite side of the plaza, we found George Balanchine and Jerome Robbins hard at work on a new version of the 1920 ballet "Pulcinella" in a rehearsal room of the New York State Theatre. (The score is Stravinsky's arrangement of music attributed to the eighteenth-century Italian composer Giovanni Pergolesi. "Pulcinella" is often played as a suite, but the full-length ballet is rarely danced.) At one end of the large room, Mr. Balanchine, a slight, graceful man with a long, bony face, was choreographing movements for six male dancers who provided visual counterpoint for a solo ballerina. Thirty feet away, Mr. Robbins—spare, suntanned, and energetic, with a fringe of gray beard and large horn-rimmed glasses—was coaching Edward Villella, the Pulcinella, in a series of broad gestures that telegraphed joy, anger, distress, and anguish. "Remember, Eddie, you'll be wearing a half-mask and a hat," said Mr. Robbins, miming an exaggerated smile, with his knees bent, right foot pointed to the front, one arm placed on his hip and the other arched over his head. "Play right to the back of the house."

Mr. Villella ran through a series of poses that suggested eighteenth-century commedia-dell'arte paintings. Mr. Robbins nodded, and walked to the front of the room, where Violette Verdy, dancing Pulcinella's girl friend, was rehearsing her variations. As Miss Verdy moved diagonally downstage in a series of jumps and turns, Mr. Balanchine stationed himself in the middle of the male chorus and began to improvise complementary movements.



"I want to commend you, Northrup, on your gingerly handling in court this morning of our somewhat questionable dealings in the Hadley Company case."

• •

"Maybe we do this," he said, playing an imaginary double bass. He broke up the line of dancers into groups of two as Mr. Robbins moved Miss Verdy back across the front of the stage with a sequence of sautés in arabesque croisé.

"Don't travel too much," said Mr. Balanchine, looking up.

Miss Verdy nodded, and produced an entrechat-six.

Mr. Balanchine pushed his male dancers into a semicircle and invented some elegant steps that took them forward and back. Turning to Mr. Robbins, he said, "It looks like your waltz."

Mr. Robbins grinned, and asked Miss Verdy to try three linked turns on pointe.

Miss Verdy complied, and Mr. Balanchine nodded, looking pleased. "What do you do next?" he asked her.

"They carry me off!" said Miss Verdy, leaping into the arms of a startled male dancer.

"Now we repeat the entire thing," said Mr. Balanchine, with a seraphic smile. "Then Jerry and I will do our number."

Balanchine and Robbins sat on the edge of a table at the front of the room, watching the other men space themselves behind Miss Verdy as she ran through her variations with a breathless smile and a dazzling technique. When the music changed to a ponderous peasant motif, they themselves leaped into the center of the room and performed a broad comic dance—several buck-and-wing shuffles, a couple of turns, and a slow-motion fight.

After Mr. Balanchine had dismissed his dancers, who had been watching with expressions of amazement and delight, we introduced ourself and asked why he had decided to revive "Pulcinella."

"It's a marvellously witty score, which I have wanted to do for many years, but the production is terribly expensive," said Mr. Balanchine. "We need elaborate sets and costumes, and three *good* opera singers as well. Both Jerry and I are busy with other ballets, but we thought we could manage 'Pulcinella' together. We think the same way; we know that certain steps are needed in certain places. So we work together, or take turns."

"The story is mostly George's," said Mr. Robbins. "His Pulcinella combines the traditional commedia-dell'arte character with Goethe's Faust. He's a terrible, stupid man with a marvellous voracity for life. He steals and gives his loot away. He beats up people and becomes a victim. He has a great instinct for survival."

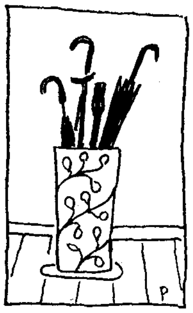
"In the Punch-and-Judy shows I saw as a child, the Devil always took Punch—or Pulcinella—to Hell at the end for his bad behavior," said Mr. Balanchine. "In our version, Pulcinella dies at the *beginning* and then sells his soul to the Devil in order to be resurrected. When the Devil tries to make him live up to the contract, he tries all sorts of tricks to keep from going to Hell. Finally, Pulcinella and his friends pretend to hang the Devil, and force him to tear up the contract. We're using the characters but not the plot of the original Diaghilev production. This story is funny, a bit dirty, and quite cruel—more like the real commedia-dell'arte plots of the early sixteenth century."

"Stravinsky would have loved it," said Mr. Robbins.

MAIDEN'S LEAP

THE civic guard, or policeman, on the doorstep was big, middle-aged, awkward, affable. Behind him was green sunlit lawn sloping down to a white horse fence and a line of low shrubs; and beyond that the highway, not much travelled; beyond the highway, the jetty, the moored boats, the restless lake water reflecting the sunshine.

The civic guard was so affable that he took off his cap. He was completely bald. Robert St. Blaise Macmahon thought that by taking off his cap the civic guard had made himself a walking, or standing, comic comment on the comic rural constable in the Thomas Hardy story who wouldn't leave his house without his truncheon because without his truncheon his going forth would not be official. Robert St. Blaise Macmahon felt like telling that to the civic guard and imploring him, for the sake of the dignity of his office, to restore his cap to its legal place and so to protect his bald head from the sunshine, which, for Ireland, was quite bright and direct—almost like the sun of that autumn he had spent in the Grand Atlas, far from the tourists. Or the sun of that spring when he had submitted to the natural curiosity of a novelist, who was also a wealthy man and could afford such silly journeys, and gone all the way to the United States, not to see those sprawling vulgar cities—good God, sir, no—but to go to Georgia to see the Okefenokee Swamp, which interested him because of those sacred drooping melancholy birds, the white ibises, and because of the alligators. Any day in the year, give him, in preference to Americans, alligators. It could be that he made the journey so as to be able at intervals to say that.



But if he talked like this to the bald guard on the ancestral doorstep, the poor devil would simply gawk or smirk or both and say, "Yes, Mr. Macmahon. Of course, Mr. Macmahon." Very respectful, he would seem to be. For the Macmahons counted for something in the town. His father's father had as good as owned it.

The fellow's bald head was nastily, ridiculously perspiring. Robert St. Blaise Macmahon marked down that detail for his notebook. Henry James had so wisely said, "Try to be one of the people on whom nothing is lost." Henry James had known it all. What a pity that he had to be born in the United States. But then, like the gentleman he was, he had had the good wit to run away.

The bald, perspiring cap-in-hand guard said, "Excuse me, Mr. Macmahon. Sorry to disturb you on such a heavenly morning and all. But I've come about the body, sir."

Robert St. Blaise Macmahon was fond of saying in certain circles in Dublin that he liked civic guards if they were young, fresh from the country, and pink-cheeked, and that he liked Christian Brothers in a comparable state of development. In fact, he would argue, you came to a time of life when civic guards and Christian Brothers were, apart from the uniforms, indistinguishable. This he said merely to hear himself say it. He was much too fastidious for any fleshly contact with anybody, male or female. So, lightly, flittingly, he now amused himself with looking ahead to what he would say on his next visit to town. "Well, if they had to send a guard, they could have sent a young handsome one to inquire about the—" What the guard had said now registered, and with a considerable shock.

The guard repeated, "About the body, sir. The body in the bed, sir. Dead in the bed."

"There is no body in my bed. Dead or alive. At least not while I'm up and about. I live here alone, with my housekeeper, Miss Hynes."

"Yes, Mr. Macmahon, sir. We know Miss Hynes well. Very highly respected lady, sir. She's below in the barracks at the moment in a terrible state of nervous prostration. The doctor's giving her something to soothe her. Then he'll be here directly."

"Below in the barracks? But she went out to do the shopping."

"Indeed yes, sir. But she slipped in to tell us—in passing like, sir. Oh, it's not serious or anything. Foul play is not suspected."

"Tell you what, my good man?"

"Well, sir, she says, sir, there's a man dead in her bed."

"In the bed of Miss Hynes, my housekeeper?"

"So she says, sir. Her very words."

"What in the name of God is he doing there?"

"Hard to say, Mr. Macmahon, what a dead man would be doing in a bed—I mean like in somebody else's bed." With a huge white linen handkerchief that he dragged, elongated, out of a pants pocket and then spread before him like an enveloping cloud, the guard patiently mopped his perspiration. "Damned hot today, sir. The hottest summer, the paper says, in forty years."

The high Georgian-Floridian sun shone straight down on wine-colored swamp water, laving (it was archaic but yet the only word) the grotesque knobby knees of giant cypress trees. The white sacred crook-billed birds perched gravely, high on gray curved branches above trailing Spanish moss—oh, far away from this mean, sniggering town and its rattling tongues. It was obvious, it was regrettably obvious, that the guard was close to laughter.

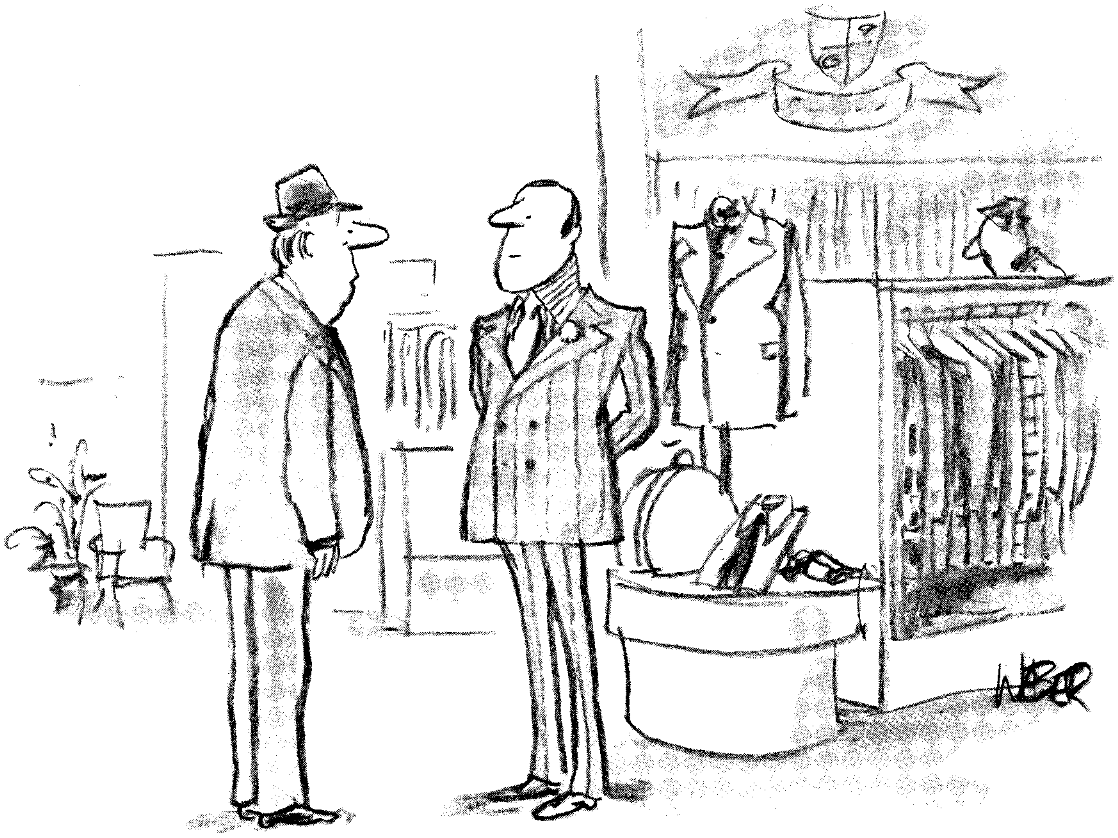
"A dead man in the bed of Miss Hynes, my housekeeper, and housekeeper to my father and mother before me, and a distant relative of my own. Scarcely a laughing matter, guard."

"No, sir. Everything but, sir. It's just the heat, sir. Overcome by the heat."

THAT hottest summer in forty years followed them, panting, across the black and red flagstones of the wide hallway. A fine mahogany staircase went up in easy spirals. Robert St. Blaise Macmahon led the way around it, keeping to the ground floor. The guard placed his cap, open end up, on the hallstand, excusing himself as he did so, as if the ample mahogany hallstand, mirrored and antlered, were also a Macmahon watching, or reflecting, him with disapproval. It was the first time he or his like ever had had opportunity or occasion to enter this house.

In the big kitchen—old-fashioned as to size, modern as to fittings—the hottest summer was a little assuaged. The flagstones were replaced by light tiles, green and white, cool to the sight and the touch. She had always held on to that bedroom on the ground floor, beyond the kitchen, although upstairs the large house was more than half empty. She said she loved it because it had French windows that opened out to the garden. They did, too. They would also give easy access for visitors to the bedroom—a thought that had never occurred to him, not once over all these years.

Earlier that morning, she had called to him from the kitchen to say that she was going shopping, and had made her discreet escape by way of those windows. They still lay wide open to the garden. She was a good gardener, as she was a good housekeeper. She



"I need something. My wife seems to think it's a new suit that I need."

had, of course, help with the heavy work in both cases—two girls from the town for the kitchen, a healthy young man for the garden. All three of them were due to arrive, embarrassingly, within the next hour. Could it be the young man for the garden there, dead in the bed? No—at least, thank God, it wasn't her assistant gardener, a scapegrace of a fellow that might readily tempt a middle-aged woman. She hadn't stooped to the servants. She had that much Macmahon blood in her veins. This man was—or had been—a stranger, an older man by far than the young gardener. He was now as old as he would ever be. The hottest summer was heavy and odorous in the garden, and flower odors and insect sounds came to them in the room. The birds were silent. There was also the other odor—stale sweat, or dead passion, or just death?

The guard sniffed. He said, "He died sweating. He's well tucked in."

Only the head was visible: sparse gray hair, a few sad pimples on the scalp, a long purple nose—a comic Cyrano nose. Mouth and eyes were open. He had good teeth and brown eyes. He looked simply surprised, not yet accustomed to wherever he happened to find himself.

"Feel his heart, guard."

"Oh, dead as mutton, Mr. Macmahon. Miss Hynes told no lie. Still, he couldn't die in a better place. In a bed, I mean."

" 'Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd.' "

"Yes, sir," the guard said, "every bit of it."

"I mean he died without the priest."

The guard said that taking into account the circumstances in which the deceased, God be merciful to him, had passed over, he could hardly have counted on the company of a resident chaplain. "Death," said the guard, "is an odd fellow. There's no being up to him, Mr. Macmahon. He can catch you unawares in the oddest places."

This fellow, by holy heaven, was a philosopher. He was, for sure, one for the notebook.

"Quite true, guard. There was a very embarrassing case involving a president of the great French Republic. Found dead in his office. He had his hands in the young lady's hair. They had to cut the hair to set her free."

"Do you tell me so, sir? A French president? 'Twouldn't be that fellow de Gaulle, with the long nose, would be caught at capers like that."

"Then there was a Hemingway story on a somewhat similar theme."

"Of course, sir. You'd know about that, Mr. Macmahon. I don't read much myself. But my eldest daughter that works for the public libraries tells me about your books."

Far away from the highway came the sound of an automobile.

"That," said the guard, "could be the doctor and the ambulance."

They waited in silence in the warm, odorous room. The sound passed on and away—neither the doctor nor the ambulance.

"But that fellow in the bed, Mr. Macmahon, I could tell you things about him, God rest him."

"Do you mean to say you know him?"

"Of course, sir. It's my business to know people."

" 'Try to be one of the people on whom nothing is lost.' "

"Quite so, sir, and odd that you should mention it. For that fellow in the bed, sir, do you know that once upon a time he lost two hundred hens?"

"Two hundred hens?"

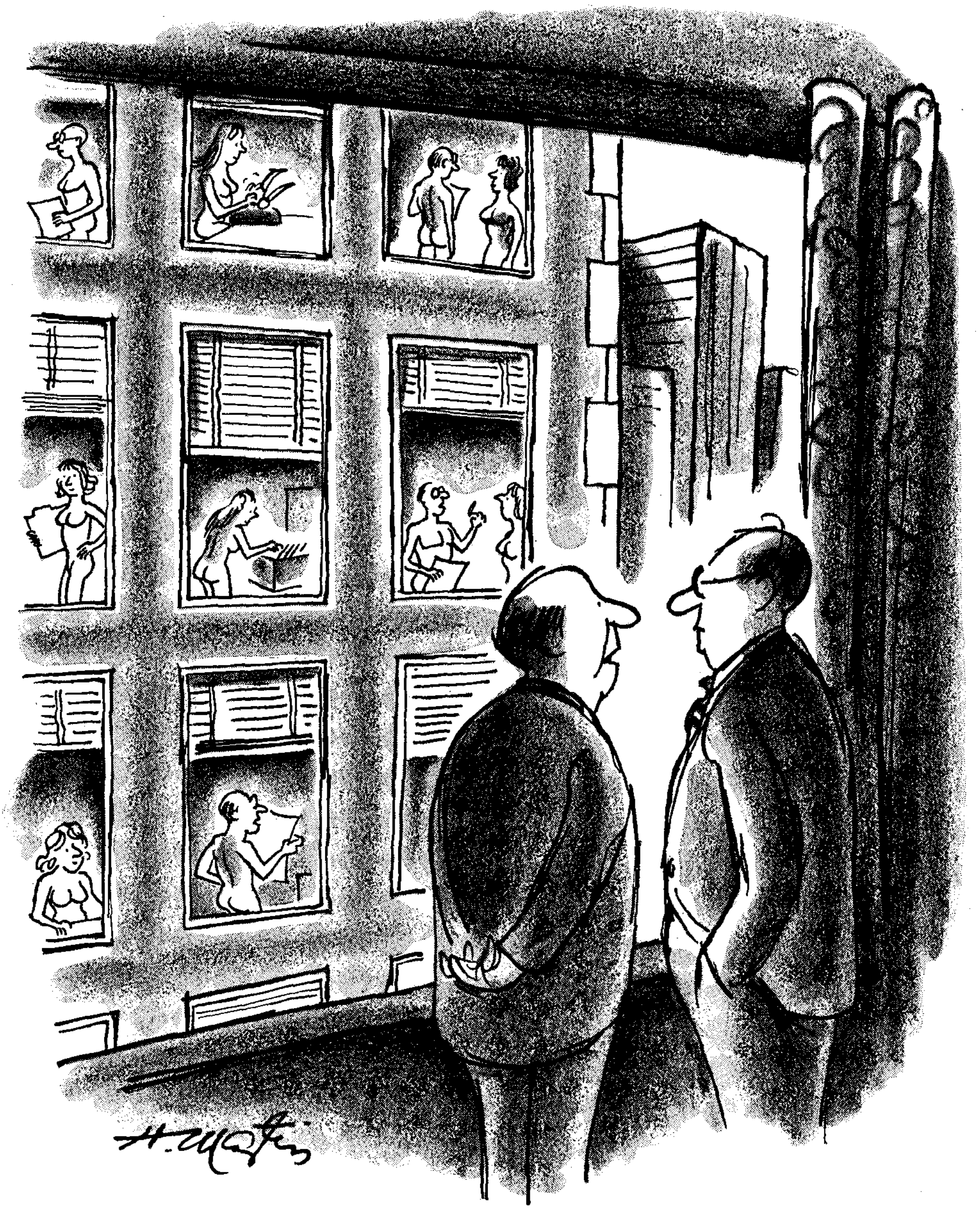
"Chickens?"

"Well, even chickens. That was a lot of birds. He must have been the only man in Europe who ever did that."

"In the world, I'd say, sir. And it happened so simple."

"It's stuffy in here," Robert said. He led the way out to the garden. The sound of another automobile on the highway was not yet the doctor or the ambulance. They walked along a red-sanded walk. She had had that mulch red sand brought all the way from Mullachdeargh Strand in County Donegal. She loved the varied strands of Donegal—red, golden, or snow-white. To right and left, her roses flourished. She had a good way with roses, and with sweet pea, and even with sunflowers—those lusty, brazen-faced giants.

"He was up in Dublin one day in a pub, and beside him at the counter the mournfulest man you ever saw. So the man that's gone—he was always a cheery type—said to the mournful fellow, 'Brighten up, the sun's shining, life's not all that bad.' The mournful one says, 'If you were a poultry farmer



"These days, I suppose, air-conditioning breakdown must be regarded as one of the facts of life."

• •

with two hundred hens that wouldn't lay an egg, you'd hardly be singing songs.' "

"The plot thickens," said Robert St. Blaise Macmahon.

"So says your man that's inside there, and at peace we may charitably hope, 'How much would you take for those hens?' 'A shilling a hen.' 'Done,' says he, and out with two hundred shillings and buys the hens. Then he hires a van and a boy to drive it, and off with him to transport the hens. You see, he knows a man here in this very town that will give him half a crown a hen—a profit of fifteen pounds sterling less the hire of the van. But the journey is long and the stops plentiful at the wayside pubs—he always had a notorious drouth—and whatever happened nobody ever found out, but when he got to this town at two in the morning the back doors of the van were swinging open."

"The birds had flown."

"Only an odd feather to be seen. And he had to pay the boy fifteen shillings to clean out the back of the van. They were never heard of again—the hens, I mean. He will long be remembered for that."

"If not for anything else."

"His poor brother, too, sir. That was a sad case. Some families are, you might say, addicted to sudden death."

"Did he die in a bed?"

"Worse, far worse, sir. He died on a lawnmower."

"Guard," said Robert, "would you have a cup of tea? You should be writing books instead of me."

"I was never much given to tea, sir."

"But in all the best detective stories the man from Scotland Yard always drinks a cup o' tea."

"As I told you, sir, I don't read much. But if you had the tiniest drop of whiskey to spare, I'd be grateful. It's a hot day and this uniform is a crucifixion."

They left the garden by a wicket gate that opened through a beech hedge onto the front lawn. The sun's reflections shot up like lightning from the lake water around the dancing boats. In the dining room, Robert St. Blaise Macmahon poured whiskey for the guard, and for himself; he needed it. "Ice, guard?"

"No, thank you, sir. Although they say the Americans are hell for it. In everything—in tea, whiskey, and so on."

Two more automobiles passed. They listened and waited.

"You'd feel, sir, he was listening to us—like for a laugh—long nose and all. His brother was the champion gardener of all time. Better even than Miss Hynes herself, although her garden's a sight to see and a scent to smell."

"He died on a lawnmower?"

"On his own lawn, sir. On one of those motor mowers. It blew up under him. He was burned to death. And you could easily say, sir, he couldn't have been at a more harmless occupation, or in a safer place."

"You could indeed, guard. Why haven't I met you before this?"

"That's life, sir. Our paths never crossed. Only now for that poor fellow inside I wouldn't be here today at all."

This time it had to be the doctor and the ambulance. The wheels came, scattering gravel, up the driveway. The doorbell chimed—three slow cathedral tones. That chime had been bought in Bruges, where they knew about bells. The guard threw back what was left of his whiskey. He said, "You'll excuse me, Mr. Macmahon. I'll go and put on my cap. We have work to do."

WHEN the guard, the doctor, the ambulance, the ambulance attendants, and the corpse had, all together, taken their departure, Robert St. Blaise Macmahon sprayed the bedroom with Flit, sworn foe to the housefly. It was all he could think of. It certainly changed the odor. It drifted out even into the garden, and lingered there among the roses. The assistant gardener and the kitchen girls had not yet arrived. That meant that the news was out and they were delaying in the town to talk about it. What sort of insufferable idiot was that woman to put him in this way into the position of being talked about, and then laughed at, by clods he had always regarded with a detached and humorous, yet godlike, eye?

He sat, for the sake of the experience, on the edge of the rumpled bed from which the corpse had just been removed. But he felt nothing of any importance. To his right, beyond the open windows, was her bureau-desk-bookcase: old black oak, as if in stubborn, isolated contradiction to the prevalent mahogany. She had never lost the stiff pride that a poor relation wears as a mask when he or she can ride high above the more common servility. She was a high-rider. It was simply incomprehensible that she, who had always so rigidly kept herself to herself, should have had a weakness for a long-nosed man who seemed to have been little better than a figure of fun.

The drawers of the bureau-bookcase were sagging open and in disorder, as if in panic she had been rooting through them for something that nobody could find. He had seldom seen the inside of her room, but from the little he had seen and from everything he knew of her she was no woman for untidiness or unlocked drawers. Yet in spite of her panic she had not called for aid to him—her cousin once removed, her employer, her benefactor. She had always, stiffly and for twenty-five years, kept him at a distance. Twenty-five years ago, in this room. She would have been eighteen, not six months escaped from the mountain valley she had been reared in, from which his parents had rescued her. He closes his eyes. He remembers. It is a Sunday afternoon, and the house is empty except for the two of them. He is alone in his room reading. He is reading about how Lucius Apuleius watches the servant maid, Fotis, bending over the fire:

> Mincing of meat and making pottage for her master and mistresse, the Cupboord was all set with wines and I thought I smelled the savour of some dainty meats. She had about her middle a white and clean apron, and shee was girded about her body under the paps with a swathell of red silkl, and she stirred the pot and turned the meat with her faire and white hands, in such sort that with stirring and turning the same, her loynes and hips did likewise move and shake, which was in my mind a comely sight to see.

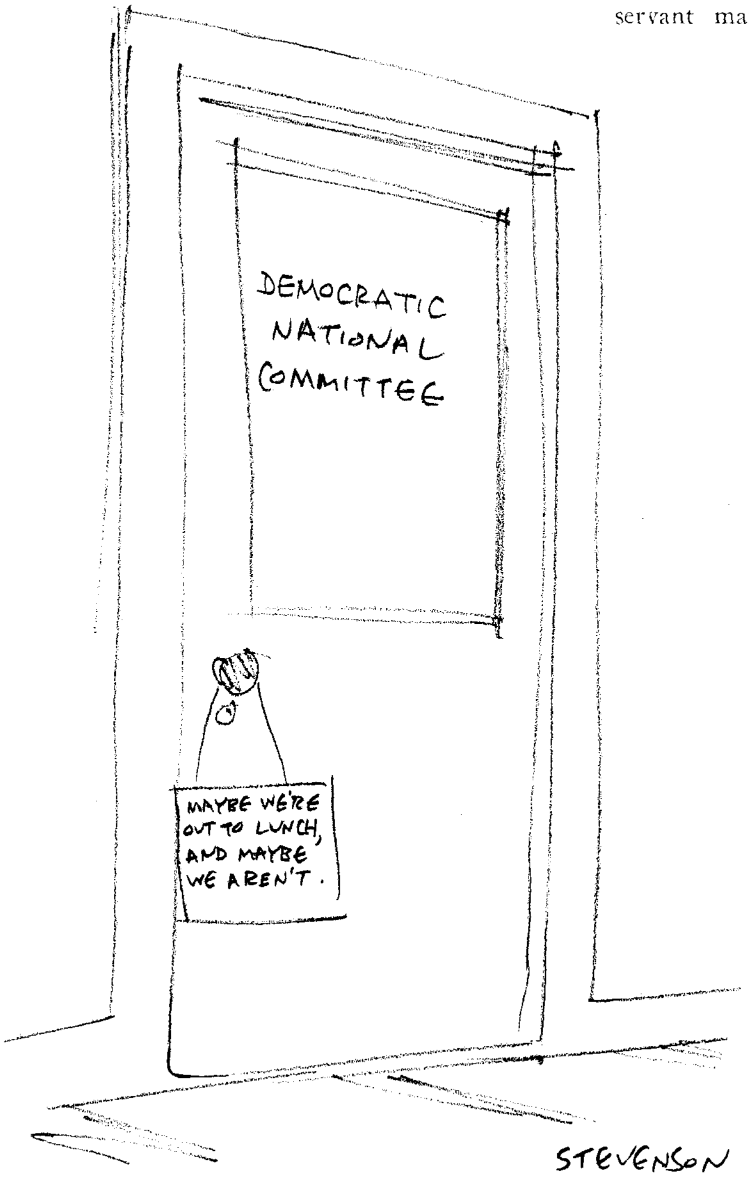
Robert St. Blaise Macmahon, who at sixteen had never tasted wine except to nibble secretively at the altar wine when he was an acolyte in the parish church, repeats over and over again the lovely, luscious Elizabethan words of Adlington's translation from the silver Latin: "Wee would renew our venery with drinking of wine." For at sixteen he is wax, and crazy with curiosity. Then he looks down into the garden and there she is, bending over a bed of flowers. She is tall, rather sallow-faced—a Spanish face in an oval of close, crisp, curling dark hair. He has already noticed the determination of her long, lithe stride, the sway of her hips, the pendulum swish and swing of her bright-tartan pleated skirt. For a girl from the back of the mountains, she has a sense of style.

She has come to this house from the Gothic grandeur of a remote valley called Glenade. Flat-topped mountains, so steep that the highest few hundred feet are sheer rock cliffs corrugated by torrents, surround it. One such cliff, fissured in some primeval cataclysm, falls away into a curved chasm, rises again into one cold pinnacle of rock. The place is known as the Maiden's Leap, and the story is that some woman out of myth, pursued by a savage and unwanted lover, ran along the ridge of the mountain and when faced by the chasm leaped madly to save her virtue, and did. But she didn't leap far enough to save her beautiful frail body, which was shattered on the rocks below. From which her pursuer may have derived a certain perverse satisfaction.

All through her girlhood, her bedroom window has made a frame for that extraordinary view. Now, her parents dead, herself adopted into the house of rich relatives as a sort of servant maid, assistant to the aged housekeeper and in due course to succeed her, she bends over a flower bed as Fotis had bent over the fire. Then she is standing tall and straight, snipping blossoms from a fence of sweet pea. Her body is clearly outlined against the multicolored fence. He watches. He thinks of Fotis. He says again, "Wee would renew our venery with drinking of wine."

When he confronts her in this very room and makes an awkward grab at her, her arms are laden with sweet pea. So he is able to plant one kiss on cold, unresponding lips. The coldness, the lack of response in a bondswoman, surprises him. She bears not the slightest resemblance to Fotis.

The sweet-pea blossoms—purple, red, pink, blue—flow rather than fall to the floor. Then she hits him with her open hand—one calm, deliberate country clout that staggers him and leaves his ear red, swol-


DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE
MAYBE WE'RE OUT TO LUNCH, AND MAYBE WE AREN'T.
STEVENSON

len, and singing for hours. He is humiliatingly reminded that he is an unathletic young man, a pampered only child, and that she is a strong girl from a wild mountain valley. She says, "Mind your manners, wee boy. Pick up those sweet pea or I'll tell your father and mother how they came to be on the floor."

He picks up the flowers. He knows she has already noticed that he is afraid of his father.

This room was not then a bedroom. It was a pantry, with one whole wall of it shelved for storing apples. He could still smell those apples, and the sweet pea. The conjoined smell of flowers and fruit was stronger even than the smell of the insect-killing spray with which he had tried to banish the odor of death.

THAT stinging clout was her great leap, her declaration of independence, but, as in the case of the Maiden of Glenade, it had only carried her halfway. To a cousin once removed, who never anyway had cared enough to make a second attempt, she had demonstrated that she was no chattel. But she remained a dependent, a poor relation, a housekeeper doing the bidding of his parents until they died, and after their death continuing to mind the house, grow the roses, the sweet pea, and the sunflowers. The sense of style, the long, lithe swinging stride went for nothing, just because she hadn't jumped far enough to o'erleap the mean, drying, withering, enduring ways of a small provincial town. No man in the place could publicly be her equal—she was part Macmahon. So she had become part of the furniture of this house. She had no life of her own. Or so he had lightly thought.

THE GREAT GULF

. . . between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.—*Luke 16:26.*

1

At night when each dark shape in the desert
glows in the light of its own penumbra,
I take the road by one white hand
and lead it to a deep arroyo, a dry wash
in which the river lives when it is home.
Stones remain where the water dropped them
and beneath them aged scorpions sleep
in small hotels with no view at all.
The sand is cool. I wonder if the river
will be here when I need to drown.

2

We choose from what is available and fall
in love: anchorites with spiders, sailors
with each other; the bleeding foot
returns to embrace the shattered glass;
the overdose goes in search of an addict;
and those who are too much afraid
fall in love with their fear.

3

I was broken by love but I was
so well repaired I can pass for anybody,
standing here where a river used to be.
In one hand my prayers, in the other the answers,
with a great gulf fixed between them.

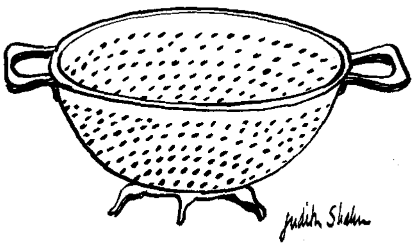
To get here I dragged my shadow
over sharp stones and felt its cuts
and bruises. But the river was dry.

Oh Jesus Christ
and all my fingers losing their rings!
What will become of me when I offer
my soul to the Devil and he doesn't
want it? What will I do
when there is no one left to betray?

—RICHARD SHELTON

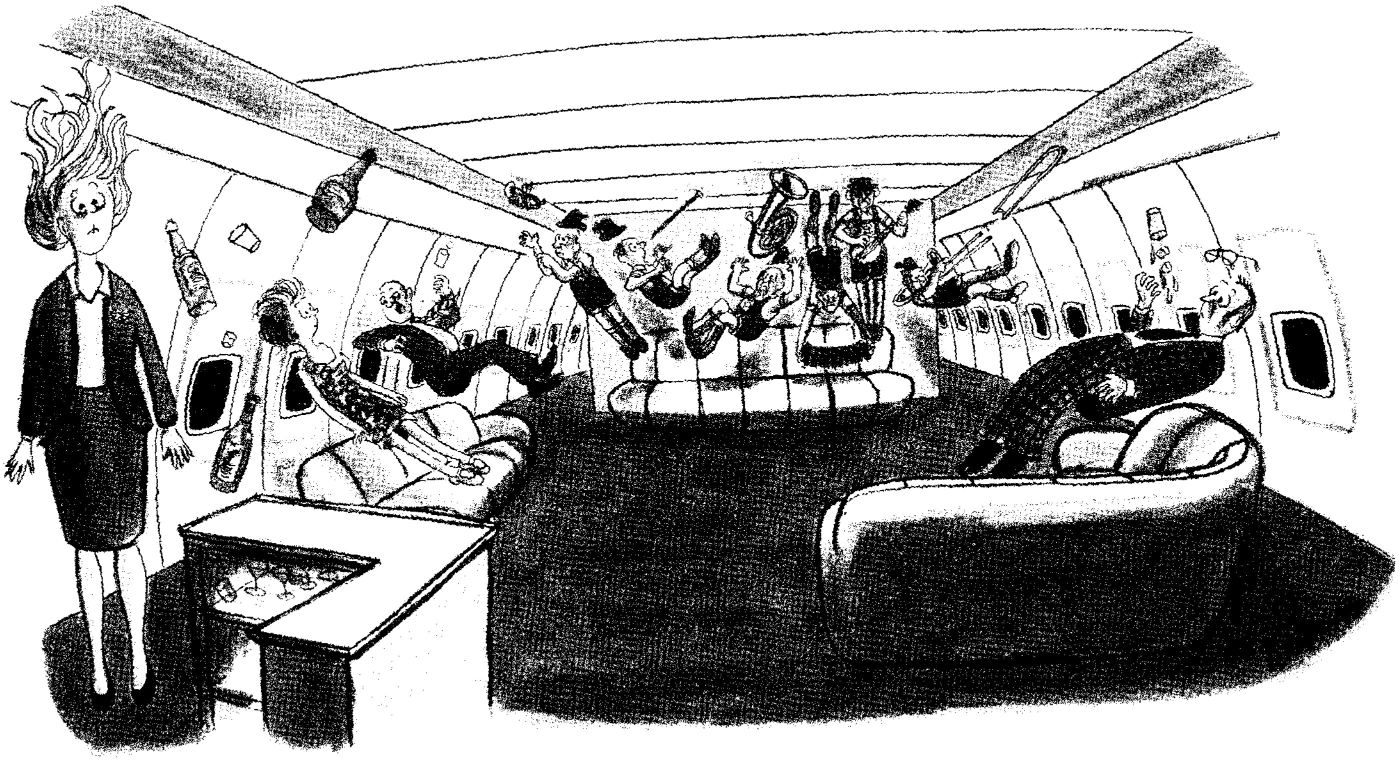
• •

He came and went and wrote his books, and heard her and spoke to her, but seldom really saw her except to notice that wrinkles, very faint and fine, had appeared on that Spanish face, on the strong-boned, glossy forehead, around the corners of the eyes. The crisp dark hair had touches of gray. She was a cipher and a symbol in a frustrating land that had more than its share of aging, hopeless virgins. He saw her as such when, in his writing, he touched satirically on that aspect of life in his pathetic country. For a London illustrated magazine he had once written an article about the country's low and late marriage rate that had astounded all by its hard practicality. But as a general rule he preferred to think and to write about Stockholm or Paris or Naples or Athens, or African mountains remote from everything. Or to think and write about the brightest gem in an America that man was doing so much to lay waste: the swamp that was no swamp but a wonderland out of a fantasy by George MacDonald, a Scottish writer whom nobody read anymore, a fantasy about awaking some morning in your own bedroom, which is no longer a bedroom but the heart of the forest where every tree has its living spirit, genial or evil, evil or genial.



At that moment in his reverie, the telephone rang. To the devil with it, he thought, let it ring. The enchanted swamp was all around him, the wine-colored water just perceptibly moving, the rugged knees of the cypress trees, the white priestly birds curved brooding on high bare branches, the silence. Let it ring. It did, too. It rang and rang and refused to stop. So he walked, ill-tempered, to the table in the hallway where the telephone was, picked it up, heard the voice of the civic guard, and then noticed for the first conscious time the black book that he carried in his left hand.

The guard said, "She's resting now.



"Thank goodness! I loathe 'The Beer Barrel Polka.'"

• •

The sergeant's wife is looking after her."

"Good. That's very good."

It was a ledger type of book, eight inches by four, the pages ruled in blue, the margins in red. He must unthinkingly have picked it up out of the disorder in which her morning panic had left the bureau-bookcase. For the first time, that panic seemed to him comic; it wasn't every morning a maiden lady found a long-nosed lover cold between the covers. If it just hadn't damned well happened in his own house. What would Henry James have made of it?

The guard was still talking into his left ear, telling him that the doctor said it was a clear case of heart failure. Oh, indeed it was, for the heart was a rare and undependable instrument. With his right hand he flicked at random through the black book; then, his eye caught by some words that seemed to mean something, he held the book flat, focussed on those words until they were steady, and read. The handwriting was thick-nibbed, black as coal, dogged, almost printing, deliberate, as if the nib had bitten into the paper. He read:

> Here he comes down the stairs in the morning, his double jowl red and purple from the razor, his selfish mouth pursed as tight as Mick Clinton, the miser of Glenade, used to keep the woollen sock he stored his money in when he went to the horse fair of Manorhamilton. Here he comes, the heavy tread of him, in his good brown handmade shoes, would shake the house if it wasn't as solid on its foundations as the Rock of Cashel. Thud, thud, thud, the weight of his big flat feet. Here he comes, Gorgeous Gussie, with his white linen shirt, he should have frills on his underpants, and his blue eyeshade to show to the world, as if there was anybody to bother looking at him except myself and the domestic help, that he's a writer. A writer, God help us. About what? Who reads him? It's just as well he has old John's plunder to live on.

The black letters stood out like basalt from the white, blue-and-red-lined paper. Just one paragraph she wrote to just one page, and if the paragraph didn't fully fill the page, she made, above and below the paragraph, whorls and doodles and curlicues in inks of various colors—blue, red, green, violet. She was a lonely, self-delighting artist. She was, she had been—for how long, O merciful heaven—an observer, a writer.

The guard was saying, "She said to the sergeant's wife that she's too shy to face you for the present."

"Shy," he said. He looked at the black words. They were as distinct as that long-ago clout on the side of the head—the callused hard hand of the mountainy girl reducing the pretensions of a shy, sensitive, effeminate youth. He said, "She has good reason to be shy. It is perhaps a good thing that she should, at least, be shy before her employer and distant relation."

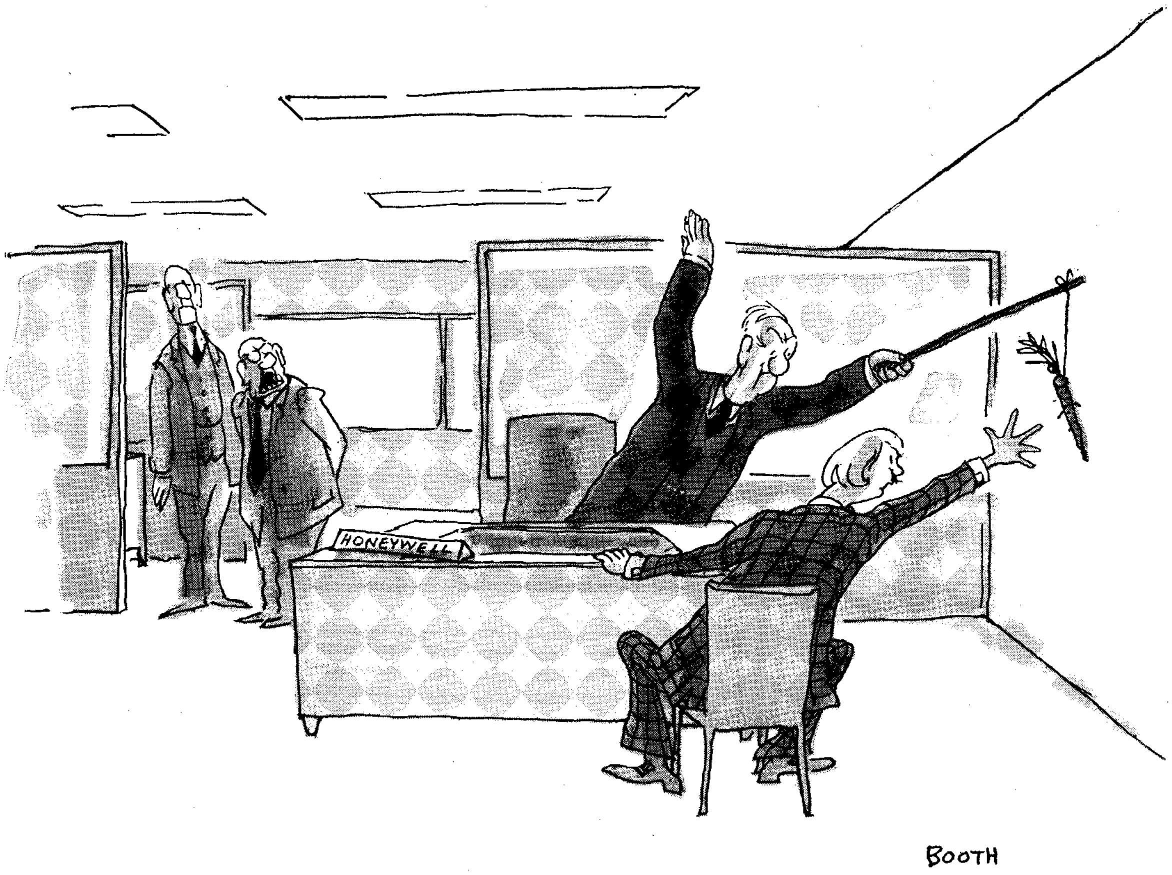
"It might be that, sir, she might mean not shy but ashamed."

"She has also good reason for being ashamed."

"She says, Mr. Macmahon, sir, that she might go away somewhere for a while."

"Shouldn't she wait for the inquest and funeral? At any rate, she has her duties here in this house. She is, she must realize, paid in advance." So she would run, would she, and leave him to be the single object of the laughter of the mean people of this town? In a sweating hand, he gripped the telephone as if he would crush it. There was an empty, hungry feeling, by turns hot, by turns cold, just above his navel. He was betraying himself to that garrulous guard, who would report to the town every word he said. It was almost as if the guard could read—if he could read—those damnable black words. He gripped the phone, slippy and sweaty as it was, gulped and steadied himself, breathed carefully—in, out; in, out—and was once again Robert St. Blaise Macmahon, a cultivated man, whose education had commenced at the famous Benedictine school at Glenstal. "Let her rest, then," he said. "I'll think over what she should do. I'll be busy all day, guard, so don't call me unless it's absolutely essential."

He put down the telephone, wiped his sweating hand with a white linen



"Honeywell knows what makes people tick."

• •

handkerchief, monogrammed and ornamented with the form of a feather embroidered in red silk. It was meant to represent a quill pen, and also to be a symbol of the soaring creative mind. That fancy handkerchief was, he considered, his one flamboyance. He wore, when working, a blue eyeshade because there were times when lamplight, and even overbright daylight, strained his eyes. Any gentleman worthy of the name did, didn't he, wear handmade shoes?

On the first page of the book, she had pasted a square of bright-yellow paper and on it printed, in red ink, "Paragraphs." In smaller letters, in India ink, and in an elegant italic script, she had written, "Reflections on Robert the Riter." Then finally, in green ink, she had printed, "By his Kaptivated Kuntry Kusin!!!"

He was aghast at her frivolity. Nor did she need those three exclamation marks to underline her bitchiness, malevolent among the roses and the pots and pans, overflowing like bile in black, venomous ink. She couldn't have been long at this secret writing. The book was by no means full. She had skipped, and left empty pages here and there, at random, as if she dipped her pen and viciously wrote wherever the book happened to open. There was no time sequence that he could discern. He read, "He says he went all the way to the States to see a swamp. Just like him. Would he go all the way to Paris to see the sewers?"

"But the base perfidy of that." He spoke aloud, not to himself but to her. "You always pretended to be interested when I talked about the swamp. The shy wild deer that would come to the table to take the bit out of your fingers when you breakfasted in the open air, the raccoon with the rings round its eyes, the alligators, the white sand on the bed of the Suwannee River. You would sit, woman, wouldn't you, brown Spanish face inscrutable, listening, agreeing with me—oh, yes, agreeing with me in words—but meanly, all the time, thinking like this."

Those words about that small portion of his dream world had wounded him. But bravely he read more. The malice of this woman of the long-nosed, chicken-losing lover must be fully explored. She was also, by heaven, a literary critic. She wrote:

> Flat-footed Robert the Riter, with his good tweeds and his brass-buttoned yellow waistcoat, has a hopelessly old-fashioned mind. His novels, with all those sophisticated nonentities going nowhere, read as if he was twisting life to suit his reading. But then what does Robert know about life? Mamma's boy, always dressed in the best. He doesn't know one rose from another. But a novelist should know everything. He doesn't know the town he lives in. Nor the people in it. Quotations from other authors. Top dressing. Balderdash.

He found to his extreme humiliation that he was flushed with fury. The simplest thing to do would be to let her go away and stay away, and then find himself a housekeeper who wasn't a secret carping critic—a secret lover, too, a Psyche, by Hercules, welcoming by night an invisible lover to her bed. But couldn't she realize what those skillfully chosen quotations meant? "Look, now," he said, "what they did for George MacDonald. A procession of ideas, names, great presences marching around the room you write in—Fletcher and Shelley, Novalis and Beddoes, Heine and Scleiermacher and Cowley and Spenser and the Book of Judges and Jean Paul Richter and Cyril Tourneur and Sir Philip Sidney and Dekker and Chaucer and the cabala."

But, O Mother Lilith, what was the use of debating thus with the shadow of a secretive woman who was now resting in the tender care of the sergeant's wife, who was, twenty to one, relaying the uproarious news to every other wife in the town. "Glory be, did you hear the fantasticality that happened up in Mr. Robert St. Blaise Macmahon's big house! Declare to God, they'll never again be able to show their faces in public."

Even if she were here with him, walking in this garden as he now was, and if he was foolish enough thus to argue with her, she would smile her sallow, wrinkled smile, look sidewise out of those dark-brown eyes, and then go off alone to write in her black book. All her life she had resisted his efforts to make something out of her. Nor had she ever had the determination to rise and leap again, to leave him and the house and go away and make something out of herself.

He read:

> To think, dear God, of that flat-footed bachelor who doesn't know one end of a woman from the other daring to write

> an article attacking mountainy farmers, on their twenty pitiful acres of rocks, rushes, bog pools, and dunghills, for not marrying young and raising large families. Not only does he not see the people around him, he doesn't even see himself. Himself, and a priest in America, lamenting about late marriages and the vanishing Irish. A fine pair to run in harness. The safe sworn celibate and the fraidy-cat bachelor.

And on another page:

> That time, long ago, I hit him when he made the pass—the only time, to my knowledge, he ever tried to prove himself a man. And he never came back for more. I couldn't very well tell him that the blow was not for what he was trying to do but for the stupid way he was trying to do it. A born bungler.

The doodles, whorls, and curlicues wriggled like a snake pit—black, blue, green, red, violet—before his angry eyes. That was enough. He would bring that black book down to the barracks and throw it at her, and tell her never to darken his door again. His ears boomed with blood. He went into the dining room, poured himself a double whiskey, drank it slowly, breathing heavily, thinking.

With deliberate speed, majestic instancy, he walked from the dining room to her bedroom, tossed the book onto the bed where she would see it on her return and know he had read it and that her nastiness was uncovered. He had read enough of it—too much of it; the diabolical effect was that he paused, with tingling irritation, to examine his tendency to think in quotations. Thanks to her malice, never again would he do so easily, automatically, and, so to speak, unthinkingly.

Coming back across the kitchen, he found himself looking at his own feet in fine handmade shoes rising, moving forward, settling again on the floor—fine flat feet. It was little benefit to see ourselves as others see us. Merciful God, that was another quotation. That mean woman would drive him mad. He needed a change: Dublin, Paris, Boppard on the Rhine—a little town that he loved in the off-season, when it wasn't ravished by boatloads of American women doing the Grand Tour. First, though, to get the Spanish maiden of wild Glenade back to her proper place among the roses and the pots and pans.

The guard answered the telephone. He said, "She's still resting, Mr. Macmahon, sir."

"It's imperative that I speak to her. She can't just take this lying down." That, he immediately knew, was a stupid thing to say. On the wall before him, strong black letters formed, commenting on his stupidity.

There was a long silence. Then she spoke, almost whispered. "Yes, Robert."

"Hadn't you better get back to your place here?"

"Yes, Robert. But what is my place there?"

"You know what I mean. We must face this together. After all, you are half a Macmahon."

"Half a Macmahon," she said, "is better than no bread."

He was shocked. "This is nothing to be flippant about."

"No, Robert."

"Who was this man?"

"A friend of mine."

"Do you tell me so? Do you invite all your friends to my house?"

"He was the only one."

"Why didn't you marry him?"

"He had a wife and five children in Sudbury, in England. Separated."

"That does, I believe, constitute an impediment. But who or what was he?"

"It would be just like you, Robert, not even to know who he was. He lived in this town. It's a little town."

"Should I have known him?"

"Shouldn't a novelist know everybody and everything?"

"I'm not an authority on roses."

"You've been reading my book."

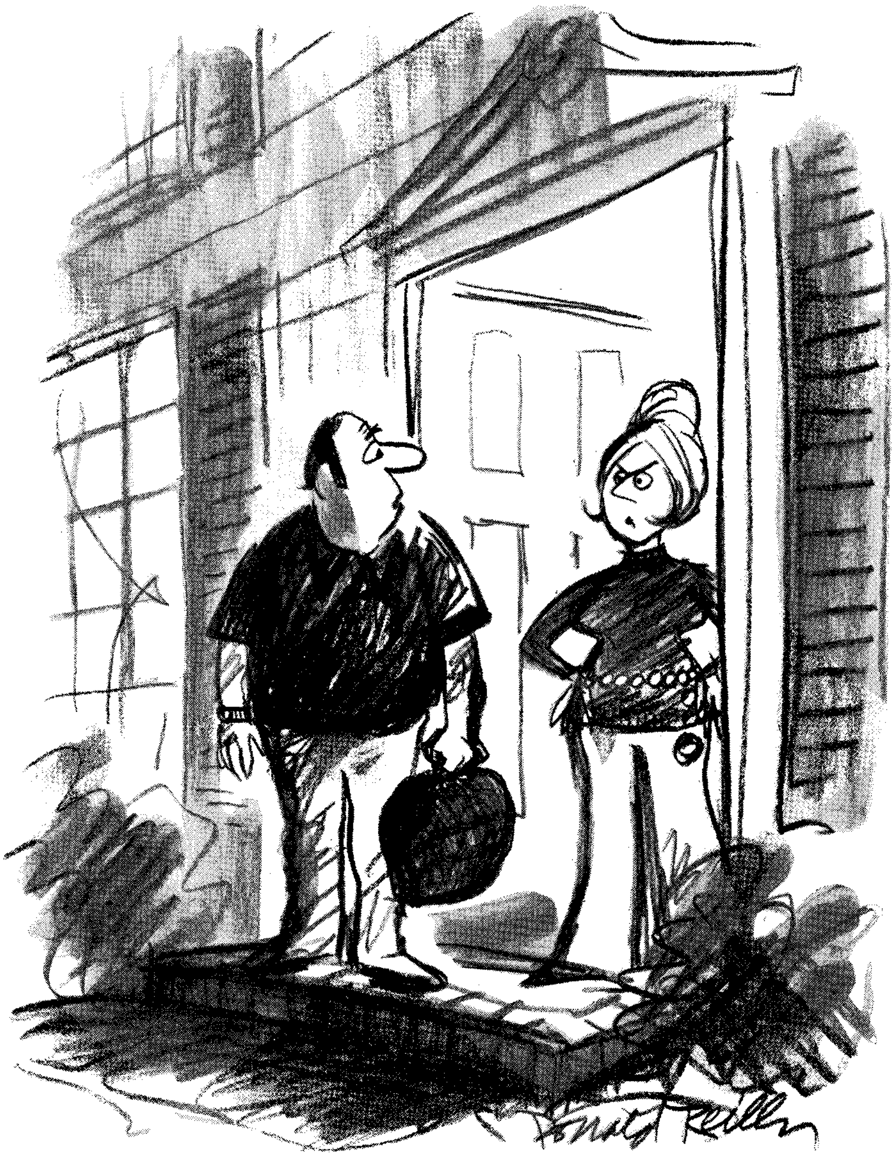
She was too sharp for him. He tried another tack. "Why didn't you tell me you were having a love affair? After all, I am civilized."

"Of course you're civilized. The world knows that. But there didn't seem any necessity for telling you."

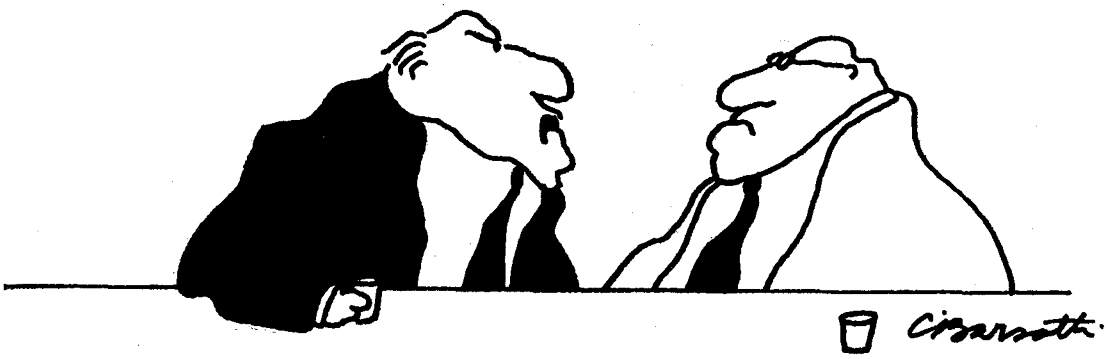
"There must be so many things that you don't feel it is necessary to tell me."

"You were never an easy person to talk to."

"All your secret thoughts. Who



"I don't even like going bowling with the boys, but it's programmed into my genes."



"Forty years in the Party doing the dirty work, and then some punk kid with a McGovern button walks in, says he's going to save the world, and suddenly Marge and I are calling off our trip to Miami!"

• •

could understand a devious woman? 'Far and from the furthest coasts . . .' "

"There you go again. Quotations. The two-footed gramophone. What good would it do you if you did understand?"

"Two-footed," he said. "Flat-footed." He was very angry. "You could have written it all out for me if you couldn't say it. All the things you thought when you said nothing, or said something else."

"You really have been reading my book. Prying."

The silence could have lasted all of a minute. He searched around for something that would hurt. "Isn't it odd that a comic figure should belong to a family addicted to sudden death?"

"What on earth do you mean?" Her voice was higher.

"That nose," he said. "Cyrano. Toto the Clown. And I heard about the flight of the two hundred hens."

Silence.

"And about the brother who was burned."

"They were kindly men," she said. "And good to talk to. They had green fingers."

It would have gratified him if he could have heard a sob. "I'll drive down to collect you in an hour's time."

"He loved me," she said. "I supposed I loved him. He was something, in a place like this."

Silence.

"You're a cruel little boy," she said. "But just to amuse you I'll give you another comic story. Once, he worked in a dog kennel in Kent, in England. The people who owned the kennel had an advertisement in the local paper. One sentence read like this: 'Bitches in heat will be personally conducted from the railway station by Mr. Dominic Byrne.' Dominic Byrne—that was his name. He treasured that clipping. He loved to laugh at himself. He died for love. That's more than most will ever do. There you are. Make what you can out of that story, you flat-footed bore."

She replaced the telephone so quietly that for a few moments he listened, waiting for more, thinking of something suitable to say.

On good days, light reflected from the lake seemed to brighten every nook and corner of the little town. At the end of some old, narrow, winding cobbled laneway there would be a vision of lake water bright as a polished mirror. It was a graceful graystone town, elegantly laid out by some Frenchman hired by an eighteenth-century earl. The crystal river that fed the lake flowed through the town and gave space and scope for a tree-lined mall. But grace and dancing light could do little to mollify his irritation. This time, by the heavenly Father, he would have it out with her, he would put her in her place. She did not have a leg to stand on. Flat-footed bore, indeed.

The Byzantine church, with which the parish priest had recently done his damnedest to disfigure the town, struck his eyes with concentrated insult. Ignorant bloody peasants. The slick architects could sell them anything.

Who would ever have thought that a lawnmower could be a Viking funeral pyre?

The barracks, a square, gray house, made ugly by barred windows and notice boards, was beside the church. The guard—capless, the neck of his uniform jacket open, his hands in his trouser pockets—stood in the doorway. He was still perspiring. The man would melt. Robert St. Blaise Macmahon would never again make jokes about civic guards. He said, "I've come for Miss Hynes."

"Too late, Mr. Macmahon, sir. The bird has flown."

"She has what?"

"Gone, sir. Stampeded. On the Dublin train. Ten minutes ago. I heard her whistle."

"But the funeral? The inquest?"

"Oh, his wife and children will bury him. We phoned them."

"But the inquest?"

"Her affidavit will do the job. We'll just say he dropped while visiting your house to look at the roses."

"That's almost the truth."

"The whole truth and nothing but the truth is often a bitter dose, sir."

"As I said, guard, you are a philosopher." He remembered too late that he hadn't said that; he had just thought it.

"Thank you kindly, sir. Would you chance a cup of tea, sir? Nothing better to cool one on a hot day. Not that I like tea, myself. But in this weather, you know. The hottest day, the forecast says."

Well, why not? He needed cooling. The bird had flown, sailing away from him, over the chasm, laughing triumphant eldritch laughter.

In the austere dayroom, they sat on hard chairs and sipped tea.

"Nothing decent or drinkable here, sir, except a half-bottle of Sandeman's port."

"No, thank you, guard. No port. The tea will suffice."

"Those are gallant shoes, sir, if you'll excuse me being so pass-remarkable. Handmade jobs."

"Yes, handmade."

"Costly, I'd say. But then they'd last forever."

"Quite true, guard."

"He's coffined by now. The heat, you know."

"Don't remind me."

"Sorry, sir. But the facts of life are the facts of life. Making love one minute. In a coffin the next."

"The facts of death, guard. Alone, withouten any company."

"True as you say, sir. He was a droll divil, poor Byrne, and he died droll."

"Among the roses, guard."

"It could happen to anyone, God help us. Neither the day nor the hour do we know. The oddest thing, now, happened once to the sergeant's brother that's a journalist in Dublin. This particular day, he's due to travel to Limerick City to report on a flower show. But he misses the train. So he sends a telegram to Limerick to ask a reporter from another newspaper to keep him a carbon. Then he adjourns to pass the day in the upstairs lounge bar of the Ulster House. Along comes the Holy Hour, as they call it for jokes, when the pubs of Dublin close for a while in the early afternoon. To break up the morning boozing parties, you understand. There's nobody in the lounge except the sergeant's brother and a strange man. So the manager locks them in there to drink in peace and goes off to his lunch. And exactly halfways through the Holy Hour the stranger drops down dead. Angina. And there's me man that should be at a flower show in Limerick locked in on a licensed premises, the Ulster House, during an off or illegal hour, with a dead man that he doesn't know from Adam."

"An interesting legal situation, guard."

"Oh, it was squared, of course. The full truth about that couldn't be allowed out. It would be a black mark on the license. The manager might lose his job."

"People might even criticize the quality of the drink."

"They might, sir. Some people can't be satisfied. Not that there was ever a bad drop sold in the Ulster House. Another cup, Mr. Macmahon, sir."

"Thank you, guard."

"She'll come back, Mr. Macmahon. Blood, they say, is thicker than water."

"They do say that, do they? Yet somehow, in spite of what they say, I don't think she'll be back." On she went, leaping, flying, describing jaunty parabolas. He would, of course, have to send her money. She was entitled to something legally, and he could well afford to be generous beyond what the law demanded. "So the long-nosed lover died, guard, looking at the roses."

"In a manner of speaking, sir."

"'Look thy last on all things lovely.'"

But the guard was not aware of De la Mare. "That's what we'll say, sir. It would be best for all. His wife and all. And no scandal."

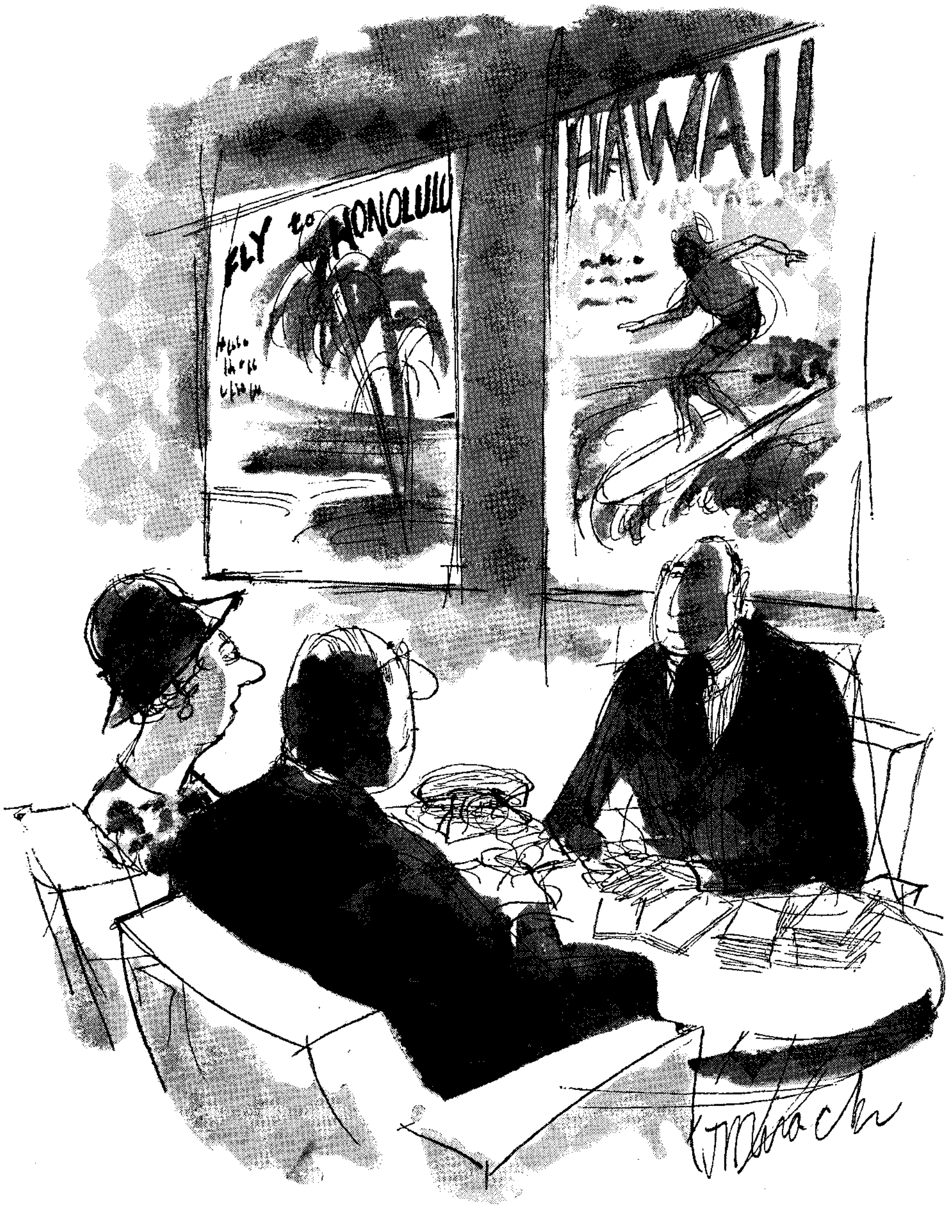
"Days of wine and roses, guard."

"Yes, sir. Alas that we have nothing here but that half-bottle of Sandeman's port. She was a great lady to grow roses, sir. That's how they met in the beginning, she told me. Over roses." —BENEDICT KIELY

SPEECH OF A GUIDE

THE things that you lost by the way were guiding you. And you tried to replace them. Which do you think you will see again, them or their replacements? Unless you lost the replacements as well, which sometimes happens. And sometimes you had grown to like the replacements better. But sometimes they were hung around your neck in a bag, and taught you and taught you and taught you, like your own soul, and you grew as deaf to the one as to the other. Then sometimes what you thought you had lost turned up again. Even in the bag around your neck. And it was still guiding you, still crying Repent from a wild place. But you did not know how to follow it any better than before. You did not attend to the fact that it knew its way in and out of your life better than you did, even knowing where to wait for you, which you would not have known. You did not consider its having a destiny of its own, woven through yours. Eventually disaster again separated you for an unknown period which neither of you might survive without changing lives at least once. And if you lost it and never find it again, as is most likely, it was something that was never yours to give away, it was a foretaste of total disaster, an absolute nakedness that you could never have conceived of and arrived at without so many guides. But some need only one. Some lead the guides.

So you went on losing and losing, as the rain loses, the mountain loses, the sun loses, as everything under heaven loses. You came along together and here you are. —W. S. MERWIN



"What would the daily rate be without the poolside buffet luncheon of suckling pig?"

ANNALS OF WAR

VIETNAM

I—FIRE IN THE LAKE

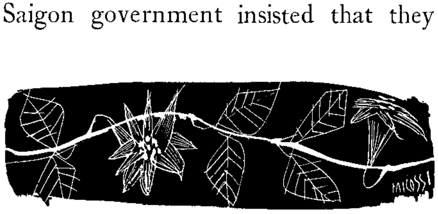
SOMEWHERE, buried in the files of the television networks, lies a series of pictures, ranging over a decade, that chronicles the diplomatic history of the United States and the Republic of Vietnam. The pictures are unexceptional. The obligatory photographs taken on ceremonial occasions, they show two men in gray business suits shaking hands or standing side by side on a podium—an American and a Vietnamese chief of state. These pictures, along with the news commentaries—"President Nixon today reaffirmed his support of the Thieu regime," or "Hanoi refused to consider the American proposal"—made up much of what Americans knew about the relationship between the two countries. But the pictures and news reports were to a great extent deceptions, for they did not show the disproportion between the two powers. One of the gray-suited figures, after all, represented the greatest power in the history of the world, a nation that could, if its rulers so desired, blow up the world, feed the earth's population, or explore the galaxy. The second figure in the pictures represented a small number of people in a country of peasants largely sustained by a technology centuries old. The meeting between the two was the meeting of two different epochs of history.

At the beginning of their terms in office, President Kennedy and President Johnson perhaps took full cognizance of the disproportion between the two countries, for they claimed, at first, that the Vietnam war would require only patience from the United States. According to United States military intelligence, the enemy in the South consisted of little more than bands of guerrillas, with hardly a truck in which to carry their borrowed weapons. The North Vietnamese possessed anti-aircraft guns and a steady supply of small munitions, but the United States could—so the officials promised—end their resistance with a few months of intensive bombing. In 1963 and 1965, few Americans imagined that a commitment to war in Vietnam would finally cost the United States billions of dollars, the production of its finest research-and-development laboratories, and fifty-five thousand American lives. They did not imagine that the Vietnam war would prove more politically divisive than any foreign war in the nation's history.

In one sense, Presidents Kennedy and Johnson had seen the disproportion between the United States and Vietnam, but in another they did not see it at all. By intervening in the Vietnamese struggle, the United States was attempting to fit its global strategies into a world of hillocks and hamlets, to reduce its majestic concerns for the containment of Communism and the security of the Free World to a dimension where governments rose and fell as a result of arguments between two colonels' wives. For the Americans in Vietnam, it would be difficult to make this leap of perspective, difficult to understand that while they saw themselves as building world order, many Vietnamese saw them merely as the producers of garbage from which they could build houses. The effort of translation was too great.

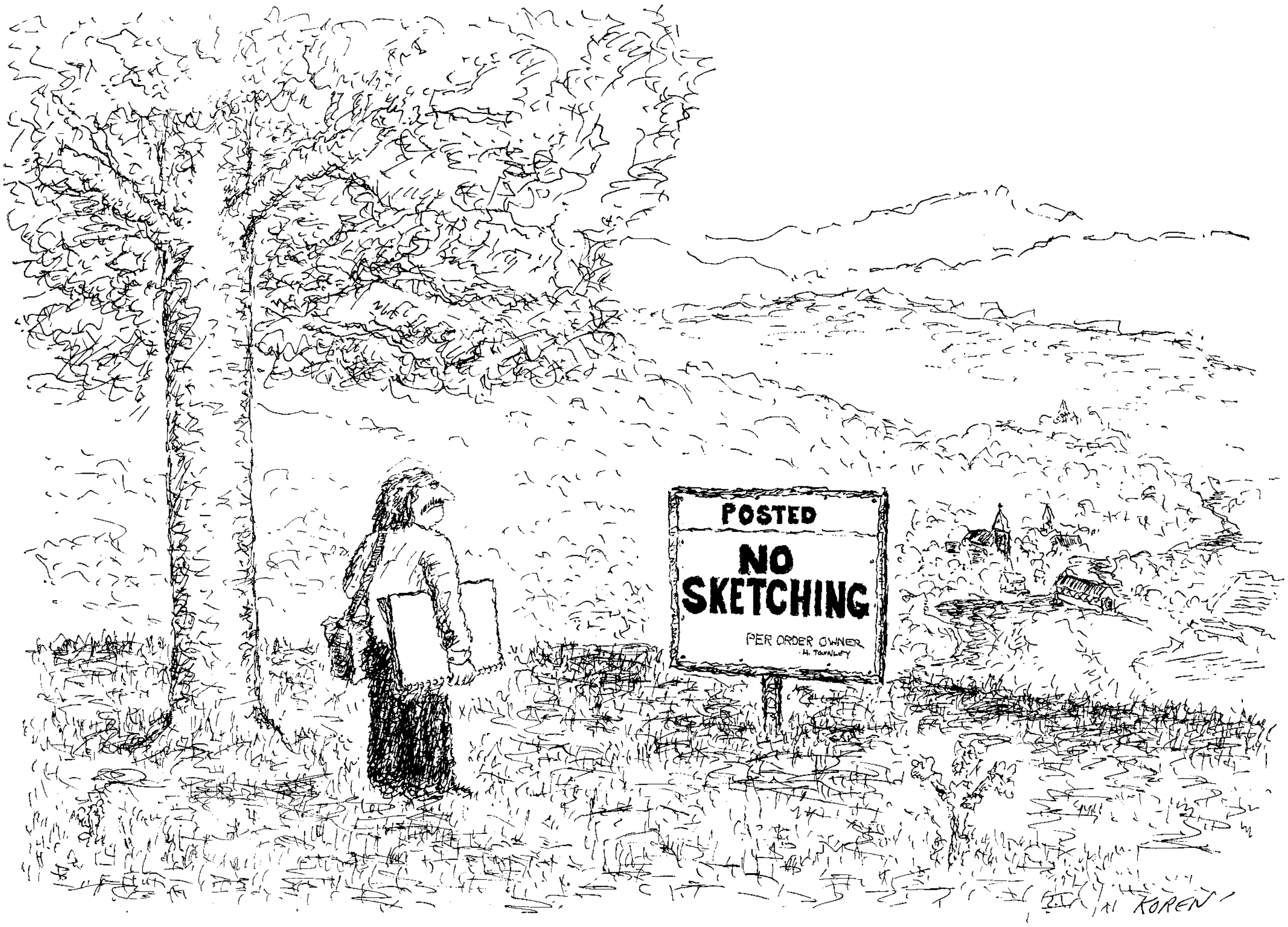
The televised pictures were deceptive in quite another way: only one of the two nations saw them. Because of communications, the war was absurd for the civilians of both countries—but absurd in different ways. To one people, the war would appear each day, compressed between advertisements and confined to a small space in the living room; the explosion of bombs and the cries of the wounded would become the background accompaniment to dinner. For the other people, the war would come one day out of a clear blue sky. In a few minutes, it would be over: the bombs, released by an invisible pilot with incomprehensible intentions, would leave only the debris and the dead behind. Which people was the better equipped to fight the war?

They seemed, of course, to have come from the same country, those two figures in their identical business suits with their identical pronouncements. "The South Vietnamese people will never surrender to Communist tyranny," "We are fighting for the great cause of freedom," "We dedicate ourselves to the abolition of poverty, ignorance, and disease and to the work of the social revolution." And the deception served the purposes of state. American officials in supporting the Saigon government insisted that they were defending "freedom and democracy" in Asia. They left the G.I.s to discover that the Vietnamese did not fit into the American experience of either "Communists" or "democrats."



Under different circumstances, this invincible ignorance might not have affected the outcome of the war. The fiction that the United States was defending "freedom and democracy" might have continued to exist in a sphere undisturbed by reality, a sphere frequented only by those who needed moral justification for the pursuit of what the United States government saw as its strategic interests. Certain "tough-minded" analysts and officials in any case ignored the moral argument. As far as they were concerned, the United States was not interested in the form of the Vietnamese government—indeed, it was not interested in the Vietnamese at all. Its concerns were for "containing the expansion of the Communist bloc" and preventing future "wars of national liberation" around the world. But by denying the moral argument in favor of power politics and "rational" calculations of United States interests, these analysts were, as it happened, overlooking the very heart of the matter, the issue on which success depended.

The United States came to Vietnam at a critical juncture of Vietnamese history—a period of metamorphosis more profound than any the Vietnamese had ever before experienced. In 1954, the Vietnamese were gaining their independence after seventy years of French colonial rule. They were engaged in a struggle to create a nation and to adapt a largely traditional society to the modern world. By backing one contender—by actually creating that contender—the United States was not just fighting a border war or intervening, as Imperial China had so often done, in a power struggle between two similar contenders, two dynasties. It was entering into a moral and ideological struggle over the form of the state and the goals of the society. Its success with its chosen contender would depend not merely on United States military power but on the resourcefulness of both the United States and the Saigon government in solving Vietnamese domestic problems in a manner acceptable to the Vietnamese. But what, then, were Vietnamese problems, and did they even exist in the terms in which Americans



• •

conceived them? The unknowns made the whole enterprise, from the most rational and tough-minded point of view, dangerous in the extreme.

IN going into Vietnam, the United States was not only transposing itself into a different epoch of history but entering a world qualitatively different from its own. Culturally, as geographically, Vietnam lies half a world away from the United States. Many Americans in Vietnam learned to speak Vietnamese, but the language gave no more than a hint of the basic intellectual grammar that lay beneath. To find common ground, Americans and Vietnamese would have to re-create each other's whole world—each other's entire intellectual landscape. The effort of comprehension would be only the first step, for it would reveal the deeper issues of the encounter. It would force both nations to consider again the question of morality, to consider which of their values belonged only to themselves or only to a certain stage of development. It would, perhaps, allow them to see that the process of change in the life of a society is a delicate and mysterious affair, and that the introduction of the foreign and the new can have vast and unpredictable consequences.

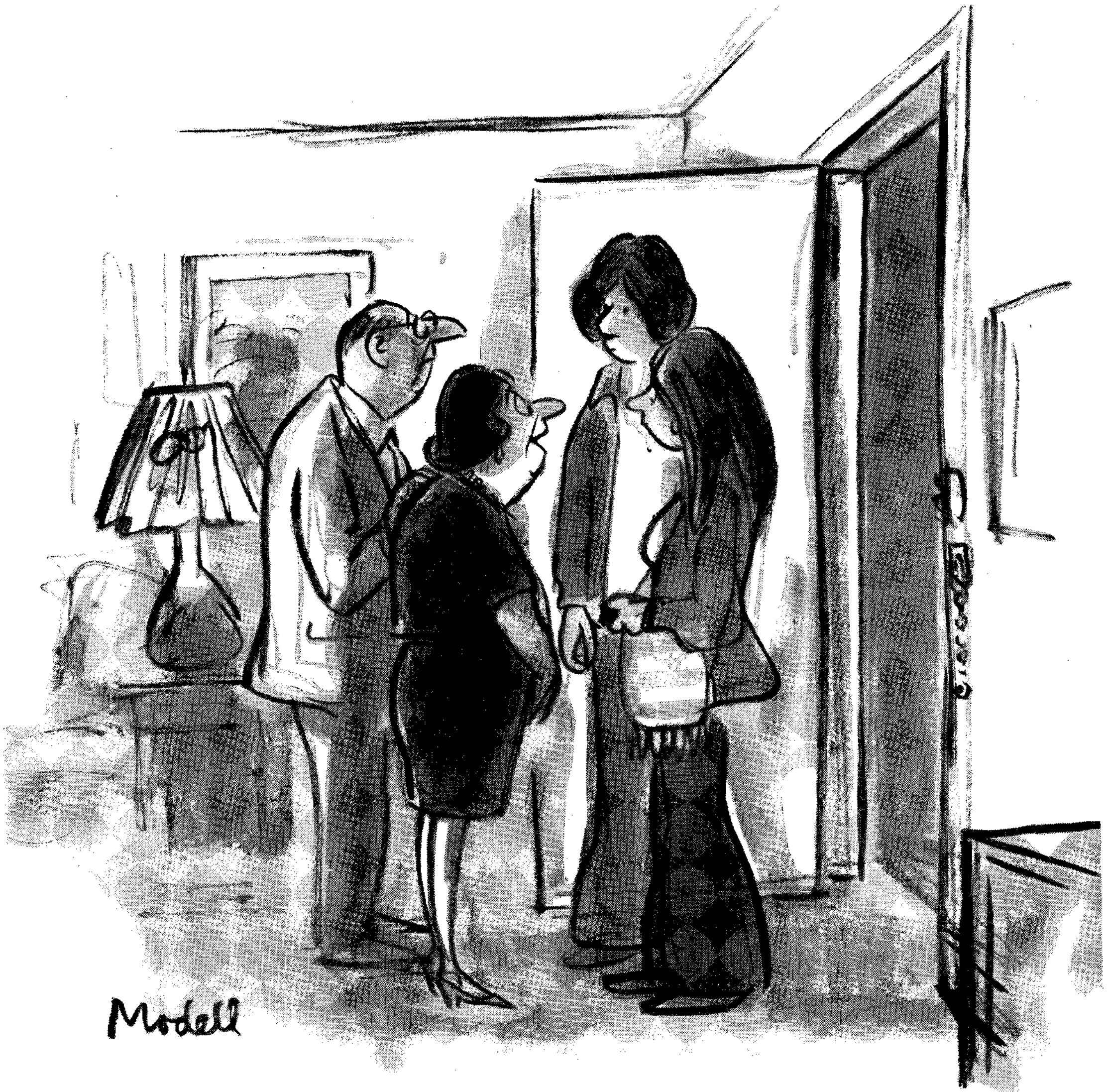
The American intellectual landscape is, of course, largely an inheritance from Europe, that of the Vietnamese a legacy from China, but in their own independent development the two nations have in many respects moved even farther apart. As late as the end of the nineteenth century, Americans had before them a seemingly unlimited physical space—a view of mountains, deserts, and prairies—into which a man might move (or imagine moving) to escape the old society and create a new world for himself. The impulse to escape, the drive to conquest and expansion, was never restricted in America, as it was in Europe, by physical boundaries or by the persistence of strong traditions. The nation itself seemed less a vessel than a movement. The closing of the frontier did not mean the end of expansion but, rather, the beginning of it in a new form. The development of industry permitted the creation of new resources, new markets, new power over the world that had brought it into being. Americans ignore history, for to them everything has always seemed new under the sun. The national myth is that of creativity and progress, of a steady climbing upward into power and prosperity, both for the individual and for the country as a whole. Americans see history as a straight line and themselves standing at the cutting edge of it as representatives of all mankind. They believe in the future as if it were a religion; they believe that there is nothing they cannot accomplish, that solutions wait somewhere for all problems, like brides. Different though they were, both John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson accepted and participated in this national myth. In part, perhaps, by virtue of their own success, they were optimists, who looked upon their country as willing and able to right its own wrongs and to succor the rest of the world. They believed in the power of science, the power of the will, and the virtues of competition. Many Americans now question their confidence; still, the optimism of the nation is so great that even the question appears as a novelty and a challenge.

In their sense of time and space, the Vietnamese and the Americans stand in the relationship of mirror images, for the very notion of competition, invention, and change is an extremely new one for most Vietnamese. Until the French conquest of Vietnam in the nineteenth century, the Vietnamese practiced the same general technology for a thousand years. Their method of rice culture was far superior to any other in Southeast Asia; still, it confined them to the river-fed lowlands between the Annamite Cordillera and the sea. Hemmed in by China to the north and the Hindu kingdom of Champa to the south, the Vietnamese lived for the bulk of their history within the closed circle of the Red River Delta. They conquered Champa and moved south down the narrow littoral, but they might by American or Chinese standards have been standing still, for it took them five centuries to conquer a strip of land the length of Florida. The Vietnamese pride themselves less on their conquests than on their ability to resist and to survive. Living under the great wing of China, they bought their independence and maintained it only at a high price in blood. Throughout their history, they have had to acknowledge the great Middle Kingdom both as the preponderant power and as the hub of culture. The Vietnamese knew their place in the world and guarded it jealously.

For traditional Vietnamese, the sense of limitation and enclosure was a part of individual life as much as of the life of the nation. In what is today northern and central Vietnam, the single form of Vietnamese settlement duplicated the closed circle of the nation. Hidden from sight behind high hedges of bamboo, the villages stood like nuclei within their encircling rice fields. For the villages, as for the nation, the amount of arable land was absolutely inelastic. The population of the village remained stable, and so to accumulate wealth was to deprive the rest of the community of land, to fatten while one's neighbor starved. Vietnam is no longer a closed economic system, but the idea remains with many Vietnamese that great wealth is anti-social—not a sign of success but a sign of selfishness.

With a stable technology and a limited amount of land, the traditional Vietnamese lived by constant repetition, by the sowing and reaping of rice and by the perpetuation of customary law. The Vietnamese worshipped their ancestors as the source of their lives, their fortunes, and their civilization. In the rites of ancestor worship, the child imitated the gestures of his grandfather, so that when he became the grandfather he could repeat them exactly to his grandchildren. In this passage of time that had no history, the death of a man marked no real end. Buried in the rice fields that sustained his family, the father would live on in the bodies of his children and grandchildren. As time wrapped around itself, the generations to come would regard him as the source of their present lives and the arbiter of their fate. In this continuum of the family, "private property" did not really exist, for the father was less an owner than a trustee of the land to be passed on to his children. To the Vietnamese, the land itself was the sacred, constant element: the people flowed over the land like water, maintaining and fructifying it for the generations to come.

In 1968, Vietnamese soldiers came to evacuate the people of a starving village in Quang Nam Province, so that the area might be turned into a free-fire zone. While the villagers were boarding the great American helicopters, one old man ran away from the soldiers, shouting that he would never leave his home. The soldiers followed the old man and found him hiding in a tunnel beside a small garden planted with a few pitiful stunted shrubs. When they tried to persuade him to go with the others, he refused, saying, "I have to stay behind to look after this piece of garden. Of all the property handed down to me by my ancestors, only this garden now remains. I have to guard it for my grandson." Seeing the soldiers look skeptical, the old man admitted that his grandson had been conscripted and that he had not heard from him in two years. He paused, searching for another way of explaining what he felt, and then said, "If I leave, the graves of my ancestors, too, will become forest. How can I have the heart to leave?" The soldiers turned away from the old man and departed, for they understood that, for him, to leave the

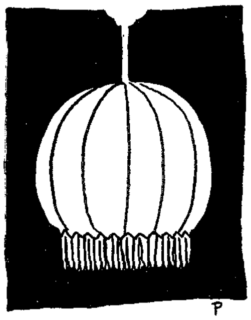


"Your friend is more than welcome, dear, but we just want you to know that your father and I didn't do anything funny till after we were married."

land would be to acknowledge the final death of the family—a death without immortality. By deciding to stay, he was deciding to sacrifice his life in postponement of that end. When the soldiers returned to the village fourteen months later, they found that an artillery shell had closed the entrance to the tunnel, making it a grave for the old man.

Many American officials have understood that the land and the graves of the ancestors are important to the Vietnamese. If they had understood exactly why, they might never have looked upon the wholesale creation of refugees as a "rational" method of defeating Communism. For the traditional villager, who spent his life immobile, bound to the rice land of his ancestors, the world was a very small place. It was, in fact, the village—the *xã*, a word whose original Chinese roots signify "the place where people come together to worship the spirits." In this definition of society, the character "earth" took precedence, for, as the source of life, the earth was the basis for the social contract between the members of the family and the members of the village. Americans live in a society of replaceable parts—in theory, anyone can become President or sanitary inspector—but the Vietnamese lived in a society of particular people, all of whom knew each other by their place in the landscape. Citizenship in a Vietnamese village was personal and untransferable. In effect, the village was society itself—all human attachments, all absolute rights and duties. When the soldiers of the nineteenth-century Vietnamese emperors came to the court of Hué, they prayed to the spirits of the Perfume River, "We are lost here and everything is unknown to us. We prostrate ourselves before you [in the hope that] you will lead us to the good and drive the evil away from us." The soldiers were "lost" in more than a geographical sense, for without their land and their place in the village they were without a social identity. In the same way, to drive the twentieth-century villager off his land was to drive him off the edges of his old life and to expose him directly to the political movement that could best provide him with a new identity.

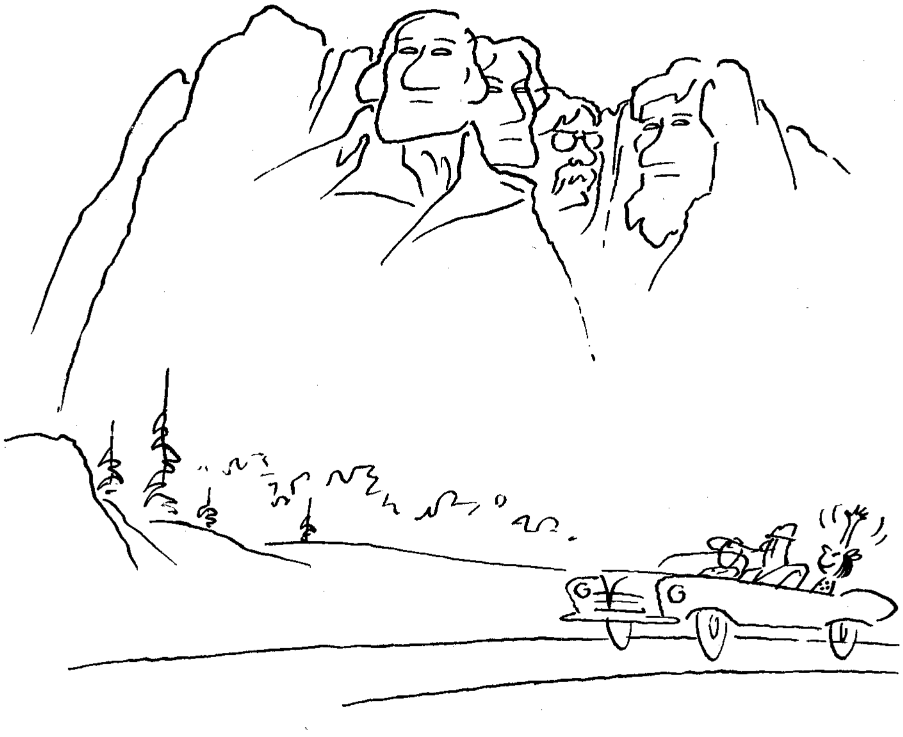
As long as Vietnamese society remained a closed system, its intellectual foundations remained flawless and immobile. Clearly, however, they could not survive contact with the West, and the coming of the French posed a terrible problem for the Vietnamese. Under the dominion of the old empire, the Vietnamese were not members of a religious community (like the Christians of Byzantium or the Muslims of the Abbasside caliphate) but participants in a whole, indivisible culture. Like the Chinese, they considered those who lived outside its seamless web to be by definition barbarians. When the Vietnamese conquered peoples of other cultures, such as the Chams, they included these peoples within the structure of empire only on condition of their total assimilation. The peoples they could not assimilate they simply surrounded, amoebalike, and left to follow their own laws. The various Montagnard tribes that lived beyond the zone of wet-rice cultivation retained their own languages, customs, and governments inside Vietnam for thousands of years. But with the arrival of the French forces in the nineteenth century the Vietnamese were confronted by a civilization more powerful than their own; for the first time since the Chinese conquest in the third century B.C., they faced the possibility of having to assimilate themselves. And since the Second World War the Vietnamese have been waging a struggle not merely over the form of their state but over the nature of Vietnamese society—the very identity of the Vietnamese. It is the grandeur of the stakes involved that has made the struggle at once so intense and, to Westerners, so opaque.



JUST before the fall of the Diem regime, in 1963, the American journalists in Vietnam, in long analyses of the Buddhist demonstrations then taking place, attempted to explain how much the rebellion against Diem owed to "purely religious" motives, how much to "purely political" ones. Like most Westerners, these journalists were so entrenched in their notion of the division of church and state that they could not imagine that the Vietnamese might not make the distinction. But until the arrival of European missionaries there was no such thing as a church in Vietnam. Shaped by a millennium of Chinese rule and another of independence within the framework of Southeast Asia, the Vietnamese religion was a mixture of Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism blending into a background of animism. More than a religion in any Western sense, it was the authority for and the confirmation of an entire way of life—an agriculture, a social structure, a political system. Americans (and, indeed, most Westerners) have lived for centuries with a great variety of institutions, each of them offering a different kind of organization, commanding different kinds of loyalties: with churches, with governments, with a patriarchal family, with industrial concerns, and with trade unions and fraternities. But the Vietnamese have lived with only three: the family, the village, and the state. Since the family provided the model for village and state, there was in reality only one type of organization. Taken together, the three formed a crystalline world, geometrically congruent at every level. Thus, a change in one implied a change in the others.

To American officials throughout the war, it has seemed absolutely unreasonable that the non-Communist sects and political factions could not come to some agreement, could not coöperate even in their opposition to the Communists. But then the Americans were brought up in a pluralistic world, where even the affairs of the family are managed by compromise among its members. In the traditional Vietnamese family—and the tradition survived into the twentieth century—the father held absolute authority over his wife (or wives) and children. The Vietnamese woman, by custom, wielded a great deal more power than her Chinese sister, but the traditional Chinese-based law specified that the patriarch governed his wife and children as he governed his rice fields. In theory, though not by customary practice, he could dispose of them as he wished, and they had no recourse against him. The emperor held a similar power over the great family of the empire. By law the trustee of all the rice lands, he held them for the villages on condition of their productivity and good behavior. Without a priesthood or independent feudal aristocracy to obstruct the unified field of his power, he exercised authority through a bureaucracy of mandarins totally dependent on him. Though Vietnam was often divided between warlord families, the disputes were never resolved by a sharing of power—by treaties such as the dukes of Burgundy made with the kings of France—but always by the restoration of an absolute monarch. As a family can have only one father, so the nation could have only one emperor to preside over its one *tao*, or way of life.

In the "I Ching," the ancient Chinese "Book of Changes," a system of



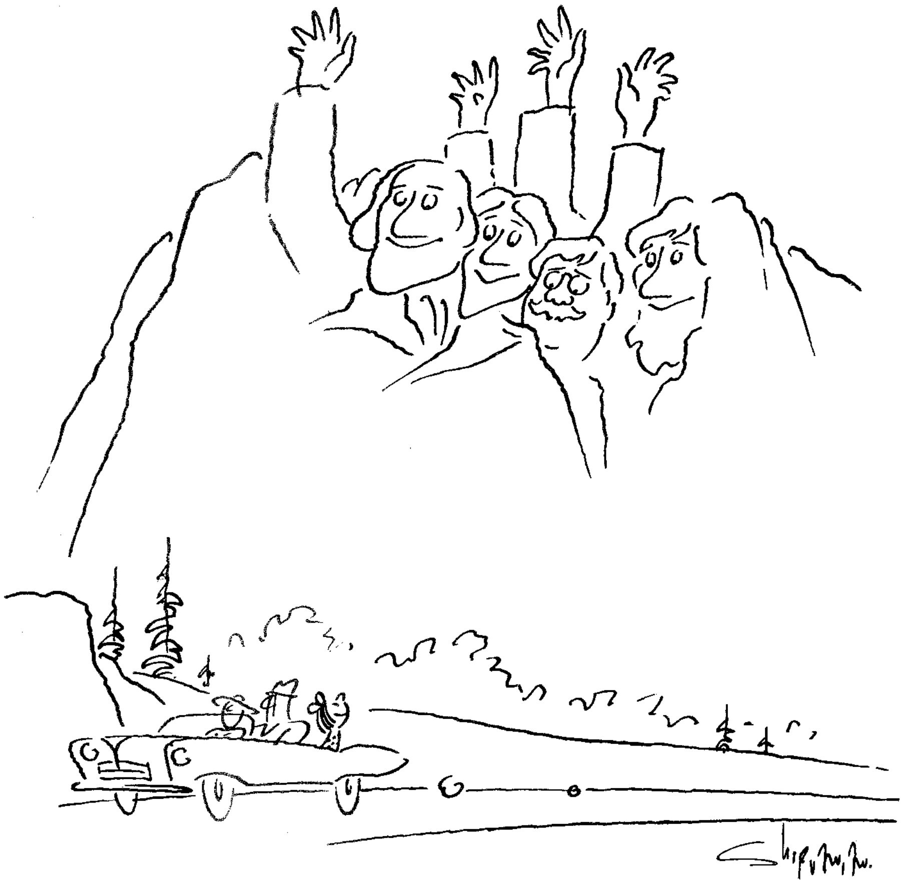
oracular symbols is used to predict the ever-changing states of the universe, and it contains many clues to the Vietnamese as well as Chinese habits of mind. As a commentary in the book explains, the Chinese character translated as "peace" implies not only the absence of conflict but a positive union conducive to prosperity and contentment. To the Vietnamese of the twentieth century, peace meant not a compromise between various interest groups and organizations but the restoration of a single, uniform way of life. The Vietnamese were not interested in pluralism, they were interested in unanimity.

Since the Second World War, one of the main reasons for the hostility of American intellectuals to Communism has been the suppression of intellectual freedom by Communist leaders in the Soviet Union and the Eastern European countries. In an attempt to rally Americans to the Vietnam war, United States officials and their sympathizers took pains to argue that the Vietnamese Communists came from the same totalitarian mold. The difficulty with their argument was that the non-Communist Vietnamese leaders believed in intellectual freedom no more than the Communists—a fact suggesting that their attitudes were founded not on ideology but on culture. For Westerners, the notion of brainwashing is shocking and the experience is associated with torture. But in such societies as those of Indonesia, China, and Vietnam it is, in one form or another, an activity of every political movement. Under the traditional Vietnamese empire, there was only one truth, only one true way. And all modern Vietnamese parties have had to face the task of changing the nature of the "truth." Among people with an extremely pragmatic cast of mind, for whom values depend for their authority upon success, the task has implied a demonstration that the old ways are no longer useful, no longer well adapted to the necessities of history. In the course of the war, both the Saigon government and the National Liberation Front held "reëducation" courses for defectors and prisoners, with varying degrees of success. Those Americans who objected to the process (and most Americans who did naturally singled out the National Liberation Front) saw it in European terms, as the forcible destruction of personality, a mental torture such as Arthur Koestler described in "Darkness at Noon." But to the Vietnamese, Communist and non-Communist, it did not imply torture at all, for the reason that they have a very different kind of commitment to society from that of Westerners. And it is this commitment that lies at the basis of intellectual organization.

Unlike the Westerner, the Vietnamese child is brought up not to follow certain principles but to accept the authority of certain people. Traditional Vietnamese law rested not upon the notion of individual rights but upon the notion of duties—the duty of the mandarins to their emperor, the son to his father, the wife to her husband. Similarly, the Confucian texts defined no general principles but, rather, the proper relationship of man to man. Equal justice was secondary to social harmony. This particular form of social contract gave the individual a very different sense of himself, of his own personality, from the one the Westerner has. In the Vietnamese language, there is no word that exactly corresponds to the Western personal pronoun "I," "*je*," "*ich*." When a man speaks of himself, he calls himself "your brother," "your nephew," "your teacher," depending on his relationship to the person he addresses. In the new, impersonal world of the cities, the word he uses for the first person ("*tôi*") originally denoted "subject of the emperor." The traditional Vietnamese did not see himself as a totally independent being, for he did not distinguish himself from his society (and, by extension, the heavens) as acutely as does a Westerner. He did not see himself as a "character," formed of immutable traits, eternally loyal to certain principles, but, rather, as part of a system of relationships, a function of the society around him.

In 1966, an American official discovered a South Vietnamese soldier who had changed sides five times in the war, serving alternately with three N.L.F. units and three ARVN battalions. Clearly, this particular soldier had no political education to speak of and no very wide sense of community. But even for those who did, the possibility of accommodation and change remained open. Such changes of mind look opportunistic or worse to Westerners, but to the Vietnamese, with their particular commitment to society, this course of action is at once the most moral and the most practical one. Indeed, it was the only course available, for in such situations the Vietnamese villager did not consider an alternative. In the old language, a man depended upon "the will of Heaven;" it was therefore his duty to accommodate himself to it as well as possible. In a letter to his subordinates of the southern provinces at the time of the French conquest, the high mandarin Phan Thanh Gian described this ethic of accommodation in the most sophisticated Confucian terms:

> It is written that he who lives according to Heaven's will is in the right way; he who departs from Heaven's will is



> wrong. To act according to Heaven's will is to act according to one's reason. Man is an intelligent animal created by Heaven. Each animal lives according to its proper nature, like water which seeks its own level or fire which spreads in dry places.... Man, to whom Heaven has given reason, should endeavor to live according to that reason.

In conclusion, Phan Thanh Gian requested that his officials surrender without resistance to the invading French forces. "The French have huge battleships, full of soldiers and armed with powerful cannons," he wrote. "It would be as senseless for you to assail [them] as for the fawn to attack the tiger. You would only draw suffering upon the people whom Heaven has entrusted to your care."

In 1963, when a peasant from a village close to Saigon was asked by a worker for the Front which side he supported, he said, "I do not know, for I follow the will of Heaven. If I do what you say, then the Diem side will arrest me; if I say things against you, then you will arrest me. So I would rather carry both burdens on my shoulders and stand in the middle." Caught between two competing regimes, the peasant did not assert his right to decide between them. Rather, he asked himself where his duty lay. Which regime had the power to claim his loyalty? Which would be the more likely to restore peace and harmony to his world? His decision might be based on personal preference (a government that considered the wishes of the people would be more likely to restore peace on a permanent basis), but he had, nonetheless, to make an objective analysis of the situation and take his gamble, for his first loyalty lay neither with the Diem regime nor with the N.L.F. but with the will of Heaven, which controlled them both.

As a warning to Westerners on the difficulties of understanding the twentieth-century conflict in Vietnam, Paul Mus, a scholar of Asian cultures who had been a Free French agent during the Second World War, told an ancient Chinese legend that is well known to the Vietnamese: There was trouble in the state of Lu, and the reigning monarch called in Confucius to ask for his help; when the Master arrived at the court, he went to a public place and took a seat in the correct way, facing south, and all the trouble disappeared.

The writings of General Vo Nguyen Giap are but addenda to this legend, for the legend is the paradigm of revolution in Vietnam. To the Vietnamese, it is clear from the story that Confucius was not taking an existential or exemplary position—he was actually changing the situation. Possessed of neither godlike nor prophetic authority, he moved an entire kingdom by virtue of his sensitivity to the will of Heaven as reflected in "the eyes and ears of the people." As executor for the people, he clarified their wishes and signalled the coming—or the return—of the Way that would bring harmony to the kingdom. For the Hoa Hao and the Cao Dai, two southern sects, founded in the twentieth century, that still believed in this magical "sympathy" of Heaven and earth, political change did not depend entirely on human effort. The leaders of the sects believed that if they, like Confucius, had taken "the correct position," the position that accorded with the will of Heaven, all Vietnamese would eventually adopt the same Way, the same political system that they had come to.

When Ho Chi Minh entered Hanoi in August, 1945, he made much the same kind of gesture that Confucius had made in facing south. He did so by saying (and the wording is significant, for he was using language of both East and West), "We, members of the Provisional Government of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, solemnly declare to the world that Vietnam has the right to be a free and independent country—and, in fact, it is so already. The entire Vietnamese people are determined to mobilize all their physical and mental strength, to sacrifice their lives and property in order to safeguard their independence and liberty." His claims were far from true at the time, but they constituted the truth in potential—if he, like Confucius, had taken "the correct position." For the Confucians, of course, "the correct position" was that which accorded with the will of Heaven and the practice of the sacred ancestors. For Ho Chi Minh, "the correct position" was that which accorded with the laws of history and the present and future judgment of the Vietnamese people.

In the "I Ching," there is a verse that may seem enigmatic to Westerners but that to the Vietnamese, who see history as a progression of seasonal changes, forms the mental picture of a basic change within society:

> Fire in the Lake: the image of
> REVOLUTION.
> Thus the superior man
> Sets the calendar in order
> And makes the seasons clear.

UNLIKE the other countries of Southeast Asia, Vietnam has always lived in the orbit of China. First as a Chinese province and then as a small tributary state, Vietnam was until the fifteenth century no more than a planet in the great solar system of the Celestial Empire. Vietnam separated from China and survived as a nation in a strange—and strangely stable—balance of attraction and repulsion. In

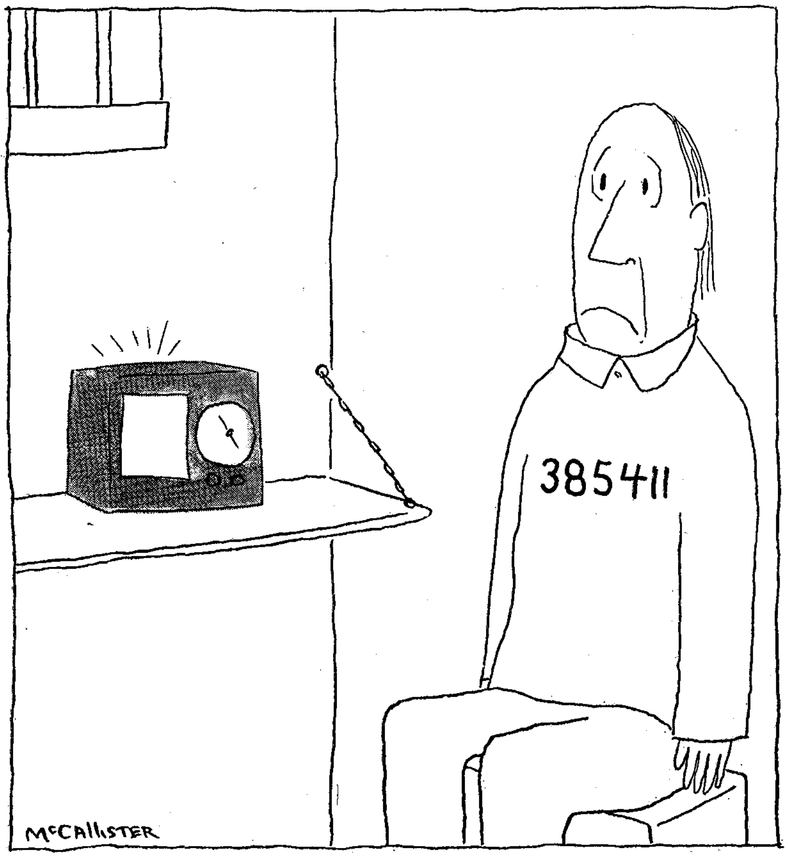
207 B.C., a Chinese warlord marched into the Red River Delta and opened an avenue to the south, by which a century later the imperial armies would take the area for a Chinese colony. Vietnamese national mythology places two "Vietnamese" kingdoms in the Delta before the coming of the Chinese, but scholars now maintain that the region previously contained only a flux of tribes and feudalistic principalities. According to ethnologists, the Vietnamese derive from a mixture between tribes of Mongolian and Australo-Indonesian origin, and during ten centuries of Chinese suzerainty, they settled slowly into a new ethnic and cultural pattern. Vietnamese history began in Chinese writing, and the Vietnamese nation took shape along the political and cultural lines of force emanating from China.

Given the Chinese capacity for empire-building, it is somewhat remarkable that the Vietnamese had a history at all. Hardly more broadminded than the emissaries of other imperial powers, the first Chinese governors made no distinction between the tribes of the Delta and those inhabiting the regions that are today Yunnan and Canton. They regarded them all as savages, whose religion and customs showed only a pitiful lack of cultural development. Enlightened rulers, these governors took up the Chinese burden of educating the southern peoples to behave as much like the Chinese as possible. The Celestial Empire was universal, so they considered their *mission civilisatrice* to be a comprehensive project, which would end with the complete assimilation of all the southern peoples into the body of the empire. A thousand years later, a Chinese historian might well have judged that they had succeeded: the local peoples had adopted Chinese technology and the Chinese religions; their aristocracy sent its sons to compete for the mandarinate in the regional examinations. With his long imperial perspective, the historian would probably have persisted in his opinion even in the tenth century, when the armies of the declining T'ang Dynasty were expelled from the Red River Delta, for such revolts had occurred many times before in the Delta, just as they had occurred throughout China in periods of imperial weakness. But the historian would have been wrong: the Vietnamese were then in the process of taking their independence from China. When the armies of the Sung Dynasty descended to reconquer the Red River Delta, they were confronted not by the scattered forces of warlords but by the united armies of a man who called himself the emperor of Vietnam, the Land to the South. Just why the Vietnamese should have resisted being grafted onto the great trunk of China remains a matter of scholarly debate. But from the tenth century on they defended themselves against China with a ferocity that perhaps could have come only from a consciousness of the fragile borders of their identity. In the great patriarchate of the empire, Vietnam was the unfilial son.

The declaration of Vietnamese independence was in itself ironic. Writing in Chinese, the great Vietnamese military leader Ly Thuong Kiet rebuked the Chinese for claiming sovereignty over a state whose very identity depended on its special relationship to the Celestial Empire. But then the claim to independence was no more paradoxical than the method of achieving nationhood. Like their rivals, the Ly princes were warlords. In 1010 A.D., they took control of the Red River Delta, shortly after the first war for independence. They established a dynasty, but only at the cost of reinstating the entire apparatus of government by which the Chinese had ruled them. Though they were fervent Buddhists, they called upon the sacred powers of the Confucian tradition in order to establish a claim to legitimacy. Through the institution of the mandarinate, with all its rank and ritual, they persuaded the other warlord families to give up their armies and compete for power as dutiful sons within the one great household of the empire. In effect, the Ly took on the role of the Chinese governors, adopting the forms of the Chinese universal empire in order to reject the universalism of the Chinese.

Ten centuries later, Ho Chi Minh defined Vietnam's special relationship to China in similar terms:

> . . . the Chinese Communist Party, under Mao Tse-tung's leadership, succeeded in combining the universal truth of Marxism-Leninism with the revolutionary practice of China, thereby taking steps proper to the Chinese society. . . . At present, in building Socialism, although we [the Vietnamese] have the rich experiences of brother countries, we cannot apply them mechanically, because our country has its own peculiarities.



"Three eight five four one one. I'll repeat that—the winning number in this week's fifty-thousand-dollar lottery is three eight five four one one."

Given the geographical and cultural proximity of Vietnam to China, it is perhaps understandable that the two major historical changes within Vietnamese society—the building of a Confucian state in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the Communist revolution in the twentieth—should have followed the same pattern. In both cases, the Vietnamese leaders assumed Chinese political culture while rejecting, or at least attempting to reject, Chinese political domination.

To the south of Vietnam, the great kingdom of Champa, the last in an arc of Hindu states running eastward from India, occupied the coastal plain of what is today central Vietnam. The

EVER SINCE THEY PUT the new stoplight at the head of town, there are two good reasons to stop here in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

On your way in we suggest a pause at Jack Daniel Distillery. Here, a gentleman will show you around and talk pridefully about our whiskey. And probably he'll talk proudest about charcoal mellowing, the extra step that smooths out Jack Daniel's. On your way out we suggest a stop at our town's new redlight. If you knew Sheriff Martin as we do, you'd know this was an equally worthwhile recommendation.

4/5 QUART
JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No. 7
BRAND
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY

CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

© 1972, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 361), TENNESSEE

Chams, always hostile to the Vietnamese, had warred with them throughout the period of their colonization by the Chinese, threatening occasionally in the slow lurch of the military balance to crush them and take over their territories. Only when Vietnam had gained its independence and closed its border with China did it grow strong enough to check, and finally turn, the waves of invasion from the south. In the fifteenth century, after defeating an invasion by the Ming Dynasty, the Vietnamese Emperor Le Loi began what came to be known as the March to the South—a succession of military campaigns by which the Vietnamese armies would reduce the kingdom of Champa and push the frontiers of Vietnamese settlement down to the bottom of the Annamese littoral.

As the Vietnamese empire breached the Gate of Annam, near the Seventeenth Parallel, its whole history changed course. From a small kingdom that had looked only north toward China, Vietnam became a major power in Southeast Asia. During the seventeenth century, the Vietnamese entered the nearly virgin plains of the Mekong Delta, and, under pressure from a continuing growth of population, pushed south to the Gulf of Siam and went across the Bassac River deep into the kingdom of the Khmers. Once the Vietnamese had reached the plain of Southeast Asia, they entered into the battle for territory that the kingdoms of the south had intermittently waged across the lowlands for the centuries of their history. These wars seemed to have no beginning and no end. Like the wars in Europe before the Reformation, they went on through the rise and decline of a dozen kingdoms. At the time the Vietnamese entered the conflict, the fortunes of Siam were in the ascendant over those of the princedoms of Laos and the two other Buddhist states—Burma and Cambodia, the kingdom of the Khmers.

These eighteenth- and nineteenth-century wars seemed like ancient history to most Americans in Vietnam, but they were very much present in the minds of the Southeast Asian leaders during the American war. In the intervening period, the five countries had held a merely artificial peace—a peace imposed by the British and the French colonial administrations. With the coming of independence, the old territorial disputes broke out again, fired by the old fears and ambitions. Even the balance of power remained much the same. Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia remarked in 1961:

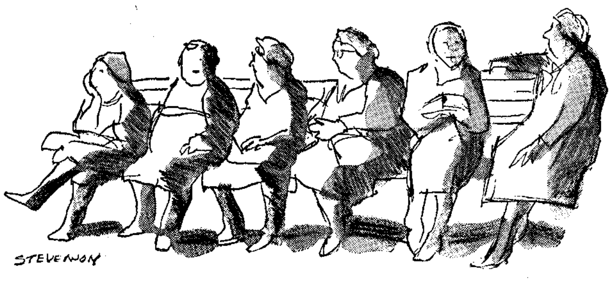
> Westerners are always astonished that we Cambodians are not disturbed by our future in which China will play such a powerful role. But one should try to put himself in our place: in this jungle, which is the real world, should we, simple deer, interest ourselves in a dinosaur like China when we are more directly menaced, and have been for centuries, by the wolf and the tiger, who are Vietnam and Thailand?

It was one of the inconsistencies of American public relations that while the American officials painted over these acute national differences with the rubric of "Asian dominoes" or "Free World allies," they simultaneously emphasized the differences between Northern and Southern Vietnamese. The American public thus had the impression that while all Southeast Asians were alike, and nationality stood for little among them, the South Vietnamese were a nation distinct from the Northerners. Certainly there were differences between the two groups of Vietnamese, but these were small by comparison with the separate culture and the thousand years of history that distinguished the Vietnamese from the Thais and the Cambodians.

"THE laws of the emperor are less than the customs of the village," runs a Vietnamese adage. In Vietnam, it was the village rather than the clan that stood as the primary community. The village was an informal association of families. An institution peculiar to Vietnam, it probably developed during the period of Chinese occupation as a response to the decline of the feudalistic principalities. At that point, it had served to weld the small and otherwise autarchic families into communities large enough to meet the demands of the traditional rice culture. The village was always the efficient unit of local government, but in the fifteenth century, when the court abandoned the village mandarinate and retired the lowest order of its officials from the villages, it became a quasi-autonomous unit. In the nineteen-sixties, the shells of the central-Vietnamese settlements—even voided and half destroyed by the war—showed what strength the villages must have had in that traditional landscape. The villages of northern and central Vietnam stood like small fortresses in the center of their rice fields, closed off from the world by bamboo hedges. When the mandarin rode out from the stone ramparts of his citadel, he travelled quite alone, a fish out of the water of the population. The mandarin was more an ambassador from the court than a governor in his own domain. He had only the authority to negotiate with the village council for the amount of taxes and the number of army recruits to be submitted to the empire. If the negotiations broke down, he had no resort except the final one of calling in the imperial troops and burning down the hedges of the village.

Almost self-sufficient, the villages required from the government only the planning of large-scale public works (the dikes) and external defense. Their councils of notables, selected from among the senior, the well-educated, and the wealthy men of the village, conducted their external affairs, organized their religious and social life, and managed their administrations. The councils reserved a certain proportion of the land for common use, organized coöperative enterprises, and apportioned the common burden of the tax and the draft. The councils were organized hierarchically on the pattern of the Confucian family, yet they retained enough flexibility to adjust the economic as well as the purely Confucian relationships between various families. Rather than referring misdemeanors and petty disputes to the mandarins, they dealt with them themselves on the basis of informal, customary law. For below the brittle network of family relationships lay the reality of the land and its production of rice. In times of war or revolution, the villages shut like oysters, protecting their essential substance from the disorder of the outside world.

In their very self-sufficiency, the villages gave Vietnam hidden powers of resistance. In times of war, they provided not only a source of recruitment for the regular army but a base for guerrillas. Their high bamboo hedges shut out strangers better than any jungle redoubt. When the guerrilla slipped into the village, he became invisible among other men. Because he belonged to the village, he had a ready-made system of logistics and supply, a community that trusted and coöperated with him against all enemies from the outside. In the path of the



Chinese armies, as in the path of the French Expeditionary Corps centuries later, the guerrillas carried out a scorched-earth policy with the consent of the villagers. This deep, underground resistance constituted an important element of the Vietnamese national identity. It was one of the "habits and customs" that distinguished the Vietnamese. As an eighteenth-century Chinese emperor said, "The Vietnamese are indeed not a reliable people. An occupation does not last very long before *they raise their arms against us* and expel us from their country. The history of past dynasties has proved this fact."

Generally speaking, Confucian society consisted of two separate groups—the small, literate élite and the mass of the peasantry. The link between the two was the village notables, who sent their sons to study the Confucian texts and to compete in the national examinations for a place in the bureaucracy. These notables, in turn, instructed the villagers in Confucian patterns of behavior. After centuries of Confucian government—Chinese as well as Vietnamese—the villages of the Red River Delta possessed strong traditions of family solidarity, Confucian literacy, and loyalty to the empire. But even in the north the villages acted as reservoirs for an older folk culture. Secreted within the oral tradition were all the legends of an ancient world where nature ran countercurrent to the tidy designs of the Confucian Heaven.

As the villages moved south from the Red River Delta, away from the base circle of the empire, the influence of Confucian culture diminished progressively within them. The mandarins followed, but the warlords and bandits disrupted their royal administration and left the intellectual élites to sink back into the village traditions, into the small anarchy of the old culture. The withdrawal of the Confucian notables from the universalist tradition exposed the villages more and more to the particular influences of the places where they settled. The change became most apparent as they moved south from the narrow coastal plain of central Vietnam into the Mekong Delta.

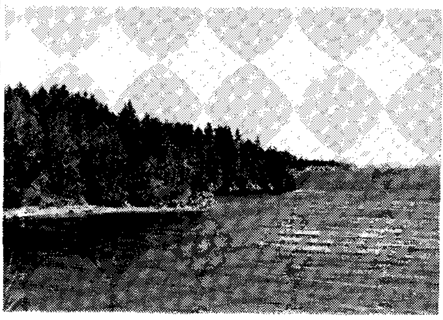
The Vietnamese need no anthropologist to tell them that there are differences between Southerners and Northerners. The differences are clichés, an endless source of jokes and, occasionally, of hostility. A Southern member of the Vietminh forces that fought against the French once gave examples of these clichés in describing the relations between the Northerners and the Southerners in his unit. The

A *Whitecaps* Guide to beautiful oceanfront properties on the incomparable Coast of Maine

BAR HARBOR

Lots of room to move around on 4 to 5 acre hillside homesites with ocean beach privileges for a surprising **$3,500.**

Town roads, power, telephone, private picnic and pond area for the residents. Golf, boating, summer theatre, riding, sightseeing, shopping and all conveniences in beautiful Bar Harbor. Only **$200** cash *required. 10 yr. 8¾% terms.* An exceptional value in a beautiful setting.



COFFIN'S NECK

Down East at Lubec, near Campobello International Park, lies this beautiful neck of forested land in Cobscook Bay. A private but civilized spot, where a number of residents are already enjoying their attractive summer homes.

Properties average over 3 acres and 200 to 300 feet of shorefront, and can be purchased for as little as **$6,300** total price, with only **$500** down.

It's a pretty attractive price, and you'll find the property even prettier.

We offer you that vanishing treasure —
a privately-owned homesite on the oceanfront in these select resort communities.
Deed covenants protect the environment and your investment.

Whitecaps on the Coast of Maine

Call 207-667-5366 or write Box 45NN Bar Harbor, Maine

Little Caesar stripes

Pantsuits cry for gangster stripes, white ones on dark shirts, dark ones on white ascots. And we're ready. Washable polyester crepe in black, brown, Caribbean blue, shocking pink with white stripes, ascots, vice versa. For 6 to 16 sizes, $22. Blouse Collections.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Except for New York, nobody's got a crowd that jumps like ours.

Join our crowd for cocktails, continental dining and live entertainment.

PORT O' GEORGETOWN

(When you're looking for a place to howl.)

31st at M Street in Georgetown,
Washington, D.C. (202) 338-6600

The day we opened, our Capital had a new attraction.

Hogate's Spectacular Seafood Restaurant

We overlook the Potomac
at 9th and Maine, S.W.
Washington, D.C.
(202) 484-6300

A salty little club inside Hogate's Spectacular Seafood Restaurant.

Entertainment, dancing and cocktails till the wee hours.

THE NAVY YARD

Overlooking the Potomac
at 9th and Maine, S.W., Washington, D.C.
(202) 484-6302

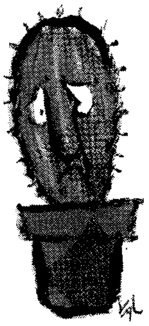
Southerners, he said, "are used to being free and extravagant in their expenses. After working hours, they get together to go eat or play guitars and sing." The Northerners, on the other hand, "are very economical in their expenses and not very generous in their relations with friends." While the Southerners like to fight among themselves and to argue about matters of policy, the Northerners "obey the leaders, and in the meetings they are ready to respond to any motto or any way." He added that they "try to keep their present positions, and thirst for fame." This difference in life style, said the soldier, provoked continual arguments within the unit. "Those Northern stinkers are miserly," the Southerners complained. "They consider money as big as a wheel. They are cowards, like land crabs. . . . They are servile flatterers, always nodding to show their submission and never conceiving any idea of fighting for their rights." The Northerners, in anger, blamed the Southerners for never being satisfied with anything and for fighting among themselves all the time. "The Southern guys only know how to have fun," they said. "They do not have the Revolutionary Ethics. Their fighting standpoint is weak."

In general, it is true that the Northerners have more discipline than the Southerners. Brought up in a country where land is scarce for everyone, they tend to be hard workers, careful of waste and expense. Theirs is a tightly knit patriarchal society, and they, more than the Southerners, are aware of their obligations to others and responsive to authority. On the whole, they are less spontaneous than the Southerners, more given to formality; they see themselves always in the light of their place within society. In Freudian terms, they tend to be more repressed than the Southerners; politically, they are more inclined to community action and to the whole notion of government as the fulfillment of a society. These characteristics—as the Vietnamese themselves have described them—ought perhaps to have given pause to the Americans who wished to pit South against North. The contrast between the people of the two regions has continually manifested itself in the political history of the country. By backing a regime in the South, the United States was taking on what had historically been the weaker part of the country. The South represented anarchy in contrast to the order of the North.

ALL Vietnamese seek historical precedents for the events of their own day, and the French conquest of Vietnam provided a whole series of parallels to the American intervention a century later. To begin with, the French involvement in Vietnam was a gradual process. The French made a series of decisions, none of which could be singled out as the sole cause of armed intervention. As early as the seventeenth century, French missionaries and merchants came to Vietnam to pursue their vocations. The merchants failed to establish themselves—in part because of the poverty of Vietnamese trade compared to that of the other Far Eastern countries, in part because of Vietnamese resistance. But the Catholic fathers persisted, and founded a strong mission in Vietnam. For a long time, the French government in Paris considered Vietnam not worth the effort of subduing, it offered so few commercial advantages. But by the mid-nineteenth century the British, the Spanish, and the Portuguese had all made extensive conquests in Southeast Asia and the Pacific, and the French commanders in the Far East began to see Vietnam as vital to their imperial mission in Asia. Like the American commanders of the twentieth century, they were concerned not so much with Vietnam itself as with China, where France was already engaged in commercial competition with the other European powers. Their occupation of Saigon and the surrounding provinces, finally authorized by the French government, gave them a base on the Pacific and the opportunity to search for a southern river route to China. When they discovered, to their great disappointment, that the Mekong was unsuitable for navigation (and, in any case, did not originate in China), they turned their sights north toward the Red River. In 1873, a young adventurer named Francis Garnier sailed up the river, declared it open to international trade, and bombarded Hanoi as well as all the Vietnamese towns and garrisons along the shores. The adventure was frowned upon by the authorities in Paris. It was not until ten years later that Paris authorized the conquest of the Red River Delta and the bombardment of Hué. The justification that the French officials offered for this armed intervention was a missionary account—greatly exaggerated—of persecution of the Catholic missionaries by the Vietnamese emperor. Because the missionaries had for more than a century directed a steady stream of propaganda at Paris about their valiant but sometimes thwarted efforts to civilize the natives, this religious pretext was more or less accepted by those who carried out the conquest. Like many

Americans in the twentieth century, the French conquerors in the nineteenth truly believed they were helping the Vietnamese by occupying their country.

At the beginning of the American war in Indo-China, certain American students of Vietnam argued against United States support for a regime in Saigon, on the ground that the Communists had already "captured" the forces of nationalism. The scholars' intentions were to defend Ho Chi Minh, but their argument merely hardened the semantic paradox created by the Administration officials who defined "Communism" and "nationalism" as mutually exclusive terms. "Nationalism" in Vietnam did not wait like a brass ring to be "captured" by the most energetic pursuer: it had to be created. After seventy years of French rule in the North and ninety years of it in the South, even the idea that it ought to be created was not shared by all Vietnamese. "Vietnam" had, after all, disappeared. Since the French conquest, there had been only "Indo-China"—a loose federation that included the kingdoms of Laos and Cambodia along with the three *pays* of what had been Vietnam: Cochin China, Annam, and Tonkin. Many Vietnamese were nationalists in the sense that they looked forward to the disappearance of French rule, but few conceived of the creation of a nation-state. Among all the anti-colonial political movements, only the Vietminh, founded by Ho during the Second World War, actually created a "nation" strong enough to defeat the French armies. But, apart from the specific political organization the Vietminh made from the society as it emerged from French occupation, "Vietnam" was no more than a theory.



At the end of the Second World War, few of the educated Cochin Chinese had either the disposition or the resources to take up arms against the French in the South. They had no attachments to the pre-colonial government. Their fathers and grandfathers were raised out of the villages by the French to carry out a classical exercise in plantation colonization. With no tradition of mandarin culture, the Vietnamese thus favored had modelled themselves on their conquerors, many of them becoming Catholics and building up large estates in the Delta. After several generations, they had severed all but their economic ties with the people of the countryside—and for the maintenance of those ties they depended upon the French regime. *Assimilés*, they looked to Paris rather than to Hué or Hanoi as the center of civilization; they looked to Paris even for political reform. Saigon in the nineteen-thirties was a ferment of "Constitutionalists," Socialists, Trotskyites, and cells of the French Communist Party. Though most of these new political groups—often more cliques than parties—were quite as radical in rhetoric as their counterparts in France, they focussed their sights on reforms that would make them the equals of the French colonists, rather than on Vietnamese national independence. Accordingly, the French found these groups easy to appease with better work laws for the small urban working class and consultative councils for the wealthy. Those who seemed dangerous the Sûreté disposed of easily, for the Southern radicals, having relied on the French, had built no power base in their own countryside, whose rural society they considered backward and reactionary.

Having neither agricultural nor industrial potential, the second *pays*, Annam, did not interest the French. Hué, the seat of the emperor, remained alone with its past, walled in by its court rituals, its illusions of empire. In a country of poor farmers and poor aristocrat-scholars, it became a haven for the old Confucian values, for a fierce traditionalism, and a concomitant xenophobia. While the emperor and the mandarins of the court gave their submission to the French, many of the central-Vietnamese scholars withdrew from the capital and continued their resistance in the provinces. In the eighteen-eighties and nineties, there were armed revolts against the French in the provinces of Nghe An and Ha Tinh. (Ho Chi Minh was born in Nghe An in 1890, the son of a provincial mandarin.) During the nineteen-twenties, a group of civil servants in the region created the Tan Viet, or New Vietnam Revolutionary Party. But as time went on and the French established themselves throughout the rest of the country, Annam gave place to Tonkin, in the North, as the center of the anti-colonial struggle.

The North, too, had suffered from the colonial regime. Because the Northern delta had no new land available for development, the French had simply expropriated the village lands to build their own farms. With the addition of a heavy tax burden, the economic squeeze on the peasantry became acute. Few Vietnamese in Tonkin

Art for Dart's Sake

Our Art-Dart Board is 16" x 19" of an abstract splash of yellow, purple and orange. Equipped with three competition darts, it's a wall hanging to admire and a healthy way to work off steam. 16.00. Exclusively by mail from:

The Kenton Collection / P. O. Box 34257 / Dept. 01024 / Dallas, Texas 75234.

Send me ______ Art-Dart Board(s). Enclosed is my check or money order (payable to The Kenton Collection) for ______ plus 1.50 per board for postage and handling.

Name______

Address______

City______

State______ Zip______

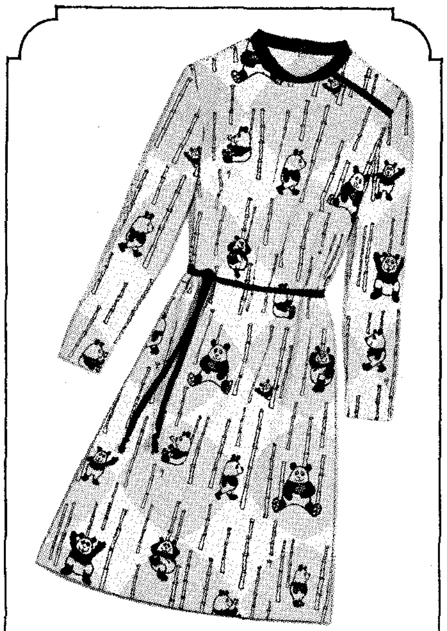
The Kenton Collection

"Be careful beautiful stranger, careful", is Kierkegaard's opening to Diary of A Seducer. Think of these words when you visit Bonwit Teller. Temptation runs all through our seductive collection.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN

38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

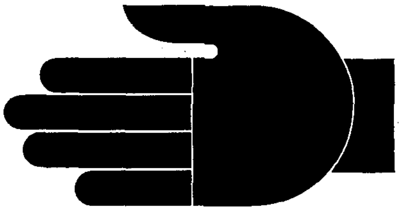


Lovable Pandas

Cavort in the bamboo in a wonderful hand-screened print dress of double knit 100% polyester by Vested Gentress. A hand-washable pet in black/ivory. Sizes 6-18, $40.00
(Please add $1.00 to cover postage and handling.)

FREE... Send for our colorful catalog.

Carroll Reed
(Mail Order, Inc.) Box 550
North Conway, New Hampshire 03860



1972 CRAFTSMANS FAIR
EXHIBITION AND SALE
AUGUST 1-6
MT. SUNAPEE STATE PARK
NEWBURY, N.H.

LEAGUE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE CRAFTSMEN
205 NORTH MAIN STREET, CONCORD, N.H. 03301

RAMAYANA

Superb Indonesian Cuisine

Entertainment Direct from Indonesia featuring the Balinese Dance—Dancing to Live Music

LUNCH • BUFFET
DINNER • COCKTAILS

NO COVER • NO MINIMUM
OPEN SEVEN DAYS

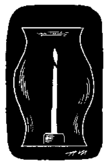
123 West 52nd St.
Tel. 581-1170

profited from French enterprises, as the Vietnamese in Cochin China did. The new wealth of Tonkin lay in minerals and cheap labor, and the mines belonged exclusively to the French. In the nineteen-thirties, Tonkin possessed the only industrial base in Vietnam—a collection of mines, and several factories for the production of textiles and cement. It also possessed the beginnings of an industrial proletariat. The wages paid to the mine and factory workers ought to have compensated in some measure for the agricultural dislocations, but they did not, for while the wages were calculated on the basis of the barter economy of the village, the taxes and the prices of goods were calculated on the basis of the moneyed city economy. The French pocketed the difference. For the sake of survival, many of the industrial workers divided their time between the factories, where they could earn money for taxes, and the villages, where they could raise food. This continual coming and going created a link between the modern city and the traditional countryside which did not exist in the South.

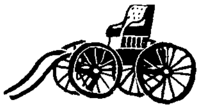
In Tonkin, the French created the beginnings of a new class—not a group of wealthy landowners, as in the South, but a middle class composed of administrators and professional men. Under the pressure of the First World War, the French found it necessary to break into the traditional educational system and train Vietnamese to fill the secondary levels of the colonial and commercial administrations. After that war, they abolished the Confucian schools throughout Vietnam and replaced them with a small primary-education system, several lycées, and faculties of law and medicine at the University of Hanoi. In Tonkin, where the influence of the mandarins remained strong, the new students grew up on a dangerous blend of modern Western education and Vietnamese tradition. One historian has contended that in this respect the French made a most impolitic calculation. The Western-educated students were few in number, but by the nineteen-thirties there were still too many of them to fill the available jobs. In particular, there were too many schoolteachers, for, believing in the unconditional value of French education, the French trained schoolteachers without regard for their own economic priorities. They trained men like Vo Nguyen Giap to educate his own compatriots to become Frenchmen. The chief difficulty was that although the schoolbooks spoke of liberty, equality, and fraternity, the French in Vietnam did *not apply* those principles to the Vietnamese.

In the nineteen-twenties, a group of political organizations very different from their predecessors began to emerge in Vietnam, mainly out of the North. Their memberships remained small, but they were composed largely of French-educated civil servants, schoolteachers, and professional men who saw the need for a social program and for the participation of the mass of the people. Their aim was not merely to rid the country of the French but to bring about revolutionary change in the life of the society. In 1925, Ho Chi Minh founded the Revolutionary Youth League, which was to be the nucleus of the Indo-Chinese Communist Party, and in 1930, just as the worldwide Depression hit, forcing down the price of rice and plunging the small farmers throughout Vietnam into bankruptcy, the Party undertook its first large-scale action—the organization of workers and peasants in the provinces of Nghe An and Ha Tinh. The results were spectacular. For a year, the people of the region demonstrated against the colonial regime, assassinated local officials, created a government of village soviets, and carried out land reform. The revolt did not spread to other areas of the country, and from a historical perspective it might be said to have been premature, for the French still possessed the force to put it down in a most brutal manner. But the Communist Party survived, gained experience, and waited for a new opportunity to emerge.

The opportunity came as a result of the Second World War. The war marked a caesura in Vietnamese history, as it did in that of most countries. After the fall of France in 1940, Japan took over French Indo-China by diplomatic fiat. A Vichyite French governor agreed to continue to administer the territory while the Japanese used its ports for military bases and its raw materials for trade within the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. In the spring of 1941, Ho Chi Minh and his Comrades founded the Vietnam Independence League—the Viet Nam Doc Lap Dong Minh Hoi, known as the Vietminh—and, with the coöperation of the Tho, one of the Montagnard tribes of the North, built up bases in the mountains and assembled a small guerrilla force to combat the Japanese. Although Ho's policy was in line with that of the Chinese Communists, his support came from one of the warlords under the nominal su-



zerainty of Chiang Kai-shek, who dominated the provinces just across the Vietnamese border. Then, a few months before Allied landings in the South, the Japanese overthrew the French administration in a sudden coup and set up an "independent" Vietnamese government over Tonkin and Annam, composed of the local Vietnamese functionaries under the aegis of the current emperor, Bao Dai. In August, 1945, Ho Chi Minh moved into Hanoi with a thousand men and, meeting no resistance, proclaimed the establishment of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. The French moved quickly into Cochin China with their British allies. But, under the Potsdam Agreement, the Chinese Nationalists were to occupy Northern Vietnam for seven months following the Allied landings. When the period was up and the French made ready to move back into the North, Ho Chi Minh's followers had been ensconced in Hanoi and Hué for nine months, claiming to represent the sovereign nation of Vietnam.

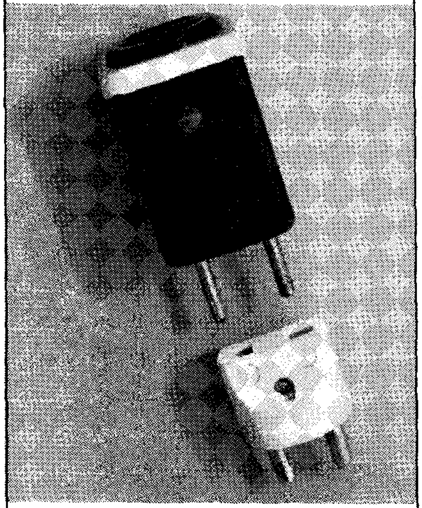


Ho Chi Minh's claim of Vietnamese independence was not just the legalistic rationale it seemed to many Frenchmen at the time. Despite its haphazard character, the Japanese coup had made a profound impression on the Vietnamese. In escaping from Hanoi at that moment in history, Paul Mus had seen its effect on the villages: the day before the coup, the French were the respected masters of the country; the day after it, they were uninvited guests, with the worst of reputations. Later, Mus realized that he had witnessed one of a succession of strange shifts in Vietnamese life in which long-repressed resentment turns suddenly to revolt. To the Vietnamese, the sight of French surrendering to Asians meant that the French had, as it were, lost their winning streak; in the old language, the will of Heaven had changed and the French were no longer the rulers of the country. This shift was felt by the ministers of the Bao Dai government—the former faithful servants of the French—as much as by the most traditional of the villagers. For the Vietnamese, it was now merely a question of time before the French disappeared altogether. Incomprehensible as this conviction was to the French, it remained with most Vietnamese throughout the war for independence. The issue was merely who now possessed the mandate of Heaven.

HO CHI MINH'S revolution in Hanoi succeeded mainly because there was nothing to oppose it. Apart from the Vietminh, the country had no national leaders ready to assert independence and take control of the government. The Japanese-sponsored government in Hanoi was no more than a group of functionaries without political experience or ideas for the future. Presented with a *fait accompli* by the Vietminh, many of the officials joined the new movement; the Emperor Bao Dai himself proposed to serve it for a time, and three Northern Catholic bishops gave it their approval. The test of Ho Chi Minh's government lay not in domestic political contests but in a military contest with the French armies—the war that Ho Chi Minh hoped to avoid. Not long after the French reoccupation of the South, the North Vietnamese leader began negotiations with the French authorities in Saigon and Paris. For a time, there seemed a possibility that the French would grant the Vietnamese their independence: the Free French commanders in the South had little sympathy with the local Vichyites, and the coalition government in Paris included the supposedly anti-imperialist left-wing parties. But, gradually, the negotiations broke down. The French Communists and Socialists defected to the imperialist cause, now a matter of national pride for the newly liberated French, and the French colonial authorities deliberately sabotaged the diplomatic bargaining process. In February, 1947, the French Army took control of Hanoi, and the Vietminh, now numbering about a hundred thousand throughout the country, retreated to their bases in the countryside and prepared for a war of resistance.

Seven years later, in 1954, no one, and particularly not the French, could deny the existence of an independent nation-state in Vietnam. Ho Chi Minh's Democratic Republic had all the attributes of a nation-state, including the essential one of an army capable of making it too expensive and too dangerous for the French to continue their occupation of the country. What the Americans did not appreciate—certainly not as well as the French who had fought the war—was that the new Vietnamese government had a stronger claim to legitimacy than most governments in Southeast Asia had. To win the war, Ho Chi Minh had had to enlist the active support of a great percentage of the population. When the French moved into Hanoi, the Vietminh had gone deep into the countryside, and the villages had closed over them. Attaching themselves to the "net ropes" of the peasantry, the Vietminh

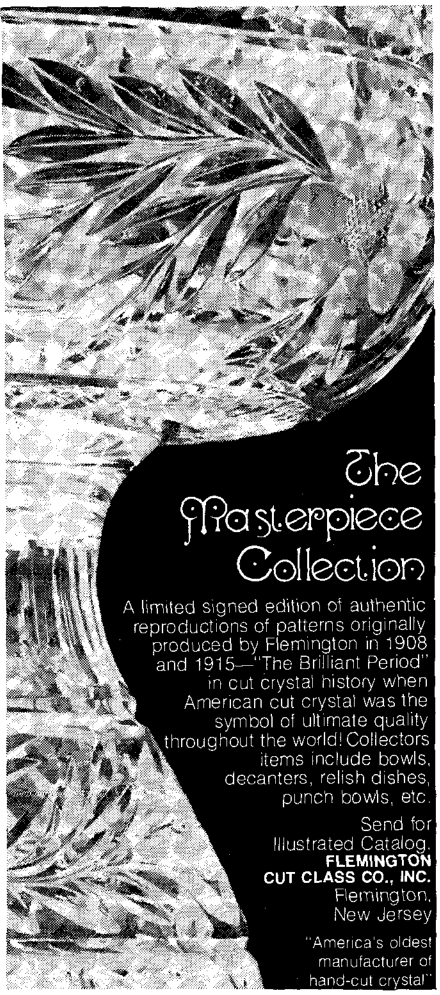
Plug into the world



Our new solid state converter-adapter transforms foreign power from 220-240 volts AC down to 120 volts AC, 50-60 cycles, up to 1000 watts. Everything electric, from a toothbrush to a calculator, will turn on almost everywhere in the world. Instructions and travel case included, $11. Small Leather Goods.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery area.



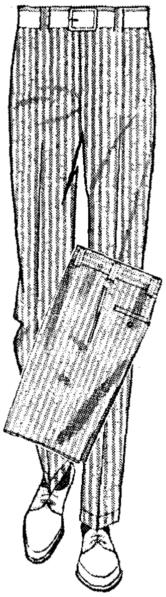
The Masterpiece Collection

A limited signed edition of authentic reproductions of patterns originally produced by Flemington in 1908 and 1915—"The Brilliant Period" in cut crystal history when American cut crystal was the symbol of ultimate quality throughout the world! Collectors items include bowls, decanters, relish dishes, punch bowls, etc.

Send for Illustrated Catalog.
FLEMINGTON CUT CLASS CO., INC.
Flemington, New Jersey
"America's oldest manufacturer of hand-cut crystal"

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's Great Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946

"Fuller Cut"™ Classic Seersucker
Slacks 11.95* Shorts 9.95*



A classic for warm weather, lightweight no-iron Dacron & cotton, crisp **Blue & White** striped seersucker slacks & walk shorts. Ideal for travel, leisure, dress. Coordinates well with sportcoats. Classic belt loop model with pre-cuffed straight bottoms in a "Fuller Cut"™ for the man who needs a more ample, comfortable & better fitting slack & walkshort. ***Sizes 44-48, 13.95. Walk shorts 32-42, 9.95. *Sizes 44-48, 11.95.**

1½" White or Reversible Black-to-Brown soft cowhide leather belt, 30-42, 7.50. Sizes 44-48, $9.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

	Waist Size							*	*	*
Length	32	33	34	36	38	40	42	44	46	48
28	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
29	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
30	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
31	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
32	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
33	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
34	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x

MAIL ORDERS TO: Seersucker Slacks, Shorts, Belts
Cable Car Clothiers, 211 Sutter St., S.F., Ca. 94108

Item	Qty.	Size	M.O. or Chk. ☐
Slacks or Shorts			Cable Charge ☐
Belt, White or Rev.			Sorry, no COD's

☐ **Please send 1972 catalogue** (415) 397-4740
Name..
Address..
....Zip..........
Add $1.75 Ship & Hdlg.; 5½% Tax in Cal. NYM 7-172

The Castilian

Finest for Spanish Cuisine

LUNCH · DINNER · LATE SUPPER
OPEN 7 DAYS 12 to 1 AM
303 East 56th St., N.Y.C.
(Off 2nd Avenue)
Tel. 688-6435

ONTARIO COTTAGE FOR SALE
SUMMER LIVING AT ITS FINEST
3 ISLANDS TOTALING 6 ACRES

Privacy yet accessible—1½ hrs. drive from Toronto International Airport. Mostly by 6 lane expressway. Magnificent cottage, huge living room, stone fireplace, 3 bedrooms and 2 cabins. All modern conveniences. 5 miles by boat through beautiful 30,000 Islands in Georgian Bay. Own harbour, sandy beach, clear clean water, boats. Fully furnished.

$100,000.00
BOB MURGATROYD
Special Projects Division I.C.I.
362-5484
100 University Avenue, Toronto 1
Ont., Canada

Gibson Willoughby Limited
REALTOR

had built a clandestine political organization large and strong enough to sustain not only the guerrillas but the regular armies that were fighting the French on their own ground. In mobilizing the Vietnamese population to defeat a modern European army, the Vietminh had proved themselves in a test that few nationalist movements have undergone and fewer have survived.

The French could not deny the existence of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. But they could, for the purposes of negotiation, question how much territory it controlled. The Vietminh, even at the time of the peace talks after their great victory at Dien Bien Phu, did not control the cities of Vietnam or the greater proportion of the southern provinces below the Thirteenth Parallel (the region of Nha Trang). The effort of war had been unevenly distributed between North and South. In the North, Vo Nguyen Giap raised and trained regular divisions in the mountains and guerrilla forces in the villages of the Red River Delta. The French armies could choose either to fight the North Vietnamese regulars in the mountains or to garrison the populous Delta, but they could not do both at once, and on that dilemma their war effort foundered. But the Vietminh did not mobilize the South so effectively. They raised guerrilla forces adequate to harass the French garrisons, to contest their control of the population, and to draw their armies away from the North, but they did not support large units there. In part, this was simply because the Mekong Delta was farthest from their supply lines into China and because its flat plains offered no secure bases. In part, it was because the South did not respond to them as strongly as the North did. In the Mekong Delta, the guerrillas controlled only the peninsula of Ca Mau and the region surrounding the Plain of Reeds, south and west of Saigon. They contested other parts of the Delta and held most of the thin backbone of central Vietnam, but they made only limited inroads into the territories controlled by the Hoa Hao and the Cao Dai sects. Moreover, the Southern Vietminh often did not measure up in quality to their Northern counterparts. Isolated within the vast horizons of the Delta, they tended to lose contact with the central command and drift off into inaction or into the banditry that characterized most of the political groups in the South.

But in 1954 it did not seem to represent justice—or, indeed, a reality of power—that because the Vietminh had won the war mostly in the North they would therefore have to give up the South. By 1954, after seven years of an expensive and bloody war, the French had renounced their original intention of preserving Vietnam as a part of the French empire. Their main aim at that point was to save the French Expeditionary Corps and extricate themselves from an expensive and ultimately futile conflict. Many French and American officials at the time believed that, given the current military situation, any political settlement would have left Ho Chi Minh in control of the entire country. The French and their allies, however, had persuaded the Vietminh to negotiate the question of Indo-China within an international conference composed of the great powers—France, Great Britain, the United States, the Soviet Union, and the People's Republic of China—along with Cambodia, Laos, and both of the belligerents in Vietnam. At this conference, the resolution of the whole issue of the colonial war was shifted to an entirely different stage, where it was settled within the context of other Cold War conflicts. The agreement concluded under those circumstances was more favorable to France than many French officials had expected.

Convening in April, 1954, the Geneva Conference in three months issued two documents bearing on Vietnam. The first, an armistice, signed by the French and the Democratic Republic of Vietnam's military representatives, provided for a regroupment of the two combatants to either side of a demilitarized zone at the Seventeenth Parallel. The armistice included a provision for the movement of civilian population between the zones, and it included four articles that prohibited any future foreign military buildups in that country. The second document, the Final Declaration of the conference, repeated the strictures of the armistice and elaborated on the political and administrative arrangements to be made in Vietnam. What is most significant in view of the events to follow, it specified that the military demarcation line should be merely temporary and not constitute a permanent political or territorial boundary. Following the period of truce, a political settlement should be made on the basis of "respect for the principles of independence, unity, and territorial integrity" of Vietnam by means of free general elections to be held in July, 1956. In neither of the two documents was there any mention of a second state in Vietnam; it was the French who were to administer their regroupment zone in the South until the general elections. The Vietminh remained somewhat dissatisfied with the postponement of the political settlement, but because they were exhausted by the war and were under some pressure from Moscow, they finally agreed to sign the declaration. In the future, they would be wary of any such political compromise.

The Final Declaration of Geneva was never signed by any of the participants to the conference, for the reason that the United States refused to give even its oral consent. Before the conference, most United States officials had hoped that the negotiations would end in failure; they had hoped that France would continue to find the strength to carry on the war against the Vietminh. By 1954, American officials and politicians of both parties had come to regard Vietnam as vital to United States security. Since the victory of Mao Tse-tung five years earlier, American officials had been convinced that China, in alliance with the Soviet Union, constituted the leading threat to American global interests. With the Korean war and continued support for Chiang Kai-shek, the United States had begun to build a wall of anti-Communist dependencies around China. Vietnam, as the officials saw it, constituted the crucial southern element of that wall: if Vietnam "fell" under Communist domination, the whole of Southeast Asia would follow. In 1950, the United States had begun to subsidize the French war in Vietnam, and by 1954 United States military aid covered eighty per cent of the French-war expenditures. After the Korean war, the Eisenhower Administration contemplated sending American forces, possibly with tactical nuclear weapons, into the conflict. The President finally rejected the proposal, out of a disinclination to engage the United States in yet another land war in Asia. When it became clear that the French could no longer carry on the war by themselves, he looked to the Vietnamese government that the French had set up in Saigon as a new vehicle for continuing the struggle. Two months after the Geneva Conference, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles established the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO), whose members agreed to resist armed aggression in the treaty area. The organization had only three Asian members—Thailand, Pakistan, and the Philippines (and not Burma, India, and Indonesia, as Dulles would have liked)—but a separate protocol covered "the States of Cambodia and Laos and the free territory under the jurisdiction of the State of Vietnam."

In reality, the Vietnamese government supported by the French in Saigon had very dubious credentials for statehood. Its very creation had been merely a matter of French convenience—and temporary convenience at that. In 1946, at the very beginning of the war, the French had created a legal fiction called the "Republic of Cochin China" in order to substantiate the existence of a French union combining the associated states of Indo-China. Four years later, the French dismantled the Cochin-Chinese government when the exigencies of war demanded that they attempt to provide a rallying point for all non-Communist Vietnamese and to demonstrate to America's satisfaction that they were fighting an anti-Communist, rather than a colonial, war. The old "republic" was clearly inadequate to these purposes, for even the Emperor Bao Dai refused to participate in a government of Cochin China alone. Finally giving in to the principle of a unified Vietnam, the French, on January 1, 1950, installed Bao Dai as the head of a new "national" government called the "State of Vietnam." But the French had created the state mainly for public-relations purposes, and the state itself remained to a great degree a mere formality. For as long as the French remained in Saigon, they continued to control its budget, its external relations, its internal-security arrangements, and its jurisdiction over the French in Vietnam. In fact, it had only two attributes of a government: first, a small administration, composed of old colonial functionaries, whose territorial reach extended not far beyond the outskirts of Saigon and the provincial towns, and, second, an army of some three hundred thousand men, split up into small units and commanded by French officers. Having accurately taken stock of his position, Bao Dai removed himself from Saigon to the resort city of Dalat, where he spent the next four years amusing himself with hunting and the distribution of well-paid government appointments. Not until the eve of the Geneva negotiations did the French sign a paper granting the State of Vietnam full independence—a gesture that gave them the means of claiming that they had "handed over" Vietnam not to the Vietminh but, rather, to the Bao Dai government.

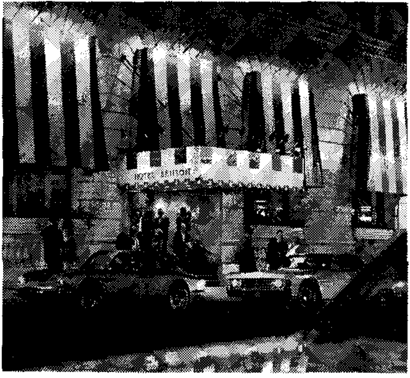
The gift, however, seemed of ques-

Handmade
Belgian Casuals
for more
comfort
than going
barefoot
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

For him
MR. CASUAL
$45 ☐ Black Calf
☐ Brown Calf
☐ Brown Calf/trim black
☐ White Buckskin
☐ Patent Leather

Soft-soled casuals for men known the world over.
Available in America only at our salons or by mail.
Color brochures on request.
My regular shoe size is:__________
Send______pairs @ $45. each.
Add $1.00 per pair mailing charge.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice______
Name__________
Address__________
City______State______

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022, (212) PL 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.
AMERICAN EXPRESS & MASTER CHARGE CARDS HONORED



In Portland, Oregon
a great hotel tradition

Trader Vic's, Holiday Magazine Award-Winning London Grill. The Benson is a great place to stay—to do business, to entertain, to relax. On Broadway. Portland's warmest welcome awaits you here.
For instant reservations call your local Western International Hotels reservation office (see yellow pages), your travel agent or call us.

THE BENSON
(503) 228-9611, PORTLAND, OREGON
WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Air Lines

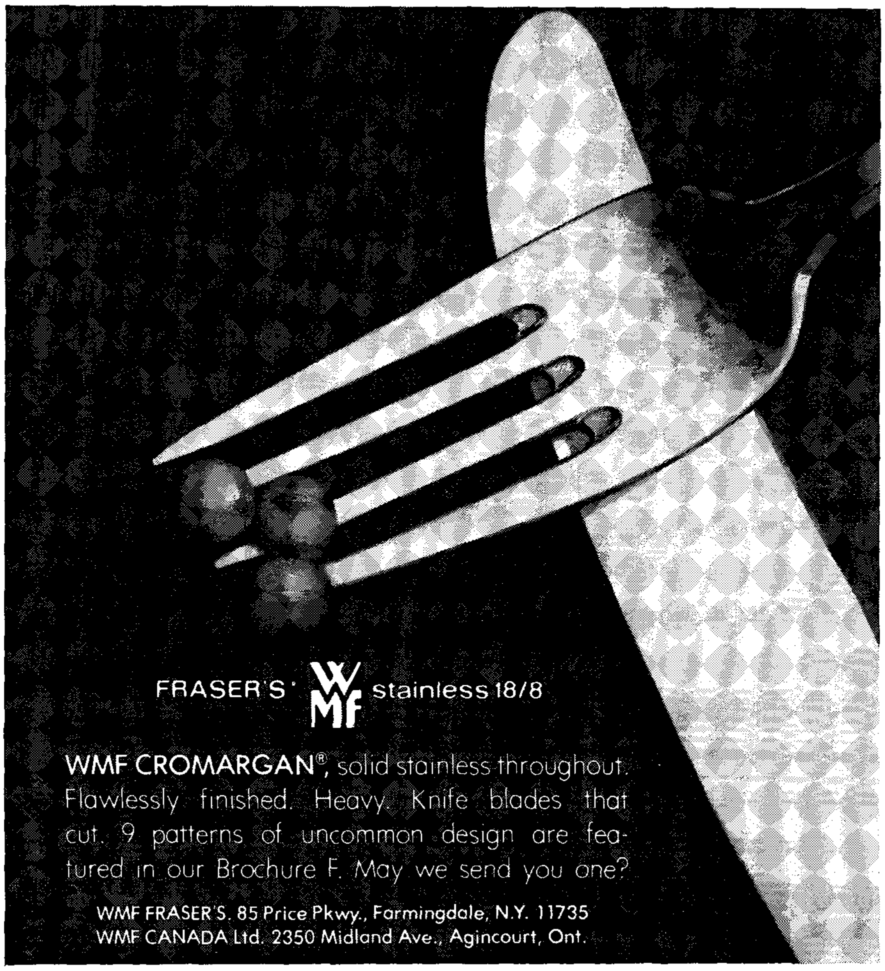
"We search the four corners for the finest botanicals."
GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

It's how Gordon's keeps its gin up!

What's in our gin that's so special? The special botanicals we so scrupulously collect from the marketplaces of the world. Juniper berries. Coriander seeds. Lots more exotic ingredients. They're all part of our 203-year-old English formula. So if you want a gin with an impressive name, but you also want smooth, crisp, super-dry taste, drink Gordon's.

Biggest seller in England...America...the world. Super-dry is why!

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.


FRASER'S WMF stainless 18/8

WMF CROMARGAN®, solid stainless throughout. Flawlessly finished. Heavy. Knife blades that cut. 9 patterns of uncommon design are featured in our Brochure F. May we send you one?

WMF FRASER'S. 85 Price Pkwy., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735
WMF CANADA Ltd. 2350 Midland Ave., Agincourt, Ont.

tionable value to anyone. As the period of truce began, the Vietminh leaders in the North went about consolidating the government they had carried on in fact since the beginning of the French war. In the South, only confusion reigned—a confusion not at all alleviated by the Vietminh's regroupment of some ninety thousand soldiers and cadres (the vast majority of them Southerners) to the North. The Vietminh had not been the only ones to fail to organize the Mekong Delta. In the course of the war, the French had managed, rather than actually governed, the Delta, and, partly as a result of their attempt to conciliate all the non-Communist groups, the South had become a political jungle of warlords, sects, bandits, partisan troops, and secret societies. To French observers at the time, there seemed to be small chance for the establishment of an administration, much less a nation-state, in the midst of this chaos.

Counting the Army of the State of Vietnam and the various sect forces, the French had supported at least six different non-Communist forces in the Delta. To add to the political and military confusion, there were, of course, the Catholics, the Buddhists, the Montagnard tribes, and the Khmer and Cham populations, and most of these minorities had some means of self-defense and some quite reasonable motive for suspecting the motives of all the rest. As the capital of the South, Saigon was the hub of this disorder. Its economy lay largely in the hands of the French, white-suited Vietnamese planters, and invisible Chinese merchant-profiteers who gave their loyalties to France for as long as the French would support the piastre at an artificial level. Its administration and its police force were composed mainly of the venal and the opportunist. Bao Dai, the chief of state, was no exception. A reasonable man, he saw no reason to risk his own life and fortune at the hands of one or another of the bandit groups in exchange for a largely fictional government. He went to France and, in the middle of the Geneva Conference, abdicated, for all practical purposes, in favor of a man he rather disliked—his new Prime Minister, Ngo Dinh Diem.

—FRANCES FITZGERALD

(*This is the first of a series of articles on Vietnam.*)

•

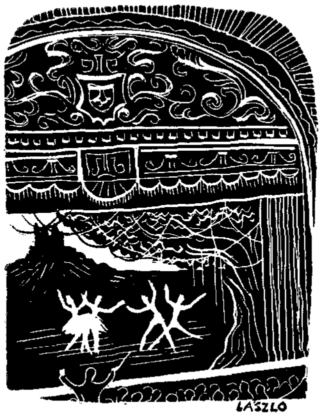
3 At night be especially cautious about driving into the side of a train.—*Driver's Manual, State of Delaware, 1971.*

Even in broad daylight, think twice.

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

“THE CORNER,” by Ed Bullins, is the title play of a trio of one-acters by black writers and with black casts, at the Public. Its principal character is Cliff Dawson, hero of Mr. Bullins’ “In the Wine Time” and also a principal in his “In New England Winter,” and there are references throughout to Cliff’s young half brother, Steve Benson, of “In New England Winter,” “The Duplex,” and “The Fabulous Miss Marie.” In point of time, “The Corner” can be considered the prologue to Mr. Bullins’ cycle of plays. Set in the nineteen-fifties, it opens on an urban street corner, where four young men and a girl named Stella are drinking and scrapping and laughing as they wait for Cliff to join them. Stella has been Cliff’s girl, on and off, for some time, although she knows that he is now living with and being supported by another woman; still, each time he sees her, he takes her off and makes love to her on the back seat of a rickety old car. This evening, Stella, having drunk much too much booze (an actress named Petronia, who plays this pathetic girl—and very well, too—drinks two entire bottles of liquid in full view of the audience, and I cannot imagine how on earth she does it), decides to hold out for a hotel room. She loses, in every way.



As is true of all Mr. Bullins’ plays, this one appears to be made up of small, inconsequential incidents. Its form and narrative power are beneath the surface, and only when it is over does one realize how strong the undercurrent has been all along. “The Corner” marks Cliff’s farewell to “the street-corner bums” and the carefree life that goes with them. His new woman is pregnant, he announces with joy to his friend Bummie; he is about to become a father and a husband and to take on the responsibilities of a family man. “Yeah, man,” Bummie replies with wonder. “You changed already.” The language of the play is, as usual, the rough argot of the streets transformed into a special kind of beauty by the artistry of the dramatist. There is one remarkable speech in which an edgy little bantam named Slick tells Stella off when she brags that Cliff spends the money he gets from his other woman on her; it is a passage of compressed scorn, each line of it starting with the words “Spends it on you!” Under the direction of Sonny Jim Gaines, himself the original Cliff of “In the Wine Time,” script and action become inseparable. Bob Delegall is fine in the leading role, and Basil A. Wallace, Willard Reece, Jr., and Michael Coleman are good, too, as Bummie, Slick, and someone named Silly Willy, respectively.

Andrew, of Clay Goss’s “Andrew,” is a ghost. After a surprising and unsettling beginning, which should be kept secret, he appears in order to confront and talk with two boyhood friends of his, one of whom shot him to death. The play is mysterious—purposely so, I guess. The three young men, it seems, grew up in the same housing project; then Andrew moved away and apparently joined a gang called the Zulu Nation. When he returned, to court his murderer’s sister, he had become “a trespasser.” At any rate, that is why he had to be shot—at least, I *think* that’s why. The action is made up of the reminiscences and childhood rituals of the three young men—memories of a song they sang, a dance they danced, and their first “messing around with women.” “And when I died, we was still laughing. It was really so funny,” says Andrew. By the time the play is over, we know that although Andrew has again disappeared, he will haunt his friends, one of whom has become a drunk and the other a drug addict, for the rest of their lives. As I say, I’m not sure that what I have reported is exactly what Mr. Goss had in mind, but, moment by moment, I found his play quite effective and touching. Rafic Bey is Andrew, and Frankie Russell Faison and Alfred Dean Irby are his two cronies. Under Mr. Bey’s direction, all of them perform well.

“His First Step (Part I)” is a play of mood and atmosphere by Oyamo. The setting is a street in Harlem. Pritchard and Country, two stock-boys at Macy’s, are waiting for someone called Sam to bring Pritchard a supply of drugs. They talk and kid around in a casual fashion, one of them doing a funny, rather admiring imitation of Stepin Fetchit. Pritchard tells of his ambition to become a singer and famous recording artist, and he sings, to Country’s drumming accompaniment on the lids of a couple of garbage cans. A barmaid drops by to give Pritchard the name of a talent scout from a record company and to suggest that he see the man that night. When Sam finally does arrive, he is so far gone in drugs that he is Stepin Fetchit to the life, and with a few trimmings. At the end, Pritchard goes off to his audition, worried that this first step may be his last. (“What if he ask me to change my songs—a compromise for the whole race?”) Many of the lines are obscene and baldly sexual, and all of them sound exactly right. The actors are Michael Coleman (Pritchard), Ilunga Adell (Country), Yolanda Karr (barmaid), and Cornelius Suares (Sam). Under Kris Keiser’s direction, they are so believable, so seemingly spontaneous, that one feels like a spectator at an actual event.

—EDITH OLIVER

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*From an American Express tour booklet*]

The imponderable Far East—fountainhead of the dawn. Long veiled in secrecy, ever steeped in mystery—unknowing and unknown. Torn between a desire to retain its ancient traditions and the need to keep pace with the age of the atom. Where the sweet-throated nightingale sings in a flowering cherry tree. Porcelain-faced Oriental dolls beneath paper parasols and rustling silks mince by on tiny clog-shod feet, almond eyes peek shyly over fluttering fans. Soft music drifts from dim-lit crooked alleyways. Pungent odor of incense, delicate tinkle of wind-chimes, clash of gongs and cymbals. Warm lantern glow on splash of gently turning waterwheel. Lustrous pearls, cool jade, mellow ivory; golden spires, scarlet shrines, rainbow-tiled temples. A king’s ransom in priceless treasure. Religions and rituals borne from generations past. Ornately costumed dancers retelling legends of villains, heroes and damsels in distress. Spicy concoctions composed with consummate skill, delectable to the palate.

It’s all here and waiting. Draw back the beaded curtain and head straight for the morning sunrise.

THE SPORTING SCENE

IN SEARCH OF A SEASON

SCORECARD: Early June. July and midseason creeping up, yet baseball year still at loose ends. Distracting sort of campaign, suggesting no-score ballgame in which 15 baserunners stranded in first 4 innings; eventful yet forgettable. To date: Hank Aaron wafts 1 doz. homers, passing W. Mays and running maybe 1½ seasons short of the Babe's 714. Willie probably relieved. Willie also rejuvenated & rejoicing as new Met, out from under heavy 20-yr. burden as Giants' deity & leader, plays occasional 1B or OF for Metsies, signs autogs., runs bases like a 10-speed bike, wins games. Maysless Giants (also McCoveyless, thanks to broken McC. wing) plummet to N.L. West cellar. Similar early fatuity for a while afflicts Baltimore, perennial A.L. Ozymandias (now down to 1 Robinson, after winter trade of F. Robby to Dodgers), whose grizzled vets rarely hit ball beyond infield, let alone into stands. Total early Oriole departure from race prevented only by lack of consist. or zing among other A.L. East clubs. Cleveland like a mayfly—takes early wing, expires on same afternoon. Tigers like bullfrog escaping a well—jumps up three feet, slips back two. Yankees . . . Yankees like nothing in nature. Most sedative BB team in memory, so uninspired as to suggest bestowal of new sobriquet: Bronx Sashweights? CBS Plastercasts? Red Sox, diminished by tradeoff of dissidents & gripers, lose injured Yastrzemski for early going; Yaz previously heavily booed at Fenway, has not hit much for almost 1 yr. Mystery.

Celebrity sicklist also incls. Twins' Tony Oliva and Giants' Juan Marichal, latter in bed with aching back after early 1 win–8 loss record. Similar unstoppering suffered by Cards' Bob Gibson, now back on track after early zip-5 mark. But the one true addition to annals of human fatuity this yr. is utter failure to retire major-league hitters (and later, in and around bushes of Birmingham, Ala., *minor-league* hitters) displ. by once colorful, now pathetic Denny McLain. Denny's extinguishment nearly accompanied by similar disapp. of Vida Blue, last year's Lochinvar & this year's toilet-fixture exec., who took new employment during long salary holdout vs. Oakland boss Charles O. Finley (chance here to use word "ineffable")—the *ineffable* Charles O. Finley, whose difficulties with help are legend. *All* BB owners' difficulties with help now legend. Owners mostly, almost wholly, respons. for players' strike. (Chance here to use other descript. adjectives. Resist impulse.) Strike wipes out 1st 2 weeks of play, gets season off to unstart that prob. still casts aforesaid sense of distraction & foolishness over entire BB scene.

(Historical note, proving game no longer hobbled by hoary traditions, superstitions: Phillies, in midst of terrible losing streak, refuse to fire manager. Fire *general* manager instead. Go on losing.)

THE STRIKE: There will be no attempt here to recapitulate the issues in that painful and tedious dispute, except to recall that the Players Association from the beginning offered to compromise or submit to arbitration its ultimate point of difference with the owners—the use of accumulated funds in the players' pension plan to increase the benefits currently being paid out. The owners declared any accommodation to be an absolute impossibility until eighty-six games and several million dollars in revenue had drained away, whereupon they compromised, exactly as they could have done before the deadlock set in. A last-minute modicum of patience on both sides might have averted the whole thing, but not everyone wanted peace. It is clear that some of the more dedicated Cro-Magnons among the owners (including the Cardinals' Gussie Busch, the Reds' Frank Dale, the Mets' Donald Grant, and the Royals' Ewing Kauffman) saw the strike as a precious opportunity to strain, and perhaps crack, the labor union of their upstart, ungrateful young employees, and, above all, to discredit its executive director, Marvin Miller. Most of the owners, to be sure, would deny such an intention, but the unchanging and apparently unchangeable characteristic of their fraternity is its total distaste for self-discipline—a flaw that anarchizes the entire body and repeatedly renders it victim to its loudest and least responsible minority. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, who has been criticized for not playing a stronger hand in settling the strike, does not in fact have *any* power over the owners in such a crucial situation; these businessmen, in contrast to the players, chose to remain undirected and largely unadvised throughout the crisis.

The corporate masochism of baseball scarcely ranks as news, and neither labor relations nor the size of players' pensions is, in truth, foremost among the game's problems. The sense of dismay and foreboding left by the strike now attaches itself inevitably to more complex difficulties, most notably the deepening disparity in quality and attendance between the two major

leagues. Last year's record total attendance did not conceal the fact that the National League outdrew the American by nearly five and a half million customers—17,324,857 to 11,858,560. The gap is widening this year, with the N.L. running ahead of last season's comparable attendance figures, and the A.L. behind. The difference between the leagues in quality and attractiveness of play is harder to prove, but it can be suggested: so far this spring, National League batters have hit over one hundred more home runs than their American League counterparts. New ballparks attract new customers: the American League has four modern parks (counting the stadium to be opened next year in Kansas City), but, with the exception of Wrigley Field, every park in the National League is less than fifteen years old.

Explanations can be offered for these differences, of course, but none of them hold out much hope for an essential future rebalancing; indeed, the omens point quite the other way. The only long-range suggestion put forward to date is a realignment of all twenty-four major-league clubs into new leagues—possibly a regional lineup of three eight-team leagues: Eastern, Central, and Southern-Western. A further, accompanying alteration would be the introduction of a limited number of interleague games during the regular season, arranged so that every big-league ballplayer could be seen by fans in every big-league city within the span of two seasons. The plan is startling and perhaps imperfect, but it is surely worth intensive scrutiny at the top levels of baseball. I am convinced, however, that traditionalists need have no fear that it will be adopted. Any amalgamation would require the National League owners in effect to diminish their profits by absorbing some of the American League's recent losses; it would require all the owners to subdue their differences, to delegate real authority, to accept change, and to admit that they share an equal responsibility for everything that happens to their game. And that, to judge by their past record and by their performance in the strike, is exactly what they will never do.

Most recently, the Supreme Court's refusal to consider the antitrust implications of baseball's reserve clause, which was challenged in Curt Flood's suit, means without a doubt that this difficult and inflammatory issue will now be thrown down between the owners and the Players Association. It

Bonwit's exclusive Super-Bag to the rescue!

Our super-size canvas tote with zippy pocket folds flat into your suitcase, reappears, bigger than life, just in the knick of time! Gets you and everything under the sun to your beach or country hideaway faster than a flash. In white cotton canvas with red, black or white pocket, 7" x 17" x 16", 14.00 Add 1.25 outside delivery area.

Luggage
Bonwit Teller
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all stores

BONWIT TELLER

Dear America,

I wish you would see Cayman. The people who come here always love it. Some days I take them bone fishing. Some days we go diving. They always say they're never been anyplace like these islands. And almost always next year, they come back.

The People of The Cayman Islands

Cayman Islands Tourist Board
125 S.E. 3rd Avenue, Miami, Fla. 33131
Please send me your brochure that tells all about the Caymans.

Name__________
Address__________
City______ State______ Zip______

NR2d

WE'RE IN THE EIGHTH CONTINENT OF THE WORLD

Bet you can't love just one.

They're St. Croix's foremost beachfront twosome. Stay at one. Get all guest privileges at the other. Your choice.

Gorgeous accommodations. Lively informal fun and action. And delightfully cool tradewinds for the most perfect weather in the Caribbean.

Bet you'll love both. Now, at a low, low price. From $10 per person per day European Plan April 15-December 17

(Maximum rate: $21)

Grapetree Bay Hotel
•
BEACH HOTEL
OF GRAPETREE BAY

ON THE WONDERFUL BEACHES OF BEAUTIFUL GRAPETREE BAY.
P.O. Box "Z", Christiansted,
St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands 00820

See your travel agent, write direct or call
HETLAND & STEVENS, INC.
New York: (212) 867-1450
Boston: (617) 266-1370 • Chicago: (312) 372-4383
Also in Dallas, Miami, Ft. Lauderdale and Toronto.

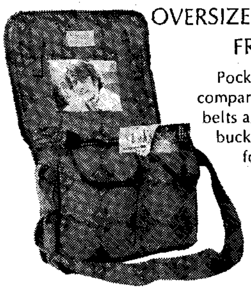
Tonight

. . . take your cocktails casually in our oak-paneled lounge. And your food seriously, with New York's liveliest conversation.

◆ Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
◆ Supper: 9:30 on . . . and on.

HOTEL Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert

59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:45 p.m.-2 a.m.)



OVERSIZED SCHOOLBAG FROM DENMARK

Pockets, sheaths, pouches, compartments galore! Lots of belts and zippers. Straps and buckles pull it all together for a great casual look. A favorite of models, photographers and travelers because there's always a place to stuff one more thing. In squashy gray canvas. Roomy 15½" x 13" x 5". Perfect "carry-on" flight bag.

$15.50 postpaid

THE CHOCOLATE SOUP
328 East 9th Street New York 10003

will form a central area of contention when the over-all players' agreement, governing every aspect of their profession, comes up for renegotiation this winter. Congress is holding a number of hearings on the monopolistic aspects of professional sports, but few congressmen in an election year are anxious to shiver the foundations of a national institution like baseball. The coming winter could be another long one, lasting well into April again, or beyond.

HOME STAND: Shea Stadium was instant compensation for the emptiness of early April. I first got there for an afternoon game with the Cubs that matched up Tom Seaver and a junior right-hander named Burt Hooton, who in his previous start had astonished the nation's news-famished fans by pitching an opening-day no-hitter against the Phillies. Any statistical anxiety he may have brought with him because of this feat was dispersed by Bud Harrelson, who hit his third pitch of the game to left field for a double. Hooton throws an anomaly called the knuckle curve—a unique private invention that causes the pitched ball to drop into the catcher's glove like a coin into a pay telephone—and he now began retiring Mets in clusters. Seaver responded with plain but honest All-American fast balls, and in one stretch twenty-one successive Mets and Cubs between them managed two outfield flies before Eddie Kranepool finally singled in the fifth and came around to score the first run in Seaver's 2–0, four-hit win. There were some new faces in the Mets' lineup, and one painfully missed figure in the dugout: Manager Gil Hodges, who had collapsed and died two days after the end of spring training. There must be very few of us who exulted through the Mets' triumphant campaign of 1969 who do not retain some similar permanent portrait of Gil Hodges—enormous hands thrust inside the pockets of his blue windbreaker; his heavy, determinedly expressionless face under the long-billed cap; and his pale, intelligent gaze that presided over that turbulent summer and somehow made it come right for his young team and for us all.

Two stimulating comeback wins over the Dodgers and the Giants in the same week in May began to suggest to me the depth and resourcefulness of this new Mets team, already comfortably settled into first place in its division. On a frigid leftover-winter night, the Los Angelenos surprised the Mets' rookie starter, Jon Matlack, with eight hits and four runs in the first four innings, one score coming on a home run by Frank Robinson, the famous ex-Oriole. It was a Robby Special—a first-pitch line drive jerked to left with the loud and terminal "*whock!*" that causes sensitive pitchers instantly to avert their gaze, as if from a grade-crossing accident. In the fourth, however, the Mets executed a dandy outfield peg and relay—Agee to Martinez to Grote—that wiped out a Dodger runner at the plate, and Matlack, thus heartened, pitched obdurately and nearly perfectly while his teammates caught up. The tying run came on Rusty Staub's homer in the eighth inning, and the winning run—deep in the stilly night, hours after the last hot coffee had run out at Shea—came in the fourteenth, on a tiny two-out infield poke by Teddy Martinez, who simply outran the peg to first while Harrelson scored from third.

Two nights later, with the Giants at Shea, everyone in the park took out his pencil and put a circle around Willie Mays' name on the left-hand, San Francisco side of the scorecard and then drew a long line and an arrow that moved it over to the right-hand roster. Willie had been signed up by the Mets the day before, and was on the field as a non-Giant for the first time in his life. It was a strange feeling—intoxicating for Mets fans and yet sad, too. Something fixed in our baseball universe had been taken down. He did not play that night, but the subtraction of Mays and the injured McCovey from the Giants' lineup gave that team an entirely new aspect; they were suddenly a young, fast, largely unknown club, far from contention now but full of new promise. The Mays deal, one sensed, had been right for them, too. Their next great star was well in evidence. He is Dave Kingman, a six-foot-six first baseman and power hitter who moves and runs with remarkable mobility and quickness; showing quick hands as well, he rapped out a double and two singles.

The Mets, I realized, had been wholly altered by the *addition* of two names this season—Staub and Jim Fregosi, the latter an admirable and experienced All-Star infielder acquired from the Angels. For the first time in memory, the Mets' batting order seemed to have both a top and a bottom. Its middle—the No. 4 man—is Staub, late of the Montreal Expos, a large, marmalade-colored right fielder, who invariably plays bare-armed, catches fly balls one-handed, and hits against left- and right-handed pitchers in the same fashion—that is, with consistency, adequate power, and a burning, almost exultant concentration. He will be a sporting deity in New York for years or decades to come.

In that Giants game, the Mets were shy a run in the bottom of the eighth when the pitcher was due to bat, and enormous cries of "We want Willie!" now rose in the night air. Manager Yogi Berra, however, resisted the invitation and properly sent up a left-handed hitter, John Milner, who walked and was duly moved up and neatly scored. In the ninth, the bottom of the order finished it off—walk to Jones, single by Fregosi, and the game-winning hit up the middle by Grote. The Mets, winning by 2–1, were on their way to what eventually became an eleven-game victory streak. Two days later, Willie Mays made his début as a Met, playing against his old team. Displaying his customary sense of occasion, always as close to perfect as that of Mme. Perle Mesta, he smashed a fifth-inning home run that won the game.

(Miniquiz: Willie Mays had always worn No. 24 on his uniform. The same number was worn this spring by a reserve outfielder for the Mets named Jim Beauchamp. Q: When Willie became a Met, which of them was asked to change his uniform number? *Answer next week.*)

ON THE ROAD: I began my first road trip one day too late. The night before I arrived in Los Angeles, the Houston Astros had beaten the Dodgers with a three-run catch-up homer struck with two out in the ninth by Astro third baseman Doug Rader, and then a bases-loaded squeeze bunt by Tommy Helms in the eleventh. I saw the same teams in three taut, edgy pitchers' duels—the Dodgers winning the first two by 2–1 and 3–0, to recapture a fractional lead in their division, which they then lost right back to the visitors in the last game, 2–1. Excellent baseball, I had to admit, if a bit austere. And not all *that* austere, either, since Dodger manager Walt Alston was trying out an infield—third baseman Steve Garvey, shortstop Bill Russell, second baseman Bobby Valentine, and first baseman Bill Buckner—that averages twenty-two and a half years old and plays electrifying, in every sense of the word, ball. Buckner won the first game with a two-run double, making up for a run flung away by Garvey; Valentine and Garvey drove in two of the three runs the next day, atoning for an egregious bobble and an embarrassing wild heave by Russell. The Dodger pitchers in those games, Claude Osteen and Al Downing, threw a lot of sinker balls, which the Astro batters helpfully hammered into the dirt, thus giving the home-team kiddies plenty of infield practice.

That second game, on Saturday, was actually settled on Houston hurler Dave Roberts' first pitch of the evening, which Bobby Valentine hit over the center-field fence. Everybody was swinging at first pitches, it turned out, and the game went by so quickly that there was scarcely time for a visiting Easterner to appreciate the soft, late sunshine gilding the nearby San Gabriel Mountains, or for the Dodger promotion corps to get all its messages up on the scoreboard: "HAPPY ANNIVERSARY NO. 1 TO THE KEITH GUSTAVSONS." . . . "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO BRUCE GERSON, SPENDING HIS 8TH STRAIGHT BIRTHDAY AT A DODGER GAME." . . . "WELCOME TO DORITH ZACHAIM, SEEING THE DODGERS SHE READ ABOUT IN HAIFA, ISRAEL." Downing whizzed through the Astro lineup, giving up but two singles, and the game was over in exactly ninety minutes, a new Dodger Stadium record. ("I don't think we ought to get paid for that one," Wes Parker said.) As Bruce Gerson probably figured out on his way home, the earned-run average of the Dodger pitching corps now stood at 1.84, the best in the majors.

The Houston infield, though less winsome than the Los Angeles youth movement, is splendidly accomplished. It is half home-grown—Doug Rader and a redoubtable shortstop named Roger Metzger—and half imported—Tommy Helms at second and the dangerous Lee May at first, the latter two having arrived from Cincinnati last winter in a trade that has transformed Houston into a certified pennant contender. Whatever the adventures of the Astros this summer, none of them will forget the ending of the final Dodger game. Walter Alston, with his club down by a run in the bottom of the ninth, now began to make use of his varsity. Wes Parker (who had played the entire game at first) led off with a single—only the fifth hit off Astro

EVERBLOOMIN'

Hybrid Tea Roses
Old Roses

by Anne Ophelia Dowden

Enjoy summer loveliness year 'round with this pair of Collector Prints by one of America's leading botanical artists.

Signed Limited Edition
Size: 12" x 18½" $20.00 pair

SEND $1 FOR COMPLETE CATALOG OF THE FRAME HOUSE GALLERY COLLECTION

Frame House Gallery, Inc.
Department NY-712
110 East Market Street
Louisville, Kentucky 40202
Telephone: (502) 587-7424

Dealerships available in some areas

Christmas Cards

The new catalogue of the famous Museum Christmas cards—an unparalleled selection of paintings, drawings, goldsmiths' work, stained glass, sculpture, and graphics ranging across fifty centuries. ☆ Unusual Museum Christmas presents include exact copies of ancient jewelry in gold and silver, sculpture, rare early American glass, porcelain, the new engagement calendar, *Beasts of Earth & Air*, and the new snowflake wrought in sterling. The cards are priced from 10 to 35 cents; the Christmas presents from $2.75 to $150. They are made especially for the Museum and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Send the coupon below to reserve your copy of the 72-page color catalogue to be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N6
*Name*__________
*Address*__________
__________ ZIP ______

Harvest a new way of life at Hilltop Place

If you wish to retire in a superb environment where a new and rewarding life awaits you, consider Hilltop Place.

This small group of highly distinctive, carefree condominium residences is located in New London, New Hampshire, a small college town in the heart of the Lake Sunapee recreation area, 2 hours from Boston and ½ hour from Hanover. For our full brochure, write

Hilltop Place of New London Incorporated
Box 10,
New London,
N.H. 03257.

THIS OFFER IS VOID WHERE PROHIBITED.

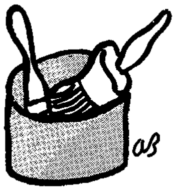
Help stamp out soft crackers

ELECTRIC BRISKER® Keeps crisp foods dry and oven-fresh indefinitely, even in the most soggy atmospheric conditions. The only appliance of its kind, the Electric Brisker applies the principle of dehumidification to protect the flavor and crispness of such foods as crackers, potato chips, cereals, nuts and pretzels. Keeps salt shakers free-flowing. It's the "in" thing . . . a welcome asset in any home, boat or camper. U.L. approved; 115 volt AC for home; 6, 12 and 32 volt DC for boats and campers. 18¾" x 11" x 11". Polished chrome or satin copper finishes. At fine gift shops and hardware stores, or order now by mail. Literature free on request. Write:

BRISKER® PRODUCTS $24.95
Add $1.75 Ship. & Hdlg. — $3.00 West of Rockies
2343 Gilbert Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206

The unspoiled resort on an unspoiled island
Bakoua Beach Hotel
FORT-DE-FRANCE, MARTINIQUE, F.W.I.
Incredible, beautiful beaches, lofty mountains and the sea green sea.
Awarded 4-Star, Top Rating by French Tourism Commission
Write direct, see your Travel Agent or call
I. Oliver Engebretson, Inc.
-NEW YORK 980-3810

starter Jerry Reuss. Maury Wills, pinch-hitting, sacrificed Parker to second. Jim Lefebvre, pinch-hitting, ripped a scorching grounder past Doug Rader at third base. It *was* past, between Rader and the bag, but Rader dived full-length to his right, flinging out his glove cross-handed as he skidded in the dirt, and came up with the ball. He sprang up, losing his cap, and managed a colliding tag of the astonished Wes Parker, who was on his way in from second with the sure tying run. The game ended a minute later, and afterward Walt Alston, now in his nineteenth year at the Dodger helm, said, "That may be the greatest play I've ever seen." Doug Rader, a sharp-faced young man, burnished with freckles, said, "Ah, I made one just as good back with Durham in '65." Joke. Rader had also hit that two-out homer in the first game of the series, and now he said, "Oh, everything is so damned *different* when you're with a club up on top. It's great, isn't it? Isn't it great? Oh, I hope it's like this all year!" I hung up the Rader catch in my gallery—in the small inner room, between an early Clete Boyer and a couple of Brooks Robinsons.



MOTOWN: You never can tell. Approaching Detroit, my next stop, I told myself that a couple of upcoming mismatches between the Tigers and the cellar-dwelling Milwaukee Brewers, a club then batting .184, would at least offer a chance to watch such celebrated veteran Detroit sluggers as Al Kaline, Norm Cash, and Jim Northrup strut their stuff. The only stuff on view the first night, it turned out, was some marvellous pitching by the Brewers' Jim Lonborg, the erstwhile Boston ace, who entirely dominated the evening. It was a warm late-May night, summer having finally caught up with baseball, and the smallish crowd, having nothing much to cheer about, fell into a soft, languid murmuration. Tiger Stadium is an old-style city ballpark, an ancient green chamber, and the sounds of baseball enclosed there seemed to come out of the past—the click of the news ticker in the rooftop press box, an infielder's whistle, a brief little burst of clapping from somewhere down the third-base line, and then some laughter in the stands following a mighty strike call ("*Streuahh!*") by the home-plate ump. The baseball writers were eating ice cream. In time, a cool evening breeze sprang up, and the Brewers scored a pair of runs in the seventh, and Lonborg, with his sinking fastball reminding us of his great summer of 1967, wrapped up his four-hit shutout. Just another baseball evening, but in Detroit these particular evenings will soon be gone. Within three or four years, in all likelihood, the Tigers will give up their park (formerly known as Briggs Stadium, Navin Field, and—way back—Bennett Park), where they have always played ball, and move into a new enclosed stadium on Detroit's waterfront. Attendance will go up, no doubt, but it will be a different crowd, making different sounds. The dome cometh.

The Tigers won the next night, but not in style. In the sixth, their starter, Les Cain, was sailing along, still untouched, when he suddenly lost all poise and control, walked the bases full, and was yanked, shockingly, while still working on a no-hitter. There were other causes for dismay—errors by the Brewer infield and unfervent play by the Tiger outfield—before Detroit came from behind for a 5–3 win. A real pennant race between the Tigers and the Orioles this summer would be a tonic for the American League, but I was forced to conclude that the Tiger pitching (behind Mickey Lolich and Joe Coleman, that is) looked thin, and the Tiger attack a bit stolid. Still, I had not seen them play any baseball that could be called testing.

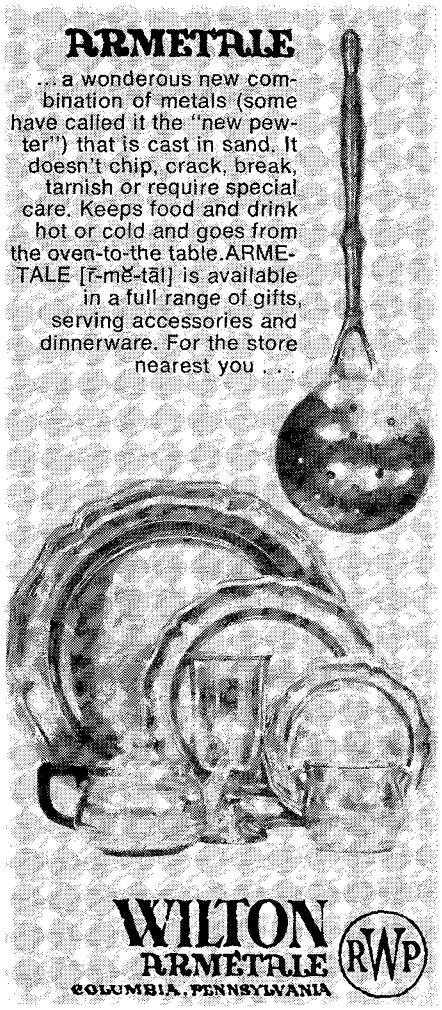
BAL'MORE: One possible cure for the American League's attendance problems might be some form of massive group therapy for baseball fans in Baltimore. Although the Orioles are the class of the league, having attained the World Series four times in the past six years, their townspeople have responded with gingerly enthusiasm. The Orioles invariably draw more on the road than at home, where attendance barely reaches the million mark each year, and there are always a few seats in Memorial Stadium that go begging at World Series time. This year, Baltimore may be the only city to evidence any continuing public disaffection as a result of the players' strike, and when I got to town early in June a number of cabdrivers (famous, even in this capital of low confidence, for their grousing) told me with relish how quickly Bal'more folks had turned against Brooks Robinson for saying during the strike that the players' cause was a just one. The Orioles' attendance, I learned, was already ninety thousand lower than last year's comparable figures, but some of this was attributable to rain-outs and to the fact that the team, though still only a half game out of first place, was bumping along barely above the .500 mark. Most of the Birds' old regulars had been suffering frightful difficulties at the plate. Don Buford was batting .217, Mark Belanger .170, Andy Etchebarren .164, and Boog Powell .157, and Brooks Robinson had not hit a homer all year. (When I asked Earl Weaver, the Baltimore manager, if he missed Frank Robinson, he said, "Hell, we've missed Boog a lot more.") Only the ardent play of some brilliant young strangers named Terry Crowley, Don Baylor, and Bobby Grich—all up from Rochester, in the Orioles' richly stocked farm system—had kept the team alive while it waited for the seniors' inevitable untracking.

Losing is hard on champions. That first evening, before another minuscule audience, the estimable Dave McNally, a twenty-game winner for the past four years, fell behind the visiting Red Sox in the very first inning, two runs coming in on a single by Rico Petrocelli that barely wormed its way through the left side of the infield. An inning later, McNally was groaning and glaring at home-plate ump Art Frantz, who was not giving him the corners. Now, in quick succession, the Sox' Doug Griffin nubbed a little infield single and Carlton Fisk hit a fly ball that barely slipped over the left-field fence for a homer. Boston pitcher Sonny Siebert smashed the next pitch on a line right at McNally, who just managed to get his glove up in time to avoid dismemberment. With steam now pouring from his ears, McNally nailed the next batter, Tommy Harper, on the elbow, and, his day and game ruined, departed the mound almost before Manager Weaver could come out and get him. Later in the evening, with the Red Sox ahead by 7–1 after an unchallenging single had gone right past Brooks Robinson at third, Boog Powell took a Siebert strike thrown just as he started to back out of the box, took a called change-up, took a fast ball up and in, and fanned badly on still another junky curve to end the inning; he spun his batting helmet away and, finding the ball on the ground, kicked it all the way into center field.

A somewhat larger company turned up the next evening to see Vida Blue and the Oakland A's, the best of the West. Weaver benched both Powell and Brooks Robinson, and Don Baylor and Bobby Grich each hit a single and stole a base in the second inning, giving the home team the lead in its eventual and reassuring 5–1 win. Blue, making only his second start since the end of his long holdout, worked with his customary and delightful coiled-python delivery and looked as quick as ever, if not yet quite fine. He departed after five innings, down by four runs but having thrown only one bad pitch—a high curve that Paul Blair hit way up and way out for a homer. The A's looked formidable even while losing, and now bear the mysterious but essential demeanor of total confidence that always marks a superior ball team. The Oakland players also bore some other new distinguishing marks—mustaches that the entire team (with the brave exception of infielder Mike Hegan) had sprouted at the behest of owner Finley for a coming Mustache Day promotion at his home park. Bribe, not behest: Finley paid three hundred dollars for each mustache.

In the clubhouse, Vida Blue (his own mustache is a barely visible first effort) said that he was unsatisfied with his performance but not entirely unsurprised. Pitching form is not instantly attainable. Since his holdout and, before that, his sudden celebrity of last summer, Blue has become a guarded, sombre, and apparently unhappy young man. His salary dispute did not win much support from his teammates (who also proved that they can win without him), and the famous holdout seems in retrospect an unfortunate affair in which both sides took defensible but conceivably mistaken stands. Yes, Vida brought out many thousands of fans last year, and yes, he was badly underpaid. On the other hand, yes, he had shown only a bare half-season of brilliance in his career so far. What was lost, in the end, was a spring-training season in which Blue could have worked on his curve and otherwise directed his shining talents toward the time when he becomes a truly great pitcher—which is a position far more secure than that of a great gate attraction. He has, however, already improved in one respect over last year, for he is visibly larger and even more impressively muscled. I mentioned this to him, and he managed a smile. "I'm just a growin' boy," he said.

SCORECARD, CHI.: Quick trip Windy City to ck. out ex-doormat White Sox. Attend. up 338 thou. last yr., already up another 120 thou. this yr. Pale Hose BO smash, also in 2nd


ARMETALE
... a wonderous new combination of metals (some have called it the "new pewter") that is cast in sand. It doesn't chip, crack, break, tarnish or require special care. Keeps food and drink hot or cold and goes from the oven-to-the table. ARMETALE [ī-mĕ-tāl] is available in a full range of gifts, serving accessories and dinnerware. For the store nearest you . . .
WILTON ARMETALE
RWP
COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA

There are certain people who live extremely well at home and prefer to do so when they travel.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston

GOLF COUNTER
Useful gift for a golfing friend...

Men's model (black, white, red) $5.95
Ladies' model (black white, red, blue) $5.95
Key chain (black, white, red) $5.95
Add $0.55 for shipment via Air Parcel Post.
Little Switzerland
P. O. Box 887 St. Thomas, U.S.V.I. 00801

In New York...
The Elegant, quiet, secure place to stay
The Lombardy HOTEL
Complimentary Continental breakfast served in your room. Gracious dining in the Restaurant Laurent. Each completely air-conditioned room and suite has serving pantries.
Single, $35 to $37; Double, $42 to $44; Two-Room Suite, $58 to $70. Also by the week, month or annually.
The LOMBARDY HOTEL
Kathleen Brick, RESERVATIONS
111 E. 56th St., New York 10022
(JUST OFF PARK AVENUE)
212 PLaza 3-8600

Quiet, Unique Murray Hill Duplex Apartment
E 35th St. off Park Ave. Tree-lined St. 5-rm 3-bath air cond. dupl. apt. in charming townhouse. Garden at ent. LR/DR wdbrn. frpl, leaded-glass French window-wall overlooking own tree-shaded garden. Excell. kitchen, maid's rm, bath, closets. Lower Fl: lge. rm. wdbrn frpl, bath, wdrbs, sliding door to priv. patio/garden. 2nd rm bath, wdrbs, windows onto ent. garden. Near all trans., stores, services. Rental $700 per mo. Larger duplex avail. (212) 685-0854.

JAMAICA
Half Moon
HALF MOON HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY
Represented by
Hetland & Stevens, Inc. in New York, (212) TN 7-1450
Dallas, (214) RI 2-4861; Miami, (305) 379-7691

place A.L. West. More bad planning: Arrive 1 day after Sox sweep Yanks in Sunday doubleheader, before 51,904 ecstat. fans. Popular Mgr. Chuck Tanner drew raspberry when he benched new Chi. godling Dick Allen for much needed rest in nightcap. Tanner then drew heavy mitting when he called on Allen to pinch-hit in bottom ninth with Sox down by 4–2. Allen hit 3-run homer, won game. All Chi. transported, mad with old-fash. BB fever. Typical perform. by Allen. Typical perform. by Tanner. Dick Allen is ex-Richie Allen, erstwhile unhappy itinerant N.L. big bopper traded off by 3 clubs in 3 yrs., includ. last winter from LA Dodgers. Richie now Dick by own request. See Dick hit. See Dick run. Dick happy in new home.

Out to White Sox Park, still known everywhere by old handle, Comiskey Park. Old, white, steep-sided park, looks like docked paddle-wheel steamer. (Rumors used to hold environs of Park—Southside Chi.—a dangerous place for fans after night games; Sox began winning, rumors heard no more.) Chisox uniforms feature red pinstripes & red hose with *picture* of white sock on each calf. Decadence?

Night game vs. Boston (again). Chisox not one-man team. Also feature excell. Carlos May, Mike Andrews, & nearly unknown '71 A.L. HR champion Bill Melton at 3B. Melton has hit 66 HRs in past 2 seasons. Also Wilbur Wood, portly portside knuckleballer, winner 22 games last season. Now Wood starts vs. Siebert (again). Bosox win, natch: 2–0. No foundation all down the line. No matter. Stay happy watching Richie—oops, Dick—doing his thing. Enormous man. Head nearly hidden under dishlike batting helmet. Glittery eyeglasses, droopy mustachios, odd eyebrows. Somehow suggests Levantine prince. Platformlike shoulders & long, lean legs also suggest Allen poured into uniform upside down. Nifty glove in field around 1B, has all the moves. *Enjoys* self. In bat. box, shifts minutely back & forth on long, floppy feet, awaiting pitch. Waves tremendous 40-oz. bat, swings through, holds back wrists. *Strong.* In v. first inning, whips bat like flyswatter—*whap!*—& ball leaps to deep LF, caroms off wall on 1 bounce. Dick instant. into 2B with double. V. fast runner. Allen currently tied for 2nd place A.L. homers (11), tied 3rd place BA (.315), 1st place RBI (40). Whew.

Next day. Mgr. Tanner soft-spoken yet volub. skipper. Young, bronzed face, snowy sideburns. Credits many for Chisox rise, incl. famed pitching coach J. Sain, known for unorth. methods. Much travelled Sain the Johnny Appleseed of 20-game winners. Tanner emphs. defense, shows v. interesting charts kept of every opp. A.L. hitter. Charts color-coded accord. to Chi. pitchers, show site of every fair ball hit in season, suggest defens. shifts. No wonder modern bat. aves. so low! Tanner on Allen: Finest BB player anywhere. Will go from Chisox straight into Hall of Fame, etc. Does not comment on Allen's distaste for reg. hours, public appearances, batting pract., spring training, etc. Tanner knows right thing to know about Allen: Superstar.

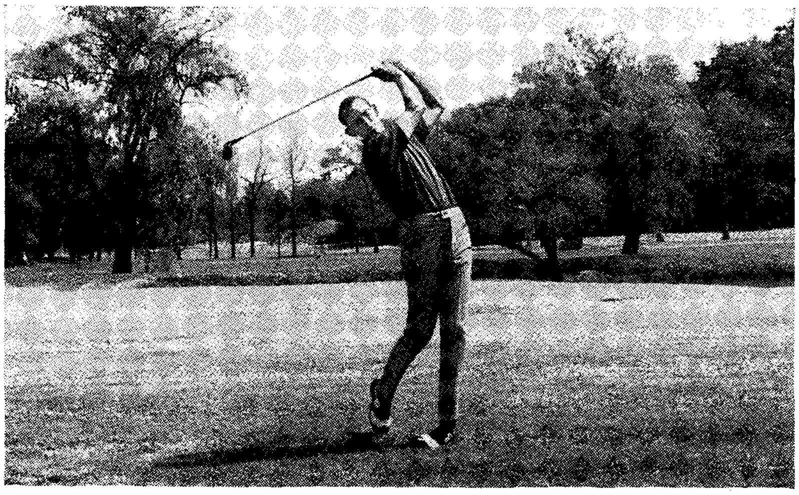
Chisox take on Bosox again in afternoon. Chisox now play all home Wed. games in aft., for night workers, children, etc. Commendable. V. pop. Chisox broadcaster Harry Caray also works Wed. games from seat in CF bleachers, delighting kids. Kids further delighted now when Dick Allen rips 1st inn. pitch *to CF for triple & RBI.* Whew. Game then runs down, stops, dies, thanks to Luis Tiant, Bost. pitcher. Tiant a famous mound dawdler. Stands on hill like sunstruck archeologist at Knossos. Regards ruins. Studies sun. Studies landscape. Looks at artifact in hand. Wonders: Keep this potsherd or throw it away? Does Smithsonian want it? Hmm. Prepares to throw it away. Pauses. Sudd. discovers *writing* on object. Hmm. Possible Linear B inscript.? Sighs. Decides. Throws. Wipes face. Repeats whole thing. Innings & hours creep by. Spectators clap, yawn, droop, expire. In stands, 57 disloc. jaws set new modern A.L. record, single game. Somebody wins game in end, can't remember who.

BELONGING: Arriving late for an afternoon game against the Reds, I found the Shea parking lot filled and was forced to explore some of the distant Queens outback before finding an empty space in front of a lumberyard. The game was already under way when I came hurrying across the lot past acres of metal heating in the sun. Looking up around the big scoreboard, I could see crowds packing the steep, curving stands against the sky. Tom Seaver was starting for the Mets, so I wasn't worried about missing much, but then, as I came closer, I heard the voice of the public-address announcer from inside the stadium: "Batting for Cincinnati in the fourth poh-sition . . ." Bad. The Reds had a man on, at least. There were confused cries, and I heard "Batting in the fifth poh-sition . . ." I had never before realized that a public-address man omits *all* the essential information about a game. I began to run. More noises, more cries. "Batting in the sixth poh-sition . . ." What was going *on*? Maybe there had been a last-minute switch in the Mets' pitching rotation. Maybe—There was a long ascending roar, suddenly cut off. Now I was almost next to the stands in left. Sweating, I stopped and tried to peer back at the face of the scoreboard, but the angle was still wrong. "Batting in the seventh poh-sition . . ."

It was all true. In time, I got to my seat and saw the big "4" up on the board for the Reds' first. I picked up the details of the disaster from my neighbors: singles by Pete Rose and Joe Morgan, a ground out, a scoring sacrifice fly, and then another single to Perez and a two-run homer, *just* fair, by Joe Hague. All this off Tom Seaver. It looked like a ruined day. But then, quickly, in the home half of the first, Agee walked, was singled along, and came home on another single, by Cleon Jones. 4–1 now. Matters improved further in the second, when Seaver struck out Darrel Chaney and Rose, and in the next inning the crowd came to its feet shouting when he did in Bench and Perez, both on big, swinging strikes. Whatever had ailed Tom (simply high pitches, he said later) was over with; his good fast ball was working, and a sense of waiting had come back to this game. Mays and Staub were stranded in the third, and Fregosi in the fourth, but then Willie, leading off in the fifth, banged a single off Cincinnati pitcher Ross Grimsley's leg. (Mays was on base four times that afternoon.) Bud Harrelson, going with the pitch, doubled off the left-field wall, sending Mays to third. He came in on an infield out, and then Rusty Staub lined a low shot that shortstop Joe Morgan dived for and missed, and the score was up to 4–3 and the noise insupportable.

So much and then no more. A double play ended that part of things, and in the sixth John Milner's bid for a pinch-hit home run was pulled down a few feet short. He had batted for Seaver, necessarily, and a few minutes later Tony Perez hit a 1–1 pitch by Danny Frisella over the 371-foot mark in right center, and the game was gone, this time for good. All that for nothing,

You'd drive the ball farther if you could slow down your swing.



A Minolta Autopak®, with its variable filming speed feature, can show you—in excruciating slow motion — what everybody's been telling you is wrong with your swing.

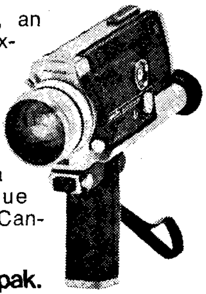
But that's just the beginning. With the Autopak's unique features and system of accessories, you can create cartoons out of children's drawings, or make a rose seem to bloom in two minutes.

No matter what the scene, an Autopak gives you the correct exposure automatically, instantly.

Minolta Autopak-8 cameras start at around $182, plus case, with optical-glass Rokkor zoom lens. Accessories extra.

For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Start to see life differently with a Minolta Autopak.



OPENING OCTOBER, 1972

A new landmark of luxury rises in San Francisco.

The luxurious new addition to the fine hotels of the Golden Gate City. Towering 30 stories with 500 magnificently sized guest rooms and suites. Bay windows with sweeping views. Color television and individual climate controls, of course. Bar-refrigerators in suites. Superb wining and Continental dining in the rooftop Pavilion Terrace and Lounge or the Polo Bar and Grill. A complete floor of meeting and banquet rooms for up to 450. In-hotel garage with valet parking service.

SAN FRANCISCO
THE Westbury
A KNOTT HOTEL
480 Sutter Street at Powell
San Francisco, California 94108
Telephone: (415) 398-8900

For reservations, any Knott Hotel, your local travel agent or call toll-free: **800-327-3384.**
In Canada (Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick): **1-800-361-8430.**
Brochure upon request.

Ballantine's

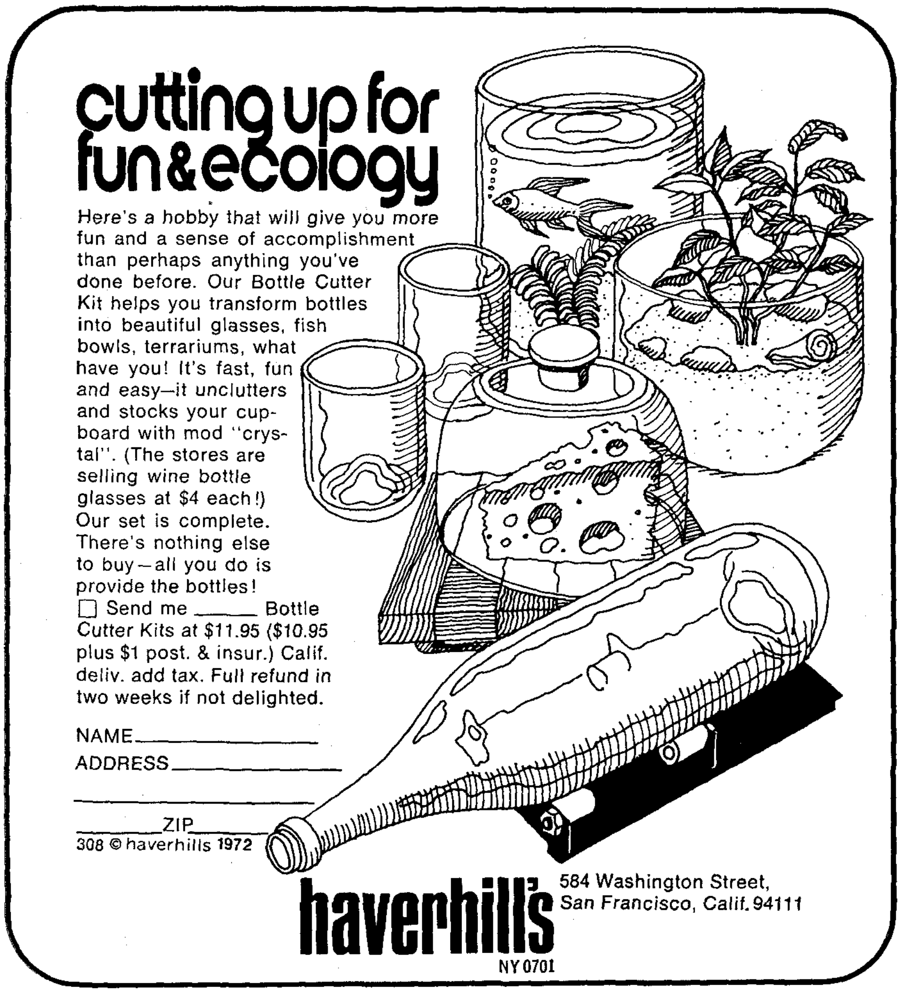
Loyalist of the month:

At a party, Leon Laufer refused to drink the host's scotch because it wasn't Ballantine's. The host, offended, punched Leon Laufer in the nose. Leon Laufer sued and collected $346,159.

Moral: It pays to be loyal.

Be a Ballantine's Loyalist

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC. N.Y.


cutting up for fun & ecology

Here's a hobby that will give you more fun and a sense of accomplishment than perhaps anything you've done before. Our Bottle Cutter Kit helps you transform bottles into beautiful glasses, fish bowls, terrariums, what have you! It's fast, fun and easy—it unclutters and stocks your cupboard with mod "crystal". (The stores are selling wine bottle glasses at $4 each!) Our set is complete. There's nothing else to buy—all you do is provide the bottles!

☐ Send me _____ Bottle Cutter Kits at $11.95 ($10.95 plus $1 post. & insur.) Calif. deliv. add tax. Full refund in two weeks if not delighted.

NAME__________

ADDRESS__________

____

__________ZIP__________

308 © haverhills 1972

haverhill's

584 Washington Street,
San Francisco, Calif. 94111

NY 0701

and later, as I walked back to the lumberyard and then fought my way slowly home through the traffic, there were other troubles to think about. This was the eighth straight game that Seaver had failed to finish, and his earned-run average, the best in the league last year, was way up. Jerry Koosman's arm was still untested, and the rest of the Mets' starting corps was unsteady at best. The team had now lost its last two series and most of its lead; the Pirates were only a couple of games back. In contrast to the familiar and often frail-looking home hitters (flash of Bud Harrelson leaning across the plate and flicking that double over third base), the Reds had looked frightening—Rose and then those two quick, remarkably fast hitters Morgan and Tolan, and then the sluggers Bench and Perez. And yet the Pirates were even better. Stargell and Clemente (don't think about him) and Sanguillen. . . . *Seven* of their regulars (it could not be possible) were batting over .300. And the Cubs were coming on fast, too. . . .

Since then, the troubles of Mets fans have deepened. The Pirates did catch up, pulled ahead, and were caught again, and just coming up (as this is written) are a pair of crucial Pittsburgh games at Shea. Rusty Staub has been benched with an injured wrist. Tommy Agee lost two successive games against Atlanta by unaccountably and impossibly dropping fly balls in the outfield. Troubles abound among other teams, of course, and also some hopes. Just lately, the Orioles won nine straight games, but still trail the Tigers by one. The White Sox are still second to Oakland, but slipping back. The Dodgers have fallen behind Houston; Houston has fallen behind Cincinnati. The Giants are seventeen games down. Yaz is back, and hitting a little. Three, maybe four, real pennant races are under way. Somehow, after that ridiculous and painful afternoon against the Reds, it all mattered to me again. Anxiety and difficulties afflict me, a fortunate fan, and this baseball season has begun to happen after all.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

NOTICE

The Boothbay Register office will be closed as usual on Friday in observance of Memorial Day, which is Tuesday, but will be observed on Monday, on which day the Register office will be open, having already observed it.—*Boothbay Harbor (Maine) Register.*

You don't catch a Maine Yankee swimming with the tide.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

You May See a Stranger, Across a Crowded Bed

SOME ass might one day buy the film rights of Nabokov's "Ada," I suppose; apart from that novel, though, just about the most unfilmable book of the last ten years must be Philip Roth's "Portnoy's Complaint." Ernest Lehman's picture that goes by the same name, written and directed by him, shoehorns out great chunks of the immensely funny novel and somehow still manages to make the movie depressingly uncomic, unerotic, and even dirty.

In the novel, Portnoy is a clownish creation of true splendor. Child of a metaphysical union of Jewish suffering and Jewish guilt, and bawling egomania daily to his psychoanalyst, he has his grown-up existence still through his repining mother and maddens his constipated father by practically taking over the bathroom to masturbate in the middle of his mama's smothering meals. His father gloomily swigs milk of magnesia and resents his son's endless adolescence. He resents it probably all the more because it is so obviously inherited from him. At thirty-three, Portnoy the younger is still fixed on masturbation in any form he can find it in. Two in a bed clearly strikes him as an unconvivial crowd, and when he tries three he is so busy that he eventually gives up the pretense of fun and staggers away to be sick.

In the novel, the one-joke device seems as generous as anything recent in the literature of buffoons. In the film, it seems terribly stingy. Philip Roth's Alex is played by Richard Benjamin, looking wan, perhaps because of the expense of energy asked of an actor to wring any verve or ethnic insight out of this dull-witted piece of movie writing and direction. (His girl friend is played by Karen Black, looking gorgeous.) All the *pain* in the character's comic predicament has gone. There seems no particular reason, on the evidence in the film, for him to be going to an analyst. It appears an insane waste of money. Obviously all that this character needs is privacy every two or three hours, someone else to hurt, so that he can shout that he is being made to suffer ("How dare you leave your blood on the tip of my shoe when I kick you!," so to speak), and a Jewish girl to quiet his mother down in exchange for all those French fries he insisted on eating away from her nice safe kitchen where she knew how to look after his sensitive stomach. The girl in the story is Gentile, but his mother welcomes having that to grumble about. The mother is played by Lee Grant, giving a bad revue performance unusual for her. (She was very fine in what she did for "In the Heat of the Night.")

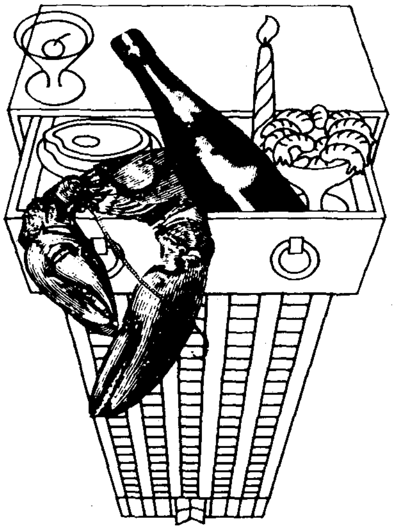
The book kept cruelty and anti-Semitism at bay, but the film has such a dud hand and such a misleading air of prettiness and romantic sop that it recalls something written by Richard Crossman in the London *Times* about *Der Stuermer*, the weekly organ of Julius Streicher, Hitler's chief Jew-baiter in Berlin in the thirties. Streicher was an abrasive and brilliant proselytizer "who relied for his success on one psychological trick," Crossman wrote. "He sugared the pill of anti-Semitism with a thick layer of sexual perversion. If some people find it exciting to imagine themselves in the arms of a beautiful blonde, others find it even more exciting to imagine her beauty being violated by a leering Jew. Looking at *Der Stuermer* I realized for the first time what Chaim Weizmann was later to expound to me at length, that every Gentile is infected by the anti-Semitic bacillus and that it can be activated by this particular association of ideas." I don't think for a moment that this activation happens with the book, which is a glorious spiral of literary hyperbole about tricky topics of sexuality, analysis, and Jewishness that Roth somehow manages to make entirely possible. But it happens in the film. No wonder the camerawork has a prevailing habit of cutting to a closeup of an irrelevant object, holding there, and then moving very slowly to a meaningless slice of somebody; the camera seems to have the eye action and brain content of some dope with a terrible hangover. And no wonder the analyst in the picture is an appalled creature who never once opens his mouth. All we see him do is take a note or two. "Buy margarine," he might be scribbling. The picture is a sorry outcome of a marvellous, dangerous example of literary going-too-far that masks great intelligence, bitterness, and gentleness. The spiritual temperament of the book is harsh, the voice is obdurate and lawless. The origin of this small-souled film is not a History of Gripes and Grumps but a Complaint in the antique and poetic sense.

THE nineteenth-century liberal and even the nineteenth-century wit, as we know, allowed themselves to believe that Neanderthal man was perfectible. The mid-twentieth-century liberal and even the mid-twentieth-century wit have allowed themselves to believe that the most achievably perfect man is Neanderthal at root, and that tinkering with him only leads back to the stage of his talking by hitting his conversant with a rock. "Savages," directed by James Ivory and written by Michael O'Donoghue and George Swift Trow—a film full of withering social comedy and a peculiar, erratic stateliness of style—enshrines this second view. Civilization is made to seem skin-deep, ornamental, absurd, a clubroom antimacassar behind the head of a man in woad.

Beautifully photographed by Walter Lassally (who did the early Cacoyannis films and "Tom Jones," among a lot of others), the picture begins in black-and-white, going into sepia, showing tribal formalities between mud-caked savages. How nearly like whist, or bridge, or table tennis, you are made to think. Your play, partner. I say, I'm sorry. Oh, well done! Then a mysterious croquet ball comes flying through the air, heavy with the symbolism of a more decorous life lying at the end of its curve. It entices the savages out of their jungle, wearing nothing much but hand-me-down earth, with long matted hair that looks like used pipe cleaners en masse. They follow the croquet ball into a world several millennia ahead of them in history. The ball lands in the gardens of a deserted country mansion with a classical portico. It looks the sort of place that Scott Fitzgerald might have chosen to set a novel in. Dress and etiquette quickly start to consume the little horde.

The croquet ball's voyage and its lure to a splendid, privileged house, where the film goes into color, stand in the picture for a chronicle of the journey of man's nature from savagery to an intentionally manic version of the partygoing in "The Great Gatsby." The film is a glittering, sarcastic fable about progress. It is naturalistically written, between pauses that seem a bit overweighted with silvery silences, but it is about the entire rise, decline, and fall of man, which is a lot for a symbolic comedy to take on. When moments forcefully work, it is surprising and interesting. The picture has the formal progressions of a nursery story—

Top-Drawer Dining
Everything's sky-high but the prices.



The view is sky-high from 39 stories up. But the prices for complete dinners are quite unastronomical. Like Stuffed Whole New England Flounder for $6.95. Or Veal Cordon Bleu at $8.95. Or Duck a l'Orange for $7.95. You'll like our exciting new decor that makes us one of the city's snappiest dressers. Come up and see everything sometime from
Stouffer's
Top of the Sixs
39th Floor/666 Fifth Avenue/765-1666

$20* a day surrounds you with people as warm as the Jamaican sun. Out on a peaceful peninsula. Out in the middle of Montego Bay.
HERITAGE BEACH HOTEL
MONTEGO BAY · JAMAICA
Robert F. Warner, Inc., Int. Rep., (212) 586-4500.
*Summer rates based on double occupancy, E.P.

Outstanding Forest Hideaway
Circa 1780 log house, fastidiously restored, elegantly furnished and equipped, in exquisite Appalachian setting on Tree Farm abutting National Forest. By week or month and yours alone. Year round. Information from Choppingale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia, 24432.

KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

of "The Three Bears," say—and the same apparent simplicity, but it is stating something a great deal more worldly and hinting at untold complicatedness.

Now that the savages have been tempted from Rousseau's place for them in the proper order of things, they settle in a flash into the right-wing camp of the civilized. Minute gavottes of social competitiveness substitute for the feuds of barbarism. The savages devolve into archetypes of the sophisticated world that are extensions of their jungle characters. There is a boorish capitalist, an eligible young man, a disgraced woman (who actually salvages many a social situation, as disgraced women and other jades often can), a bully, and a fatuous couple called Lady Cora and Sir Harry, whose one moment of energizing violence after dinner lies in their falling on the truth that they are bored to death with each other. A nervous barbarian girl turns into a debby one, now identified as "high-strung" in the cast list. A vaguely bossy figure from the jungle is converted into a salon hostess in a black jersey dinner dress with attached Arctic-seaman's helmet of quite concussing chic, who smiles with a rictus grin. She looks as if she had been embalmed long ago in aspic and smothered with truffles that cost a fortune.

After the port, the barely achieved society turns quickly to rot, but no one seems able to leave. It is as if people were surrounded by a moat with no drawbridge, like the people in "Huis Clos" or Buñuel's "The Exterminating Angel." Things fall apart. A man drowns in a swimming pool outside the beautiful house and no one does anything at all about it, apart from an assiduous upper-class diver who systematically pinches the dead man's valuables from underwater. Upstairs, in a tranquil little room full of elegant clutter, a man in a dinner jacket has been playing the cello. People's talk and the women's floppy evening clothes sometimes suggest the glimmering summer just before the First World War, sometimes the one before the Second. There is a scrap of a broadcast from a thirtiesish radio about the sinking of the Lusitania in 1915. A scared child on exhibit in green satin at dinnertime has just been reciting "I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me" before the grownups tune into the wireless news bulletin. Some world calamity looms. Rich and lucky men stalk around muttering things about there being no hope.

It is obviously deliberate that the period is vague, just as the action deliberately has the dramatic unity of a single day, night, and dawn. Delicately wry and serious points are made in the film about the viciousness possible in sophistication. Some of the other generalized points in the picture are obscurantist. It seems a mistake, for instance, to provide no subtitles for the unidentified German quotations (Heine and Schiller) that recur on the track. Given the drumbeat of an end of things that thrums in the film, the sound of untranslated German is inevitably going to evoke the idea of rabble-rousing for war. James Ivory has directed, among other good films, "Shakespeare Wallah." One of the things that make "Savages" seem thin-blooded and sometimes precious may be that he is trying for the first time to tell a story without according any weight to character—only to typification. Gifted directors find their own way, but this picture is rather mystifying about the course he means to take. It is full of graceful surprises. There are touching isolated shots of the back of the frantically absorbed cello player, and of a girl in evening dress pacing up and down beside the swimming pool when the Fitzgerald life has got out of hand, and of rows erupting between well-heeled people trying to be at play and not managing without aboriginal fights. I think the main trouble must be that the film was originally thought of as funnier and less portentous than Mr. Ivory let it be.

IT would be fine to have a good film about American politics—it's a long time since "Dr. Strangelove"—but, oh dear, "The Candidate." This isn't it. The idolization of good-looking saintly dissidence in liberal politics, the hagiography of the crumpled collar. (In bad movies, the thinking dissenter nearly always has a crumpled collar.) "The Candidate" is not *about* that idolatry; it exemplifies it. Jeremy Larner wrote it, clumpingly, striking poses without transmitting the faintest assurance that he really means a thing. It is like watching a fashion model trying out attitudes in front of a dressing-room mirror to see how they'll photograph. But the attitudes are *political* attitudes, not positions for clothes and jewelry, and politics are our lives, thank you. The director of this dire film is Michael Ritchie, who has managed to make the Technicolor compositions look as crass as the script is.

The story is about a young idealist who decides to run for senator in California on a Democratic platform of dealing head on with unemployment and the problems of the underdog. He has to take on a villainously suave and practiced Republican opponent who is running on a ticket about America's being the greatest country on earth and let's not rock the boat by handing out welfare to freeloaders and bums. The crumpled-collar hero is played by Robert Redford. Now, Redford is a terrific actor, but his looking glass might have told him that in this context he was going to hit audiences as seeming very like a Kennedy brother. The resemblance is used in a way that is merciless to watchers and unbelievably opportunistic on the part of the filmmakers; it is one of the most vulgar pieces of casting I can remember. The character even has a hugely powerful father (Melvyn Douglas, playing a rich ex-governor of California) and a beautiful long-haired wife (Karen Carlson). And there is a planning session about a motorcade, which the film goes on to show. Your stomach heaves. To arouse expectations of guns is about as cheap a piece of dramatic tension as one could imagine, given the story, and there is something subtly worse in the fact that the fibre of the film practically makes it a disappointment that nothing horrible happens.

The topic, true to the film's trite nature, is American-politics-as-circus, with the young idealist revolting against all the handshaking and bonhomie and balloons and TV makeup. Desperate for something to do with his talent, Redford quickens a few moments of the picture into life, but he also does a great deal of staring into space, which is like the fact that he often wears no tie: in the movies, this way of staring is another mechanical sign of straight-from-the-shoulder intellect. "The Candidate" is that sort of film. The good and honest man comes out in glory, of course, though he is nearly corrupted en route by the false carnival business of getting elected, as you rightly guessed three minutes ago. You don't often see a picture so banal about balloons.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

A thought for the day—"Russian author Tovstoi said: "The more is given the less the people less they work the more their will work for themselves, and the poverty will increase."
—*Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News.*

You think about it. We're in a rush.

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.____________________

Your signature____________________

My Check for $_____ is enclosed.

Please print name

Address

City State Zip Code

4 27 2

25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.____________________

Your signature____________________

My Check for $_____ is enclosed.

Please print name

Address

City State Zip Code

4 27 2

25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

MUSICAL EVENTS

Rock, Etc.

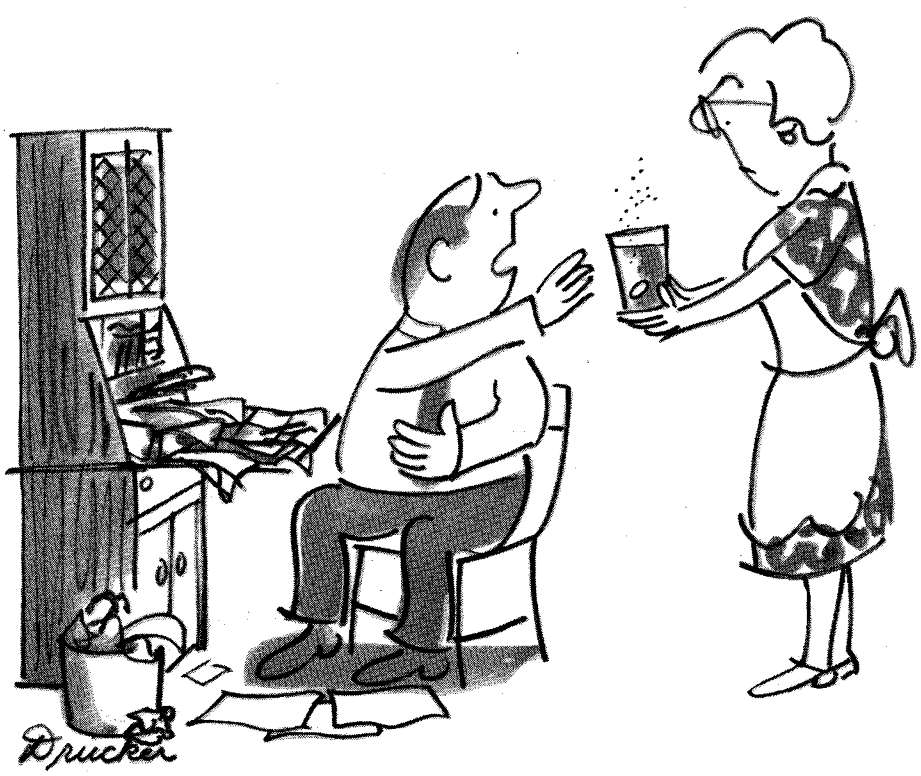
IT just happened that during the weekend Elvis Presley was to appear at Madison Square Garden—taking on New York for the first time in his career—my college class was in town celebrating its tenth reunion. Never one to waste a metaphor, I invited two classmates to the opening concert. I wasn't sure they would want to go, since neither one was a rock-and-roll nut; to my surprise, they were not only interested but excited. In fact, both had exactly the same reaction: "Elvis Presley? *In person?*"

You don't, of course, have to be a rock-and-roll nut to love Elvis. He is at once a rock legend and a mainstream pop star—a unique combination. The Beatles came close to achieving that dual status, but ultimately they could not resolve their divergent aesthetics and life styles. Elvis is John and Paul in one package. This does not mean that he is necessarily at war with himself, though I used to like to think so. It would probably be closer to the truth to suggest that for Elvis—as for most of his original audience, after all—rock and roll was a way to get through adolescence rather than a way of life, and that he now regards the music as a crucial and beloved part of his history rather than as his self-definition. All of which may explain why the concert I saw was not just another rock-revival number but a genuine, contemporary mass-cultural event.

There was a full house Friday night. Most of the fans were in their twenties and thirties, though I saw plenty of older people—more men than women, oddly—and gaggles of teen-agers, who screamed, and even necked, in the higher reaches of the balconies. The audience was relatively straight-looking but—in spite of the ten-dollar-top ticket prices—not at all classy. It was very much a New York crowd, which is to say uninhibited, demanding, and critical. The Sweet Inspirations, who opened the show, passed muster, but the second act, a pathetic comedian, was relentlessly booed until, in the most excruciating moment of truth since Tiny Tim was hit with a shoe at the Fillmore East, he bowed out, observing that there were twenty thousand of us and only one of him. Then, after a short intermission, Elvis came on, in a spectacular white jump suit and cape, heralded by screams, strobelike flashbulbs, and "Thus Spake Zarathustra." From the first minute, he was in complete control. No other rock star—not Dylan, certainly not Mick Jagger—has such easy authority. Elvis has it not only because he is Elvis but because he really isn't a rock star anymore. A rock concert is generally an overt or covert invitation to rebellion, and since rebellion against the performer is one of the possibilities, the relationship between superstar and audience is characteristically uneasy. Presley, secure in his post-rock persona, could afford to keep his distance. But the old energy was still there, no less effective for being so well contained.

After beginning with an Arthur Crudup blues, Elvis devoted the first third of his performance to other people's hits—rock-and-roll songs like "Proud Mary," ballads like "You Don't Have to Say You Love Me," rock ballads like "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'." The second third was a Presley retrospective. Elvis sang the old hits straightforwardly, making no attempt either to recapture his youth or to parody it, except at the climax, when he coyly started and stopped several times before going into "Hound Dog." All this was certainly enjoyable enough, but it was the last part of the concert that moved me most. When Elvis began singing "Bridge Over Troubled Waters," I knew something important was happening: here was this schlocky song I absolutely despised, and Elvis not only was making it work but nearly had me in tears. Later, during an emotional medley of "Dixie" and "Battle Hymn of the Republic" ("What's he trying to do? Bring the nation together, or what?" one of my friends asked), I realized that the task Presley had set himself was to establish his identity as a pop—not necessarily rock—singer, and to do it in such a way as to wring assent from the deepest-dyed, hardest-core rock fan. Such a bold self-affirmation ("Accept me as I am, not as your fantasies of the past want me") would have been unnecessary anywhere but in New York, a city that cherishes its rock legends and doesn't have a whole lot of use for mainstream pop stars. At the Garden, it was an act of courage. No one but Elvis could have got away with it—and now that I'm feeling a little more detached, I'm not so sure he did. Toward the end of the concert, a female fan leaped from her seat onto the stage. The jump was a long one, and it looked as if she couldn't possibly make it in one piece. She did, though, and the cops carried her off. Then Elvis sang "I Can't Help Falling in Love with You" (yeah, me too, Elvis), and the lights went up. Well, call it a draw.

—ELLEN WILLIS



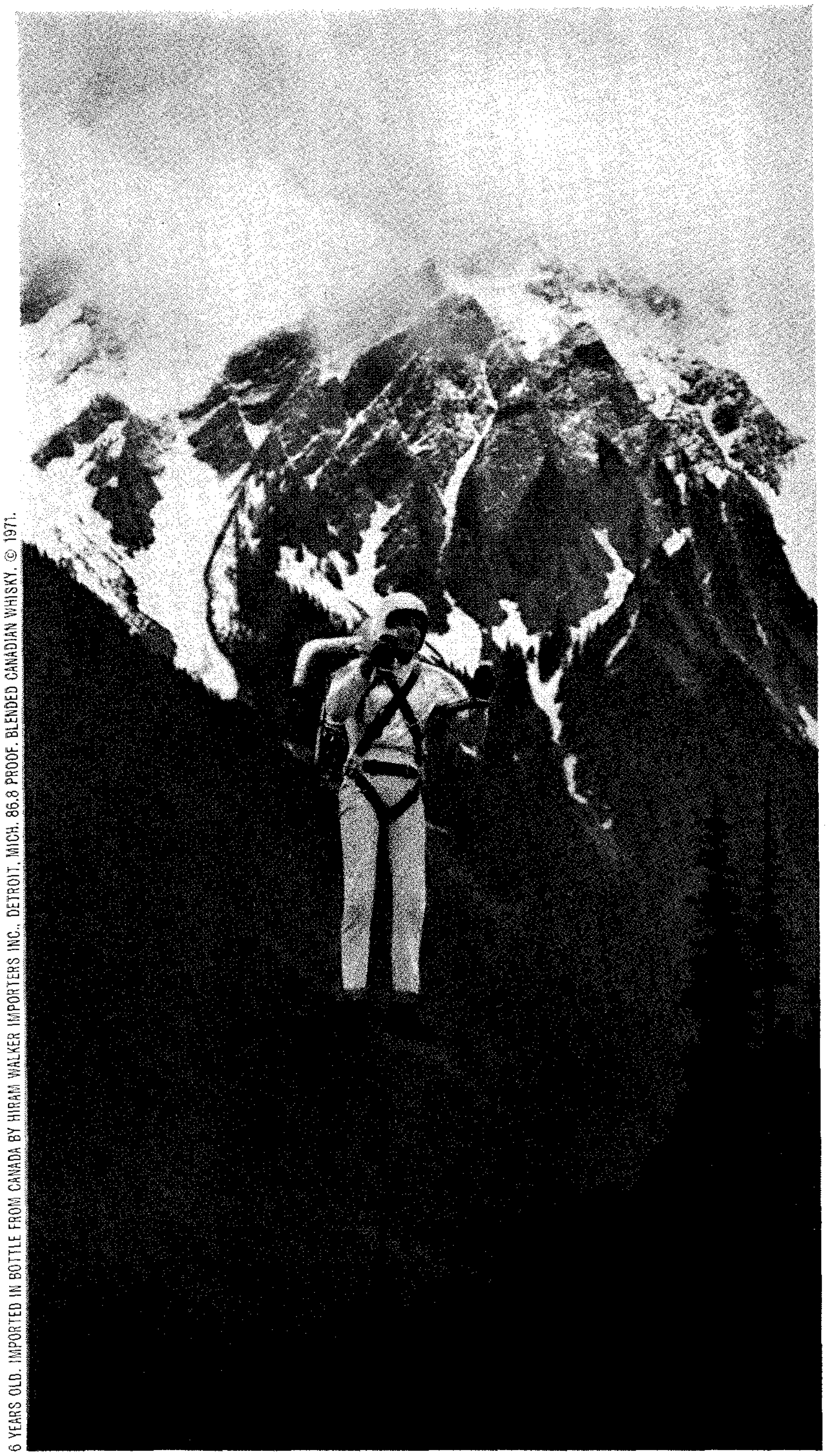
"What I really need is tax relief."

•

(ALBANY)—MORE THAN 55-THOUSAND ACRES IN EASTERN NEW YORK WILL BE SPRAYED THIS MONTH IN THE BATTLE TO CONTROL GYPSY MOTHERS.—*U.P.I. wire dispatch.*

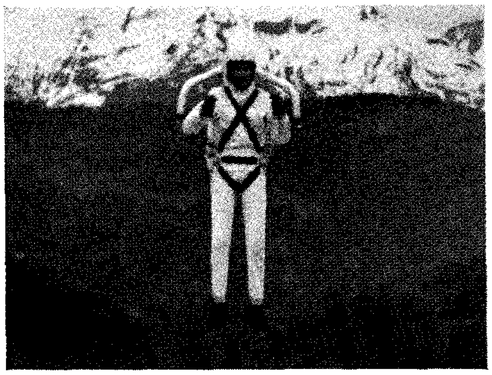
It isn't going to work.

"Mountain hopping, it's sort of the jet age answer to mountain climbing."



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

"All you need is a rocket pack, a pretty assistant—and you're ready to hop your first mountain. Our take-off point, Cheakamus Canyon, in the Tantalus Mountains of British Columbia. Susan makes a last-minute check, setting her stopwatch to my fuel gauge. Now the last and most important piece of equipment—my radio helmet. Without it, Susan can't signal me to land when my fuel starts getting low.



"3...2...1. Varooom! Suddenly I was skyward. I felt like a giant bird who could soar to the top of any mountain. All I could think of was... next hop Mt. Everest.

IMPORTED
Canadian Club
Hiram Walker

"Later, we joined a friend in the comfort of a mountain inn. And toasted our adventure with Canadian Club." It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners. The pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. They admire its unmistakable character. A taste not matched by any whisky, anywhere. Canadian Club—
"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

Canadian Club

Imported in bottle from Canada

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1971.

The Surf Porsche

It's a good ride.

Like when you catch the perfect wave just right and your muscles are working in perfect coordination.

Only the 914 does it every time.

It corners like nothing you've ever driven. Every part of the car works with such incredible harmony that driver and car become almost one.

But along with the thrill of superb handling is the practical side of a mid-engine design.

With no engine up front, you get more legroom for yourself. And for your friend when she's along.

Weight distribution is nearly equal front to back. So you corner surer and brake more evenly.

You get two trunks. Fore and aft. (15 cubic feet of storage space.)

The removable fiberglass roof stores in the rear trunk and takes up hardly any space.

We've even included as standard equipment such practical goodies as a five-speed gearbox, four-wheel disc brakes, rack-and-pinion steering and a built-in roll bar.

And the price isn't a real wipe-out, either.

THE RACE TRACK

Fast Company

WHAT with the stormy weather we've been having, most of us expected last Saturday at Aqueduct to be another mudders' day. Instead, the track was fast. The Big A's ground crew deserves full marks for putting the racecourse in such good condition for the Saranac Stakes. Icecapade ran the mile over it in 1:33⅗—only a fifth of a second off the course record—to beat Tentam by a neck. Traffic Cop was third, five and a half lengths behind. After the first quarter, it was a two-horse tussle, Icecapade and Tentam going stride for stride together to the winning post. The minutes of suspense didn't end there, for Velasquez, on Tentam, claimed a foul against Maple, who rode Icecapade, but after the stewards had seen the slow-motion movies, they allowed the placings to stand. I was surprised that Spanish Riddle wasn't scratched when his stable saw that the track had dried. He's a real mud lark. Besides, he was asked to give chunks of weight to the others. But he went well enough behind the leaders until Traffic Cop passed him in the stretch. Icecapade, who was favorite on the strength of having run second to Key to the Mint in the Withers, is a sturdy medium-sized gray colt by Nearctic out of Shenanigans. He is owned by Stuart Janney, Jr., and trained by David Whiteley, whose father, Frank, did so well with Damascus some years ago.

AS you hardly need to be told, the first week of the Big A's summer meeting was not very impressive. Attendance dropped to a new low of 12,003 on Thursday, but it picked up on the weekend, with 36,617 in the stand and a handle of $4,469,458 in the tote. The going was still slow on Saturday at Monmouth, where so many three-year-old fillies were named for the Post-Deb Stakes, a prep for the Monmouth Oaks on the Fourth, that it was split; Young and Foolish won the first division and Groton Miss the second. The girls were in action at Liberty Bell, too, where Sea Saga gave weight and a beating to nine opponents in the Whitemarsh Handicap. It took her 1:44⅕ to do the mile and seventy yards in the mud.

FARTHER afield, Typecast, still at concert pitch after her match race with Convenience a week before, won the Hollywood Invitational Turf Handicap last Saturday in a photo finish with Violonor. Cougar II, who carried 129 pounds, giving twelve to Typecast, was third, a length and a quarter behind. The seven other starters in the gallop of a mile and a half were down the course. A year ago, Cougar II beat Fort Marcy in the race, and he was odds-on to win it again this year, but he seemed to tire.

NO doubt you've been reading, in the recent accounts of a congressional committee's investigation of racing, about the use of electric batteries to stimulate horses to greater effort. Actually, the thing is a dry battery with a booster coil, both so small that together they fit into the palm of one's hand. It gives out almost high-tension voltage, and when its contact points are pressed against the neck of a racer the effect is that of a bullwhip raised to the *n*th power. (Possession of such a thing on a race track will get you ruled off.) Horseshoe rings used to be part of the setup, but they have gone out of style. They were simply horseshoe nails bent into rings. One used to see them worn by elderly gentlemen to ward off rheumatism, but when jockeys wore them the point of the nail was bent outward and sharpened. In the bad old days—and perhaps even now on the leaky-roof circuits—when a trainer wanted to touch up his horse with a "machine" or "joint," as they call the battery device on the backstretch, he'd use the thing during the morning workout. Then, in the race, all the boy had to do was clap his ring to the neck of his mount at the right moment, and the horse, fearful of another electric shock, would take off. Now, they tell me, the tongue of the buckle that joins the reins serves the same purpose. Progress, progress!

—AUDAX MINOR

•

A survey of the executives of 25 companies by Business Week magazine showed most felt the pace of the recovery was steady....

"We have a beautiful expansion underway. It is like a Greed drama unfolding," said Edwin H. Yeo III, vice chairman of Pittsburgh National Corp.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Commercial Appeal.*

A Greed drama with a beautiful tax loophole in every act.

LOOKING FOR TICKETS FOR SLEUTH?
BEST PLAY 1971 TONY AWARD WINNER
"SLEUTH"
PRICES: Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. & Boxes $8.50; Mezz. $7.50, 6.50, 5.50, 4.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. & Boxes $7; Mezz. $6, 5, 4, 3.50.

MUSIC BOX THEATRE
239 West 45th Street, CI 6-4636

NATIONAL TOUR
Now Blackstone Theatre/Chicago

YOU'LL LIVE LIKE A KING IN OUR CASTLE IN IRELAND

—*ancient home of Irish royalty.*
DROMOLAND CASTLE,
near Shannon Airport, Ireland.
Telephone: Shannon 71144.

College Prep in Colorado

Fully-accredited independent school at the base of the majestic Rockies. Girls' resident department grades 8-12. Classes and activities coordinated with local boys' school. Strong college preparation plus theater, fine arts, music and dance. Exciting electives, trips, projects, skiing, mountaineering, other sports. Write for literature.

The Colorado Springs School
21 Broadmoor Ave. Dept. NY
Colo. Springs, Colo. 80906

"The food is always better in someone else's Yard."
potter's yard brasserie
County Street, Bennington, Vermont
Reservations: 802-447-7922

BOOKS

The Taste of Fears

FREUD'S masterpiece was "The Interpretation of Dreams," published in 1900 and ignored for years thereafter. (By 1906, just three hundred and fifty-one copies had been sold.) Most of the psychiatric journals refused to review it, but Freud continued studying his own dreams and those of his patients. In a way, his original ideas *were* his dreams; he had the nerve (and the intelligence) to take himself seriously enough to analyze publicly what went through his sleeping mind—and to do it in the apparent belief that there was nothing unique about his nighttime reveries. In the seventy years since that book, dream analysis has had its problems. For a while, psychoanalysts considered dreaming the royal road to the unconscious, and thus the most revealing thing we do. A whole literature of dream symbols came into being, and psychoanalysis was caricatured in popular articles, the theatre, and the movies. Meanwhile, the theorists argued. Does the sea in a dream mean this or that? And an automobile, a woman's purse, a man's cane, or animals in a jungle—in certain sections of certain cities one could always turn to a friend and get an "interpretation," or a knowing look. Freud disliked the stock answers and the notion that there are "universal dream symbols." He wrote like an essayist rather than an authoritative scientist, to describe what he had learned to the general reader, for whom (in literate and forceful prose) he compiled all his books. His explanations of dreams were without labels and generalizations, and his sense of detachment let him smile at himself as well as at others. There is an earthy quality to his dreams and what he makes of them.

Although Freud never abandoned an interest in dreams (as his work became known, he wrote new prefaces for one edition after another of "The Interpretation of Dreams"), he gradually turned his attention to the way the mind deals with, so to speak, its expressions or eruptions, one of which is the dream, and began to study not only how the mind is driven but how it comes to terms with the pressures from within and without, from friends and neighbors and the laws and customs of society. He was always willing to abandon ideas of his that conflicted with what he later learned, nor did he ever believe that he had discovered everything there is to be known. To the very end, he was making revisions, suggesting new regions for his successors to explore if psychoanalysis was not to become dogma and ritual, urging his colleagues to keep in touch with clinical work. He never merely speculated; a physician, he developed his formulations in relation to his patients, whom he never stopped seeing for over half a century.

I think that Dr. John E. Mack's "Nightmares and Human Conflict" (Little, Brown) is in the best tradition of psychoanalysis. It is well written. It is full of interesting and well-documented clinical observations. It is both tightly organized and relaxed, discursive. It is a major theoretical statement as well as an effort to apply psychoanalytic insights in a restrained and thoughtful way to literary and artistic matters, and it offers proof of the continued vitality of a profession that has, thank God, at last been left alone by the flashier elements of America's cultural life.

Dr. Mack is, as psychoanalysts go, rather young. Though he is only in his early forties, he has gone through what must be the longest graduate training any professional man can submit to: medical school, interneship, adult-psychiatric residency, child-psychiatric residency, adult-psychoanalytic training, and child-psychoanalytic training. There can't be more than a hundred like him in all America. For years he has been treating boys and girls who are unusually nervous or fearful, who have exceptional trouble getting along with their families or in school, who suffer from worries or complaints that have finally required referral to a psychiatrist, and who have suffered severe and persistent nightmares. In a field whose whole concern is human affliction, nightmares are uniquely burdensome. In Dr. Mack's words, "the common feature of all descriptions of nightmare is the terror of overwhelming intensity that accompanies the dream images"—dread, horror, a feeling of suffocation or paralysis. The dreamer wakes up still haunted, in a cold sweat, his heart pounding. He may feel like calling for help; he may have screamed as he awakened. Not only children but adults can be overwhelmed by nightmares.

As Dr. Mack notes, the Anglo-Sax-

"It's hard to believe that someday we'll be just so much nostalgia."

on word *mare* refers to a demon, and its predecessor, the Sanskrit *mara*, refers to a destructive force. And, as he also notes, nightmares are not the property of any one culture or class or race or era. Wherever and however man lives, he has moments when the existence of the world itself seems in question, so awful are the shivers, the palpitations. The Baleh Iban tribe of North Borneo attributes nightmares to an evil spirit called *autu buyu*, whose power only a *Manang*, or shaman, can counter; in our middle- and upper-class suburbs the help of psychiatrists is sought. "The human condition" has become a cliché, yet there *is* a "human condition" that no "social engineering" or "life style" seems able to do away with. We all face inescapable tasks that are associated with the pain our nightmares register: we have to leave those who during our infancy take care of us, to struggle for a place in our society, to face the inevitability of illness, declining health, and death. We are especially vulnerable at special times—our first day at school, our first day on a new job, an illness we fear is worse than anyone dares tell us, a crisis in the family, an assault by a robber, a threat by a child older than we are. For a while, we feel mostly all right, even if we are uneasy or worried now and then, or have a dream whose details we remember just a little too well and whose emotional impact we can't forget. We push worries aside, laugh about our troubles, rationalize our difficulties, kick a few doors or shout away our anger. But eventually we may wake up feeling in mortal danger after a dream in which we have been threatened or attacked. Dr. Mack says, "The physical features or properties of the persecutors in nightmares may vary according to the age of the individual, the heroes, or villains that are contemporaneous in a given culture, and the institutional and technological characteristics of that culture. Nevertheless, their relation to the helpless victim varies little. Whether the dreamer is threatened by an ancient demon, a vampire, a lobster, a fairy-story monster, a robot, or an atomic ray, his experience is in each instance like that of a helpless child confronted by powerful forces with which he is unable to deal effectively."

That said, Dr. Mack wants to make sure we hear about those forces as he has—from children and grownups who have talked with him. He announces that the "unproductive theorizing" of some of his colleagues has made for a good deal of confusion, not to mention wordiness, and he lives up to his promise

"The most moving biography I have read in a very long time...

Informal, yet containing passages of great formal beauty . . . intensely personal, yet light, lucid, and unsentimental . . . *Daddyji*, Ved Mehta's comic and moving biography of his father, presents actual people, places, and events with the metaphorical integrity of a successful novel."—BHARATI MUKHERJEE, *Book World*

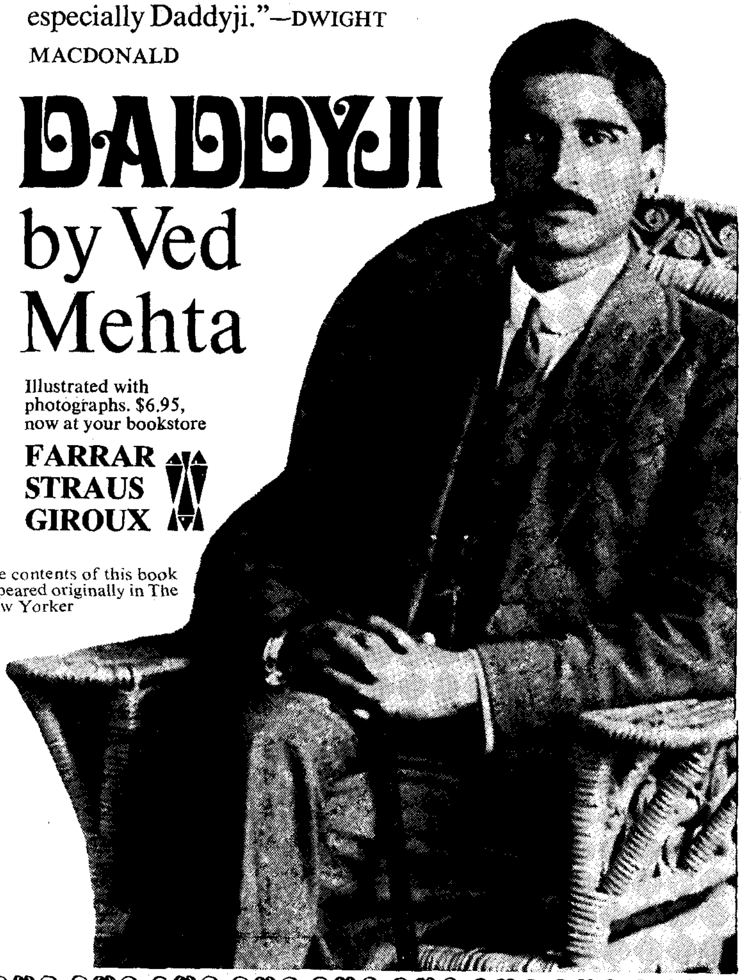
"So beautifully simple and direct in style, and so wonderfully complex in content. Because the characterizations are dense, rich, one gets to *know* the individuals, especially Daddyji."—DWIGHT MACDONALD

DADDYJI
by Ved Mehta

Illustrated with photographs. $6.95, now at your bookstore

FARRAR
STRAUS
GIROUX

The contents of this book appeared originally in The New Yorker



Boat and Tote Bag

Sturdily constructed from extra heavy white duck. Large capacity for carrying provisions, bulky items and clothing. An excellent shopping bag. Two colors: White with Red Trim. White with Blue Trim. Size 8" x 17" x 16" high. Price $5.80 postpaid.

On your trip Down East be sure to visit our Freeport Salesroom.

Open 24 Hours a Day 365 Days A Year

☐ Send Free Catalog

☐ Ship___Boat and Tote Bags @ $5.80

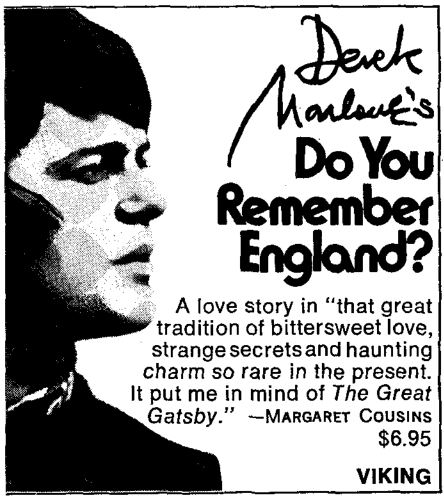
Name____________________

Address____________________

____

Zip____________________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
352 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Fishing, Camping and Hunting Specialties

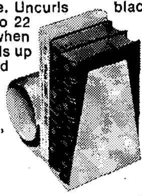


A love story in "that great tradition of bittersweet love, strange secrets and haunting charm so rare in the present. It put me in mind of *The Great Gatsby*." —MARGARET COUSINS

$6.95

VIKING

Curl up with a good BOOKWORM



BOOKWORM is an ingenious, very esthetically pleasing, one-piece device for keeping books in place. Uncurls to hold from two to 22 inches of books; when one is removed curls up automatically to hold the rest upright, up tight. Also good for holding directories, magazines, records, albums and tapes.

Only $5.95 at most book, stationery, art supply and gift stores. Available in white, black, red and navy. Check or money order can be sent to Pentalic Corp., 132 West 22nd Street, New York, New York 10011. Add 50¢ to cover the handling. State color preferred. Money back if not absolutely delighted.

to avoid that temptation. Instead, we are offered one revealing clinical illustration after another. The patients themselves speak, or their doctor summarizes his interviews with them in detail, pointing out in each instance what combination of events (accidents, hard-to-solve problems, difficult moments in an otherwise fairly "normal" life) has undone a person enough to cause one or several nightmares. It is not easy for a psychoanalyst to describe what he hears in such a way that the person under scrutiny becomes a believable human being, something more than a hopeless tangle of psychopathology. In his acknowledgments, Dr. Mack thanks one of his professors for making him aware that "real life is much more than raw material for the next night's dream." It is a lovely way to put quite a lot that needs saying—and at no point does the student fail to live up to his teacher's standards. For a comparable achievement, one has to go back to Freud's writings on dreams. And Dr. Mack shares something else with the founder of psychoanalysis: both of them turn to poets and novelists with a certain awe and fascination, and neither of them allows these emotions to deteriorate into the thinly disguised envy one sometimes finds in psychiatric and psychoanalytic efforts to "explain" the act of writing and the books writers set forth as the outcome of one or another "problem."

To Dr. Mack, nightmares are intensely dramatic events that help the student of the mind see more clearly how human conflict gets expressed, if not resolved, by people confronted by life's precariousness. It is not surprising that Shakespeare, Dostoevski, Henry James, and Poe have, as this psychiatrist points out, drawn on nightmares—as in "Crime and Punishment," "Richard III," and "Macbeth." He grants to the children he has studied the rights he allots to playwrights and novelists: "I shall present examples of creative responses to nightmares in small children, stopping short of claiming to have discovered therein the origins of creativity." And he cites the French psychoanalyst Marie Bonaparte's observation that "the same mechanisms which in dreams or nightmares govern the manner in which our strongest though most carefully concealed desires are elaborated, desires which often are the most repugnant to consciousness, also govern the elaboration of the work of art." The fact is that we are close to the artist within us when we dream, but only so close, for few of us possess the craftsmanship that would enable us to do anything about it. At any rate, the nightmare may be our way of transforming the bitterness and fearfulness we occasionally feel into visual images, which is what dreams are. We may wake up scared half out of our minds, but we have tried to take a host of impulses and attitudes and in the middle of the night give them pictorial expression. Dr. Mack speaks of "human conflict," by which he means the conflict that is built into life and that creates the drama Freud wrote about so shrewdly in "Civilization and Its Discontents." We lust, we rage, but we also, it is to be hoped, learn to control ourselves and get on with others—for which at night we can pay a price. Writing of the child's growing reluctance to say yes to the standards set for him by society, Dr. Mack remarks upon the riddles children can pose even for the well-trained specialist: "Anyone who has worked closely with small children will recognize the difficulty in determining on clinical grounds whether destructive aggression itself derives from the thwarting of self-assertive behavior or whether the latter represents the adaptive modification of destructive impulses." Is it inevitable that at some point in childhood we become stubborn and defiant, or does it happen only if people thwart us, keep telling us what to do, interfering with our natural urge to make our presence felt, make our inclinations a force of sorts in the world? Do we seethe (and have nightmares) because it is in our very nature? Such questions are fundamental, and maybe they are best asked by theologians or philosophers instead of psychiatrists. As Dr. Mack notes, they are questions impossible to answer with certainty, and because we are all more than a little worried by their implications they inspire a stream of speculation and dogma to which most of us respond with a gullibility quite in keeping with our bewilderment. A book like this one will not assuage the troubled mind; the author admits to his own confusion. But he has more than uncertainties to share with us. He observes that "children who are in fact the objects of much parental hostility or hatred or repeated destructive threats seem to be particularly prone to suffer from nightmares." The outside world matters decisively. Children who have been injured or hospitalized or lost a parent or been hurt in a fight suffer frequent nightmares, which also, no doubt, plague children in ghettos, where parents feel psychologically overwhelmed, where hunger can be a fact of life, where rats and addicts are everywhere. And what goes on outside both the broken-down tenement and the comfortable suburban home may be at the root of a child's nightmares, and of his parents'. Dr. Mack's case histories show us that well-off people can, like people on welfare, be driven to panicky dreams by any unexpected setback or accident.

To suffer nightmares is not necessarily to be "sick." Dr. Mack considers nightmares to be maneuvers meant to keep our wits about us, to keep us as sane as "sanity" ever can be. As for sleep and what we "do" during sleep (dream and have nightmares), he is aware that neurophysiologists are only now gaining some notion of what our brain does when we for a while leave this world. One hears that sleep is a "regression" in which our "defenses" are down, that we reveal in our dreams what we have to conceal. But are we "regressed" if we manage in a few seconds of dream life to give a certain coherence to what drives us and ails us? Some of those who are studying the biology of dreaming say it is at night that we do the real work of keeping our "defenses" *up*—by doing the very hard task of talking to ourselves and showing ourselves some things.

Freud knew that he was exploring a land he would not get to understand completely. (No one who worries about the ambiguities he comes across should study, or try to heal, the human mind.) He knew, too, how tempting and foolish it is to make unqualified assertions. In that tradition, John Mack avoids deterministic thinking (this *causes* that, this *comes from* that), for he knows that no matter how hard he tries to encompass this mystery-laden subject it will still defy him. "Even if we suspect which external situations are likely to be especially threatening, it is difficult to ascertain the multitude of internal factors that must operate in relation to them in order to produce a nightmare. Furthermore, if a given combination seems to have led to a nightmare in one instance, we cannot be certain that the same coexistence of factors will do so in the next. Neither can we explain why similar conflicts may produce nightmares without neurotic symptoms in the daytime for one person, while another equally troubled individual may suffer from phobias or other fears without having nightmares."

So it goes among us human beings;

Nobody but Ekco has cutlery with a 15-year guarantee.* And it starts at $1.75.

Cut, carve or slice fruit, a meaty roast or hot bread.

Only Ekco Flint knives give you a choice of 7 different edges—a perfect edge for whatever you're cutting. Plus mahogany Pakkawood handles and virtually indestructible vanadium stainless steel to stay sharper longer.

Ask for Ekco Flint. It's guaranteed.

Six-piece set shown: paring, utility, sandwich, French cook's and bread knives plus roast slicer. Available in Mediterranean or Americana-style holdsters. Gift-boxed. Approximately $24.95. 27 different knives available.

For the name of your nearest Ekco dealer, and our free booklet, "How to Carve," call free **800-631-1972** (in New Jersey, call 800-962-2803).

EKCO®
Ekco Housewares Company,
Franklin Park,
Illinois 60131

*Ekco Flint cutlery guarantee: If this product fails due to defects in workmanship or material within 15 years, return postage prepaid and Ekco, at its option, will replace or provide equivalent substitute at no charge.

Atlanta is now a book.

Atlanta Resurgens

This absorbing new book takes a fresh look at a fabulous city—Atlanta—and the people who have shaped and shared her destiny.

ATLANTA RESURGENS is a finely bound, beautifully illustrated history containing many original works in full color.

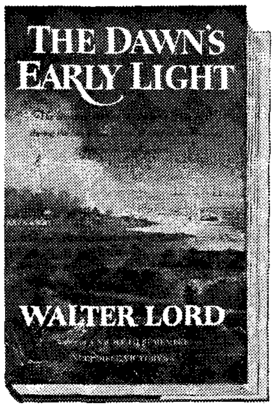
Available at bookstores in Atlanta or by mail. Send your check for $6.95 plus $1.00 for postage and handling to

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ATLANTA
Dept. 527, 2 Peachtree St., N.W.,
Atlanta, Georgia 30303

Bask on three gorgeous beaches. Play tennis, golf, snorkel. Dine, dance, dream. All while you stay at one lovely hotel.

Bermuda's INVERURIE
PAGET • BERMUDA
The hotel at the water's edge.
Call (212) 565-1114.

"Splendid...inspiriting"
—GILBERT HIGHET



THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT
by Walter Lord

A gripping account of the climactic months of the War of 1812, by the author of *A Night to Remember.* "Vigorous, exciting . . . And there should be a timely, shock lesson in it for Americans."
—S. L. A. MARSHALL

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. 16 pages of illustrations and endpaper maps. At all bookstores, $8.50

Norton
55 Fifth Ave. / N.Y. 10003

NEW!

Kate Simon
GUIDE TO
Rome
Places & Pleasures

Clothbound $8.95; paperback $4.95
Knopf

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
RESORT HOTEL

A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** – directly on our private beach. Nightly candlelight dining, dancing, entertainment, water sports, fishing, tennis and golf nearby. No conventions. Adults only. A staff of 350 provides gracious service. Privately owned by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul.
Reservations are made by your Travel Agent thru the Leonard Hicks Organization. **NEW YORK 765-5800.**

in certain respects we are quite predictable, yet we can also defy prediction and even comprehension. This book shows how we occasionally and ironically use the nightmares Macbeth called "the taste of fears" to strengthen ourselves: by confronting terror in a dream we make way for the next day's composure, or at least for the new possibilities as well as the further dangers that may come along. Perhaps there is nothing very surprising in all that. But in view of the enormous amount of "unproductive theorizing" Dr. Mack mentions, his own quiet, understated effort to look at the ghosts we never completely shake off is not only interesting but exemplary.

—ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE INNOCENTS, by Margery Sharp (Little, Brown). This heavenly English story is set in a small town on the English coast. The narrator, an elderly old maid who has developed from being merely the vicar's daughter into being an *apparently* sweet and respectable pillar of local society, finds herself playing mother to a winsome and very genuine little girl named Antoinette. Antoinette is an "innocent"—a retarded child—and she is stranded in England by the outbreak of the Second World War while her parents are in New York. When the war is over, Antoinette's beautiful mother arrives to claim her child, and a crisis arises that is solved in a very curious and proper manner. This book would make a very good movie.

BODIES IN MOTION, by Zane Kotker (Knopf). You can't make a novel out of a women's-page article, but Mrs. Kotker has come close in this amusing study of a young Manhattan family. Sonya, the mother, is a photographer whose career has been curtailed by the burden of caring for her two children, Peter and Livi. In fact, just about everything has been curtailed by those busy little creatures, and Sonya's only relief is to take them to a Riverside Park playground, which she likes because she doesn't have to wipe things up off the asphalt. Victor, her husband, is a television-news editor who finds it impossible to support the family on fourteen thousand dollars a year. Driven by this realization, he has put aside the carefree ways that Sonya loved, and is even thinking of moving the family to the suburbs. A dreadful idea, thinks Sonya, who is looking for a chance to discuss it.

GENERAL

THE ROOTS OF CIVILIZATION, by Alexander Marshack (McGraw-Hill). This fascinating work offers a new way of looking at prehistoric man and hence at ourselves. The author tells us that, having written a book about the International Geophysical Year (1957-58), he was invited in 1962 to work on a book about space exploration. In it he was supposed to explain the steps by which the human race had achieved the possibility of landing on the moon, and his investigations into the history of science demonstrated, among other things, the antiquity of knowledge. In his research, Mr. Marshack read about a Stone Age bone found in Africa with peculiar scratch marks on it, and, following a hunch that these were not decoration but notation, came to see that they were understandable as a lunar calendar. He proposed this interpretation to the most eminent archeologists he could find, and they encouraged him. For most of the past decade, as his plentifully illustrated book reports, he has been examining Stone Age work, especially tools, from (mainly) European sites, and discovering on them calendars and other notations suggesting that man is first of all a thinker, rather than a toolmaker. Mr. Marshack points out that archeology was born in the heyday of the Industrial Revolution, when it appeared natural to think of man as a toolmaker and to attribute his intellectual development to his deftness, the brain evolving from the opposable thumb. He suggests that the earliest men of whom we have any trace approached the world with the same cognitive equipment that makes our own civilization possible—a sense of time and sequence, and an ability to make comparisons in time and space—as well as with the will and the ability to order and organize both, and the judgment to start writing it all down. The vision of the human past that emerges from Mr. Marshack's careful scrutiny of these ancient artifacts is awesome and—for the present and the future—hopeful: rationality, after all, looks as though it might be the essence of humanity. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

THE INVESTIGATION OF RALPH NADER: GENERAL MOTORS VS. ONE DETERMINED MAN, by

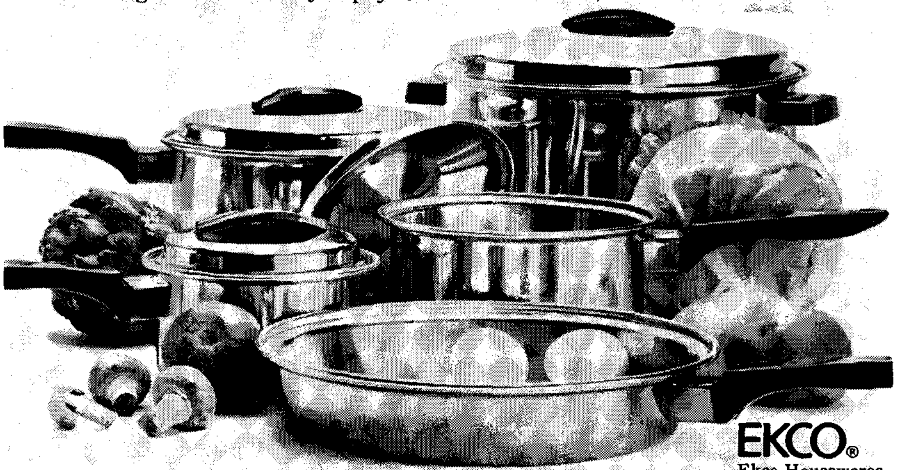
Thomas Whiteside (Arbor House). In the early nineteen-sixties, it had become apparent that a small new automobile made by General Motors, the Corvair, was unsafe; the company was facing lawsuits from the families of people who had been killed in Corvair accidents. The Senate began to conduct hearings into the question of automotive safety, and in 1965 a hitherto unknown young lawyer named Ralph Nader published a book called "Unsafe at Any Speed." In response to these developments, General Motors hired private detectives to investigate Nader. Mr. Whiteside's investigation of that investigation puts the whole story together and adds to what was published at the time. The sorry tale offers comic relief in the person of the chief detective, whose faith in the virtue and efficacy of his techniques increases with every question about either. There is also considerable likelihood that a nastier campaign against Nader—threats and entrapment—was undertaken by some as yet undiscovered party. In short, the book's truths are as entertaining as they are cautionary.

THE STEEL BONNETS, by George MacDonald Fraser (Knopf). A down-to-earth historical study of a deplorable time and place: the Anglo-Scottish border during the century or so before King James VI of Scotland acquired—as King James I—the crown of England. During this era, the counties on both sides of the border existed in a permanent state of banditry. On occasion, clans, or contingents of clans, fought for more than profit: they served in wars between the two nations and took part in blood feuds. Mr. Fraser explains, with sympathy, how centuries of turmoil for which the Borderers themselves were not responsible brought that frontier to violent anarchy, but he does ask us to take an unsympathetic view of the ballads that glorified these high-born desperadoes, who may have been noblemen by ancestry but were cattle rustlers by profession.

•

CHESTER—Abandoned gold mine on 50 acres with 2500′ frontage on Williams River, a glittering, gold flecked piece of business that pirouettes spiritedly with a gravel road named Smokeshire. A whimsical thing at $12,000. Fred Malone, Chester, Vt. 602/875-2381 or 362-2098 after vespers.—*Adv. in the Times.*

After vespers, all the whimsey's gone out of us.



Get the vitamins you pay for. With Ekco Flint cookware.

Flint cookware has a special radiant heat core sandwiched between two layers of gleaming stainless steel, to cook food evenly all around. Like an oven.

Flint covers are self-basting.

And Flint's specially designed rims let cooking vapors form a vacuum seal when heat is lowered, to lock-in food flavor and nutrition.

So you cook with less water at lower heat. To get the vitamins you pay for.

And you know how easy stainless cleans.

Ask for Ekco Flint cookware. Every piece is guaranteed 15 years.*

Shown, 9-piece set. Other sets available. Plus 28 open stock items from about $8.95.

For the name of your nearest Ekco dealer, and our free booklet, "How to Choose and Use Cookware," call free 800-631-1972 (in New Jersey, call 800-962-2803).

*Ekco Flint cookware guarantee: If this product fails due to defects in workmanship or material within 15 years, return postage prepaid and Ekco, at its option, will replace or provide equivalent substitute at no charge.

EKCO®
Ekco Housewares Company,
Franklin Park,
Illinois 60131

CARE

GIVE
THE WORLD
A HELPING
HAND.
MAIL YOUR CHECK.

CARE-NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016 OR AREA OFFICES

The Whistling Oyster
Perkins Cove
Ogunquit, Maine
DISTINCTIVE DINING • COCKTAILS

TRAVELING TO LONDON?

BUY NEXT WEEK'S NEW YORKER AT:

W. H. Smith's newsstands
    London Airport
    Victoria Station
    Waterloo Station
    Charring Cross Station
    Kings Cross Station
John Menzie's newsstands
    Euston Station
    Paddington Station
    Villiers House
London Hilton Hotel
Savoy Hotel
Grosvenor House Hotel
Churchill Hotel
Connaught Hotel
Royal Garden Hotel
Carleton Towers Hotel
Harrods
Selfridges

As well as other newsstands all over London.

THE NEW YORKER

Only the Literary Guild says

Now You Don't Have To Buy A Book A Month Or Even 4 Books A Year!

CIVILISATION
KENNETH CLARK
OPEN MARRIAGE
HOAX
THE EXORCIST
Intimate Behaviour
Desmond Morris
Joseph Wambaugh
THE BLUE KNIGHT
TAYLOR CALDWELL
CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
THE NICK ADAMS STORIES
BRING ME A UNICORN
ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH
TRACY AND HEPBURN
an intimate memoir by
GARSON KANIN
THE MOON'S A BALLOON
11 Harrowhouse
A novel by Gerald A. Browne
FLETCHER KNEBEL
DARK HORSE
THE WINDS OF WAR
A NOVEL
THE GAME OF THE FOXES
Ladislas Farago
Irving Wallace
THE WORD

EACH MULTI-VOLUME SET COUNTS AS ONE BOOK

Choose 4 now for $1
Choose 4 more
whenever you want

There's never been an offer like this and only the Literary Guild makes it. It's this simple: Browse through the ad. Pick out the 4 new books you want right now. Send in the coupon. Those 4 books are yours for only $1, plus shipping and handling. Then take as long as you like to buy 4 more or as many as you like. As a Guild member, you save 30% or more off publishers' prices on almost every book you buy from the dozens offered in the free Literary Guild magazine. You don't have to buy a book a month, or even 4 a year. Join the Literary Guild today. Get the best new books at the best prices.

(CLIP AND MAIL TODAY)

The Literary Guild
Dept. B1 553, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in the Literary Guild. Send me the 4 books or sets whose numbers I have printed in the boxes below. Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling. If not happy, I may return them in 10 days, cancel this membership, and owe nothing.

I need not buy a book a month. I only have to select 4, whenever I like, out of the hundreds offered me in the Literary Guild magazine sent free approximately every 4 weeks. After 4 purchases, I may resign at any time.

If I want the monthly selection I need do nothing and it will be sent automatically. If I prefer an alternate—or no book at all—I need only return the handy return form you send me by the date specified.

As a Guild member, I will save 30% or more off the prices of publishers' editions on almost every book I buy—plus shipping and handling. I may also take advantage of the Guild's fabulous bonus plan and special sales, which offer savings of 70% and more.

Mr.
Mrs. ________________
Miss (Please Print)
Address ________________
City ________________
State ________ Zip ________

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only.
Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto.
Offer slightly different in Canada.
52-G916

2279. **THE WORD** Irving Wallace. (Pub. edition, $7.95)

1495. **THE GAME OF THE FOXES** Ladislas Farago. (Pub. edition, $11.95)

8235. **THE WINDS OF WAR** Herman Wouk. (Pub. edition, $10.00)

3129. **THE MOON'S A BALLOON** David Niven. (Pub. edition, $7.95)

1826. **11 HARROWHOUSE** Gerald A. Browne. (Pub. edition, $6.95)

2642. **DARK HORSE** Fletcher Knebel. (Pub. edition, $7.95)

1024. **THE BLUE KNIGHT** Joseph Wambaugh. (Pub. edition, $7.95)

0661. **CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS** Taylor Caldwell. (Pub. edition, $8.95)

0844. **THE NICK ADAMS STORIES** Ernest Hemingway. (Pub. edition, $7.95)

8326. **OPEN MARRIAGE** Nena O'Neill and George O'Neill. (Pub. edition, $6.95)

1560. **BRING ME A UNICORN** Anne Morrow Lindbergh. (Pub. Edition, $6.95)

8227. **TRACY AND HEPBURN** Garson Kanin. (Pub. edition, $7.95)

2402. F. Scott Fitzgerald: **TENDER IS THE NIGHT, THIS SIDE OF PARADISE, THE GREAT GATSBY, THE LAST TYCOON** 4 vols. count as 1 choice. (Pub. editions, $16.35)

3335. **CIVILISATION** Kenneth Clark. (Pub. edition, $15.00)

3434. **HOAX** Lewis Chester, Stephen Fay and Magnus Linklater. (Pub. edition, $10.00)

2592. **GEORGE S. KAUFMAN: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT** Howard Teichman. (Pub. edition, $10.00)

1446. **THE EXORCIST** William Peter Blatty. (Pub. edition, $6.95)

4135. **THE NEW YORK TIMES INTERNATIONAL COOKBOOK** Craig Claiborne. (Pub. edition, $12.50)

3350. **INTIMATE BEHAVIOUR** Desmond Morris. (Pub. edition $6.95)

7963. **THE SUPERLAWYERS** Joseph C. Goulden. (Pub. edition, $8.95)

3111. **SCORING** Dan Greenburg. (Pub. edition, $6.95)

2659. **IN THE NAME OF PROFIT Profiles in Corporate Irresponsibility** Robert L. Heilbroner et al. (Pub. edition, $6.95)

0141. **THE GODFATHER PAPERS** Mario Puzo. (Pub. edition, $6.95)

0026. **HAMMOND CONTEMPORARY WORLD ATLAS** (Pub. edition, $12.50)

0059. **O JERUSALEM!** Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre. (Pub. edition, $10.00)

3541. **A POPULIST MANIFESTO: THE MAKING OF A NEW MAJORITY** Jack Newfield and Jeff Greenfield. (Pub. edition, $5.95)

2733. **THE GIRLS IN THE OFFICE** Jack Olsen. (Pub. edition, $7.95)

2691. William Faulkner: **SANCTUARY, AS I LAY DYING, THE SOUND AND THE FURY, LIGHT IN AUGUST.** 4 vols. count as 1 choice. (Pub. editions, $20.80)

3814. **HOW TO GO TO WORK WHEN YOUR HUSBAND IS AGAINST IT, YOUR CHILDREN AREN'T OLD ENOUGH, AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ANYHOW** Felice N. Schwartz. (Pub. edition, $8.95)

2063. **MY NAME IS ASHER LEV** Chaim Potok. (Pub. edition, $7.95)

3046. **WHEELS** Arthur Hailey. (Pub. edition, $7.95)

0182. **THE GREAT NOVELS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY** The Sun Also Rises, For Whom the Bell Tolls, A Farewell to Arms. 3 vols. count as 1 choice (Pub. editions, $13.95)

2055. **THE OPTIMIST'S DAUGHTER** Eudora Welty. (Pub. edition, $5.95)

1156. **MONDAY THE RABBI TOOK OFF** Harry Kemelman. (Pub. Edition, $5.95)

3566. **BEFORE THE DELUGE** Otto Friedrich. (Pub. edition, $10.00)

8151. **THE COMPLETE BOOK OF KNITTING** Barbara Abbey. (Pub. edition, $12.95)

The Guild offers its own complete, hardbound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more.

TURN TO OPEN
Tanqueray
IMPORTED
1/5 QUART
94.6 PROOF
Tanqueray®
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray

PRONOUNCE IT "TANKER-RAY" [illegible] IN LONDON. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 94.6 PROOF. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

Some makers of
India hand-made carpets
pull the wool over your eyes.
We put it into Khalabar

...THAT'S JUST ONE REASON WHY A GENUINE **KHALABAR** CAN'T BE IMITATED

Khalabar* doesn't rely on waste cotton weft for its impression ... it's thick and luxurious because it's hand-woven with long-staple, new woolen yarns. If you want the *look* of a Khalabar, then get a Khalabar ... the only carpet with the *label* that says "Genuine Khalabar." See the inimitable India hand-made carpets — Khalabar, Bengali and Chindia — at a fine store near you. And send for the illustrated story of these magnificent carpets ... just 50c to **Pande, Cameron and Company of New York, Dept. PNY 72, 295 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10016.**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.